Collier's

FEBRUARY 28, 1948
TEN CENTS

IOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

HOW TO BEAT THE COMMUNISTS

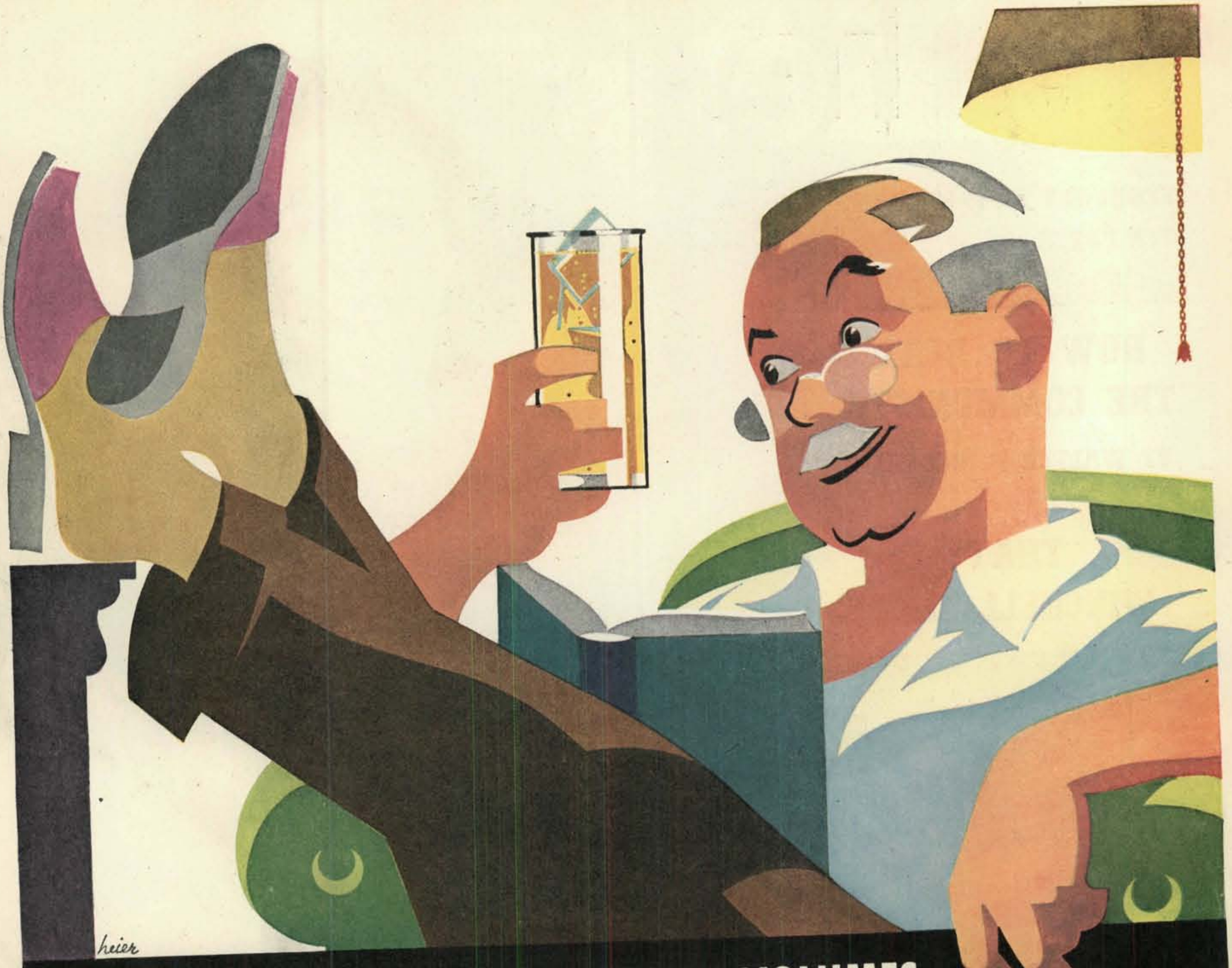
BY WALTER P. REUTHER

•

THAT WINCHELL MAN

28, 1948

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA KANS
A 400261 CR 21 AU48



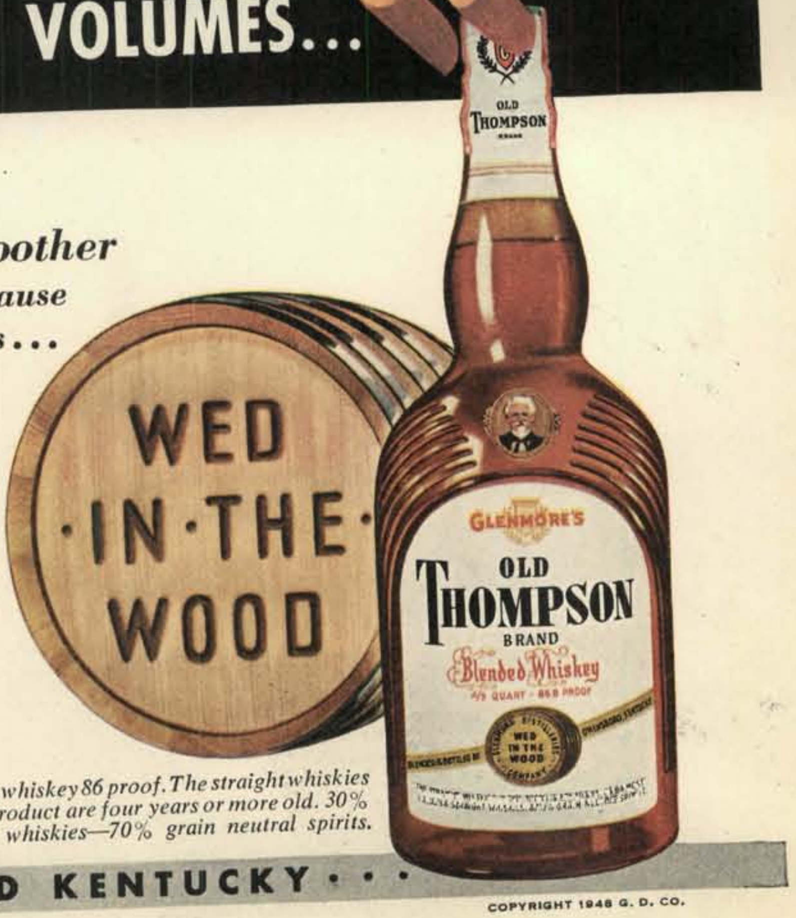
LIKE A GOOD BOOK...IT SPEAKS VOLUMES...

RECIPE FOR TONIGHT: take a good book, one tired but happy human and add a highball made with mellow Old Thompson. It makes a *better* drink because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. Aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but, instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method costs more and takes longer but the difference *really tells in the taste*. Try it!

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND

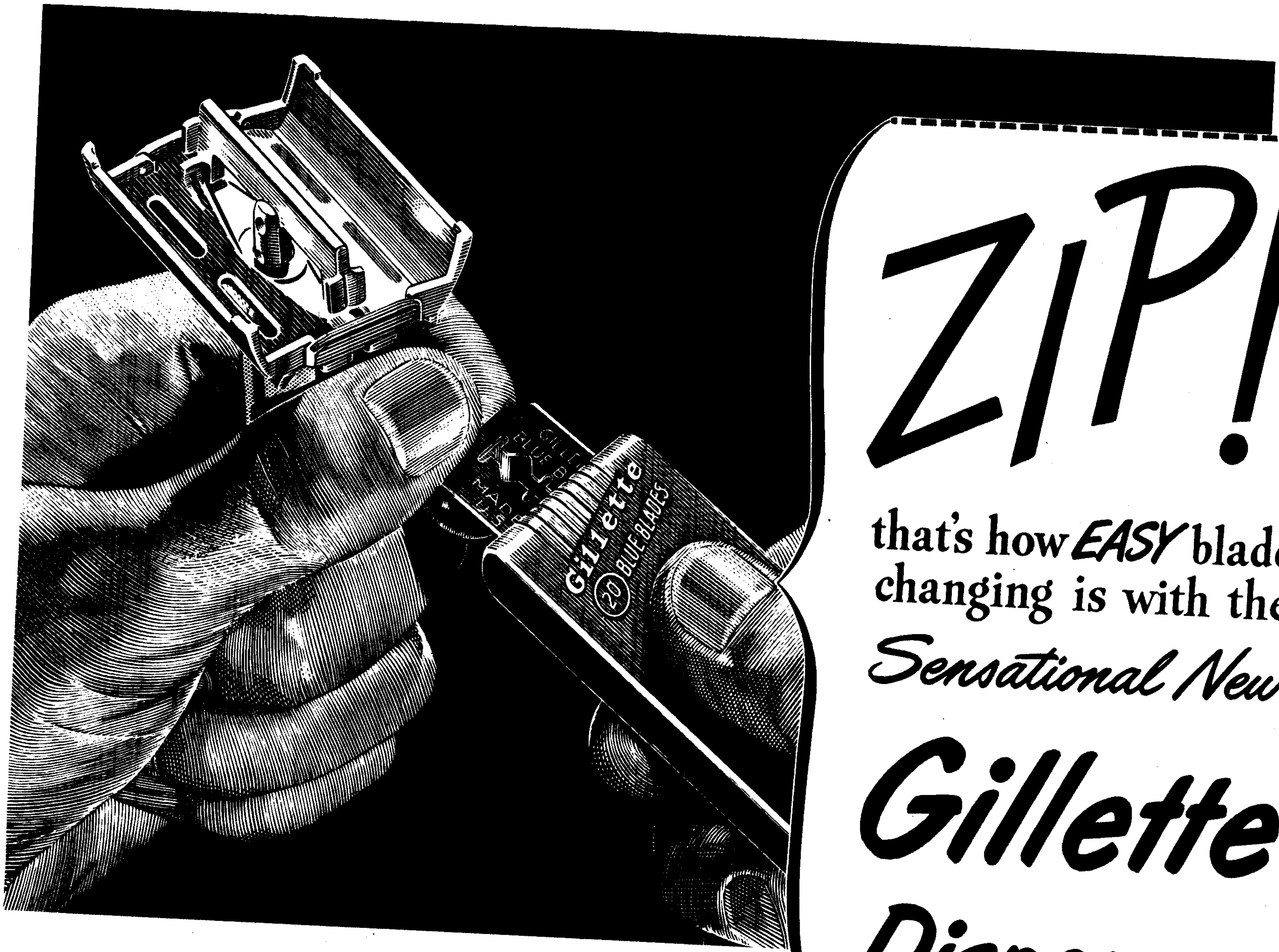
Smoother
because
it's...



Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

...A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY...

COPYRIGHT 1946 G. D. CO.



ZIP!

that's how *EASY* blade changing is with the *Sensational New*

Gillette Dispenser

Special Introductory Offer

Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and Gillette Dispenser With 10 Gillette Blue Blades

REGULAR $1.50 VALUE

$1.00

The Greatest Shaving Bargain Ever Offered!

- Shave in less time with greatest comfort and convenience. Get the new Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set. Twist... the razor opens. Zip... there's a new blade. Twist again... and you're all set. To clean both razor and blade, just loosen the holder, rinse and shake the moisture out.

Copyright, 1948, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

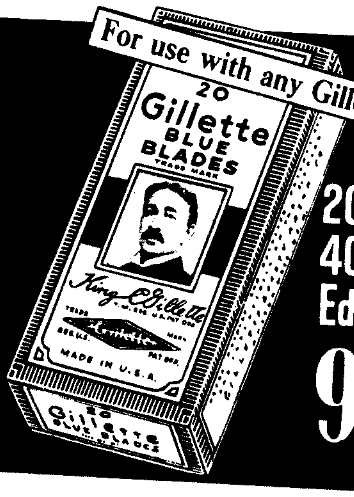
look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades
WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Holds 20 Gillette Blue Blades — 40 Shaving Edges — and Deals Them Out One at a Time, *Presto!*

Now easy-shaving Gillette Blue Blades come in a remarkable new plastic container — the Gillette Dispenser — that saves time and bother. You feed out blades *presto,* unwrapped and ready for your razor. The edges are perfectly protected and reach you *factory sharp.* When the case is empty, throw it away. Enjoy this newest shaving convenience. Get a 20-blade Gillette Dispenser for the price of the blades alone. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

For use with any Gillette Razor

20 Blades
40 Shaving Edges
98¢



COLLIER'S

February 28, 1948

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*

KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	BILL FAY	*Sports*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	ROSANNE MAGDOL	*Research*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	JOHN C. PELLEW	*Art*

Associate Editors

FRANK D. MORRIS HERBERT ASBURY RUTH CARSON LEONARD A. PARIS ANDRÉ FONTAINE
COLLIE SMALL JOSEPH UMHOEFER KNOX BURGER JAMES B. O'CONNELL MACLENNAN FARRELL
RUTH FOWLER NAOME WALSH LESTER VELIE AMY PORTER JOHN CONNER JAMES N. YOUNG

THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

JASON HAZARD'S SWIM By WALTER HAVIGHURST 14
The only place Jason could find the answer was inside himself.

THE FEMALE CIRCUMSTANCE By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN 18
It served him right for keeping a cow in the suburbs.

CUPID UP THE BAYOU By ROARK BRADFORD 20
The Widow Duck's hands were full—of other people's business.

THE FARMER'S FACE By GUY NUNN 26
He had come a long way—and all to see a plot of ground.

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR 54
The Serial Story. The fourth of six parts.

INTERRUPTIONS, INTERRUPTIONS By EDGAR BROOKE 73
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

HOW TO BEAT THE COMMUNISTS By WALTER P. REUTHER 11
The United Auto Workers' chief describes tactics they used to defeat Red infiltration.

WALTER WINCHELL—AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON By DICKSON HARTWELL 12
A study of the fastest talker on the air waves.

OUR LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT By A. G. MEZERIK 16
The latest national headache is an electric-power shortage.

JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY By BASCOM N. TIMMONS 22
Part II. The former Vice-President tells of his most serious disagreement with Mr. Roosevelt.

HOT-SUN HOCKEY By HANNIBAL COONS 24
The Pacific Coast goes for the puck-chasing game in a big way.

BOYS AT WORK By HERMANN B. DEUTSCH and PAUL SHORT 76
This school reforms tough kids—without reformatory methods.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIALS: *You Should Buy Savings Bonds* • *In Anti-Hate Week* 90

COVER By *MARTIN HARRIS and GLEB DERUJINSKY, JR.*
Costume by Lillian Abbott.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

APOLOGIES TO MR. BODENHEIM

The article Greenwich Village: Tourist Trap, which appeared in the November 29, 1947, issue of Collier's magazine, stated that Maxwell Bodenheim, the well-known poet and novelist, spends much of his time in the Minetta Bar and that until eleven years ago Mr. Bodenheim recited his poems in the Village Vanguard at twenty-five cents per poem.

Collier's has learned that Mr. Bodenheim has not frequented the Minetta Bar during the past five years. For the record, the only Village tavern that he patronizes is Goody's Bar on Sixth Avenue. When Mr. Bodenheim recited his poems at the old Vanguard several years ago, it was for a weekly stipend from the management and not for gratuities received from patrons. For the past ten years, Mr. Bodenheim has lived continuously in Brooklyn Heights.

Collier's wishes to correct any erroneous impression that may have been inferred from the linking of his name with familiar Village characters.

EXTRA! HOFFMAN SNUBS EDITOR!

GENTLEMEN: I am thoroughly in agreement with your editorial of Jan. 17th concerning Congressman Clare Hoffman (Give Us A Buzz, Mr. H.). He is a nuisance and a disgrace to that fine body of men. He should have been taken by the neck and thrown out of Congress long ago.

DAVID BERNSTEIN, New York, N. Y.

. . . Why do all editors think they have a God-given ability to write correctly on any subject under the sun and the instant they are called to account, why is the answer always that someone is trying to stifle the freedom of the press? I know nothing about Mr. Hoffman, his statement or his action; but I *suspect* that he knew more about his subject than the reporters did.

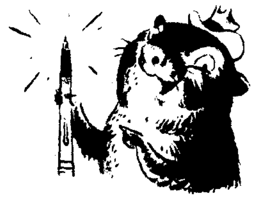
H. O. REED, Topeka, Kans.

. . . Mr. Hoffman is absolutely correct; he has every right to, and should, call in and take to task anyone who makes disparaging remarks about him or "his" committees. As for committees in general they are no doubt powerful instruments of democracy *when* intelligently employed.

ARTHUR J. GRANT, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Re your request carried on your editorial page for an invitation to appear before the subcommittee of which I am chairman—sorry!

(Continued on page 50)



The Guinea Pigs

Who try trick pens
Would make a g.p. laugh!
You're not a guinea pig
When you buy Inkograph . . .

The Inkograph has been made and sold ... and used with satisfaction by millions of people . . . for thirty-five years.

The one-piece, original, ball-like point of 14 kt gold . . . looks like a pencil point and writes as smoothly . . . on any kind of paper ... fits anybody's hand. The special drop valve starts ink flowing evenly and steadily. An Inkograph uses any good ink—is readily filled in thirty seconds.

You can write longer with less fatigue with Inkograph. Children and grown-ups find it easier to use than ordinary fountain pens. Makes carbon copies with original in ink, rules lines without smudge. And is so well made it stands abuse that wrecks other pens, gives satisfactory service for years! Ask for Inkograph . . . at good stores everywhere.

only $2

INKOGRAPH

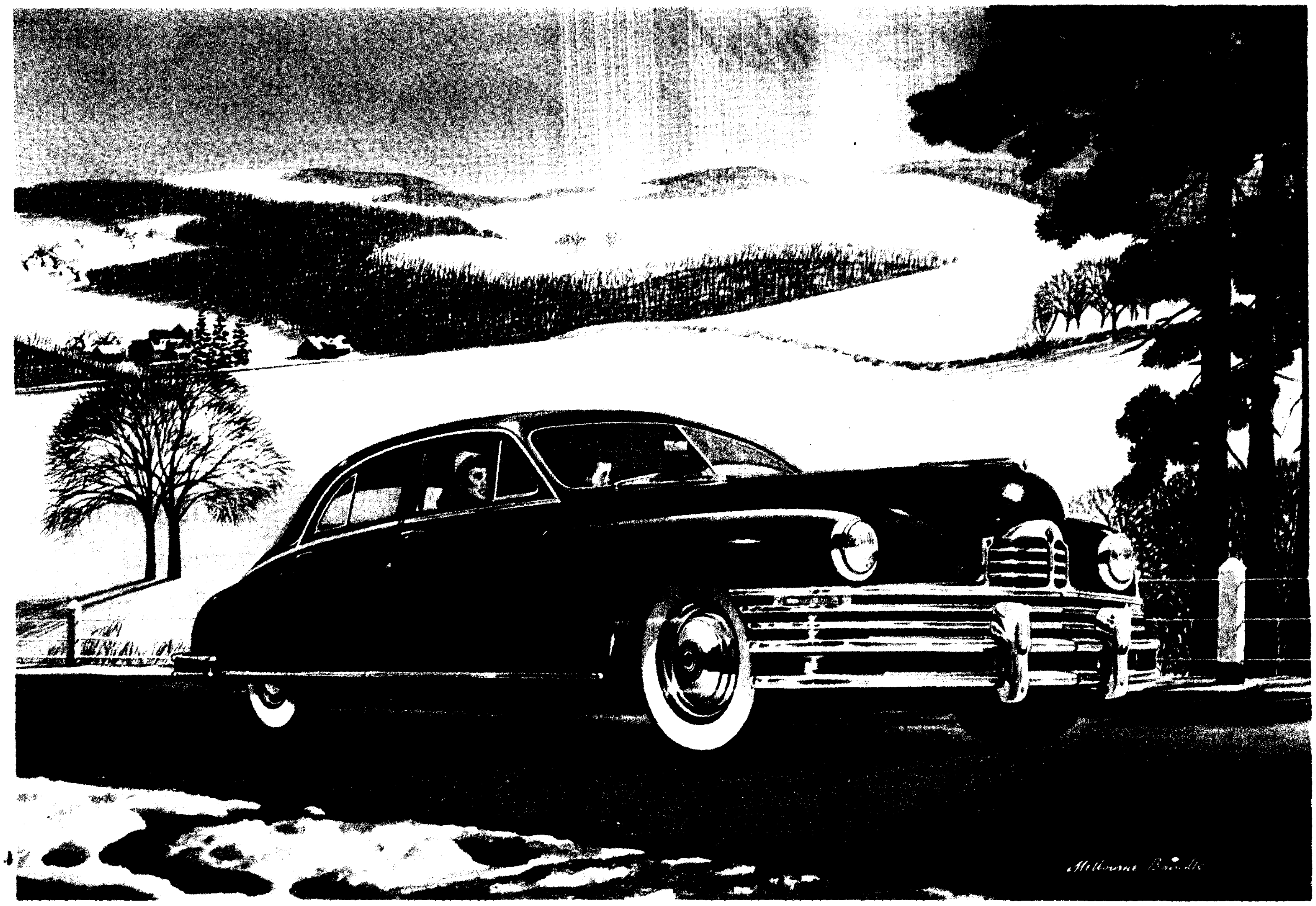
PENCIL POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN

Inkograph Co., Inc., 204 Hudson St., New York 13, N. Y.

Vol. 121, No. 9. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippine Islands, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)

Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



All this . . . and economy, too!

That's what more and more '48 Packard owners are discovering . . .

Along with the brilliant, exciting performance of the three new Packard straight-eight engines, they are getting almost unbelievable *economy*, too!

They're agreeably surprised to find that such high-powered, high-performance engines—instead of using more gas—actually use *less!* They're getting as much as 10% more mileage per gallon!

That's because these newly-engineered power plants are "free-breathing" engines—born of Packard's wartime experience in building engines for the famed PT boats, and for America's fastest planes.

And power? There's an almost incredible *extra* reserve for "Safety-sprint" acceleration . . . a burst of speed that whisks you past other cars, fast trucks and busses with a whispering surge of performance that fairly takes your breath away!

Everything about these stunning new Packard motor cars is *new*—with scores of advanced features that will win your heart for keeps.

So, *come—see*—and *be* the man who owns one of these greatest Packards ever built!

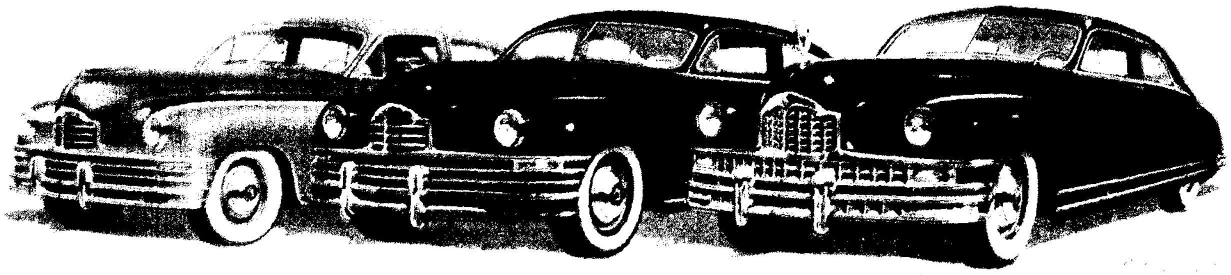
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE NEW

PACKARD

Out of this world

. . . into your heart!

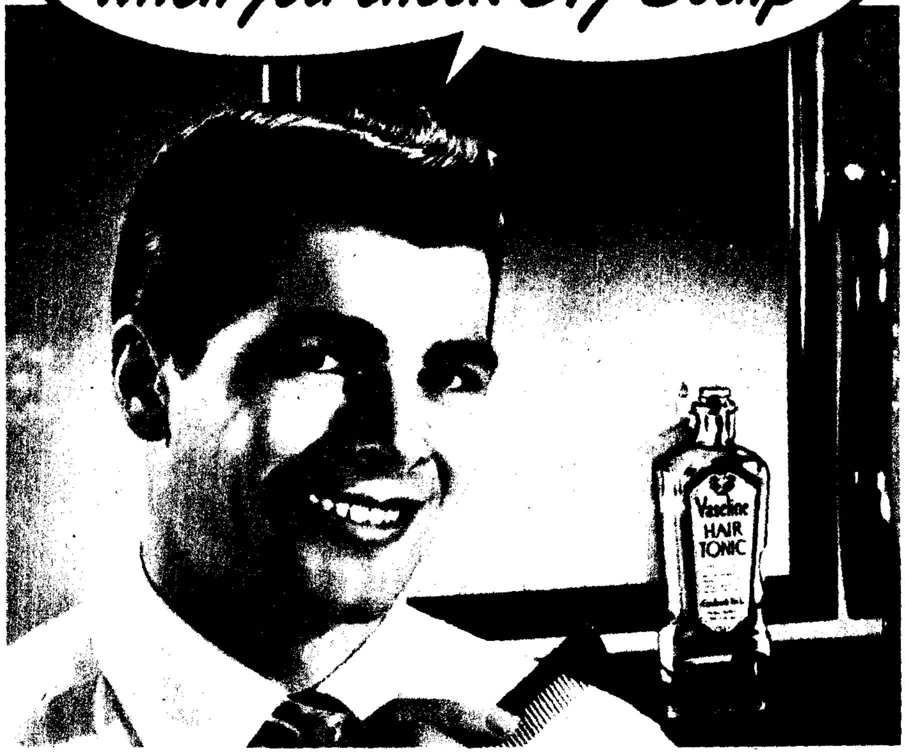


130-HP EIGHT   145-HP SUPER EIGHT   160-HP CUSTOM EIGHT

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"WHETHER IT'S RAIN or shine, he *always* has a bedraggled look. His hair never looks combed . . . it's so lifeless and straggly . . . full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him . . . quick . . . about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

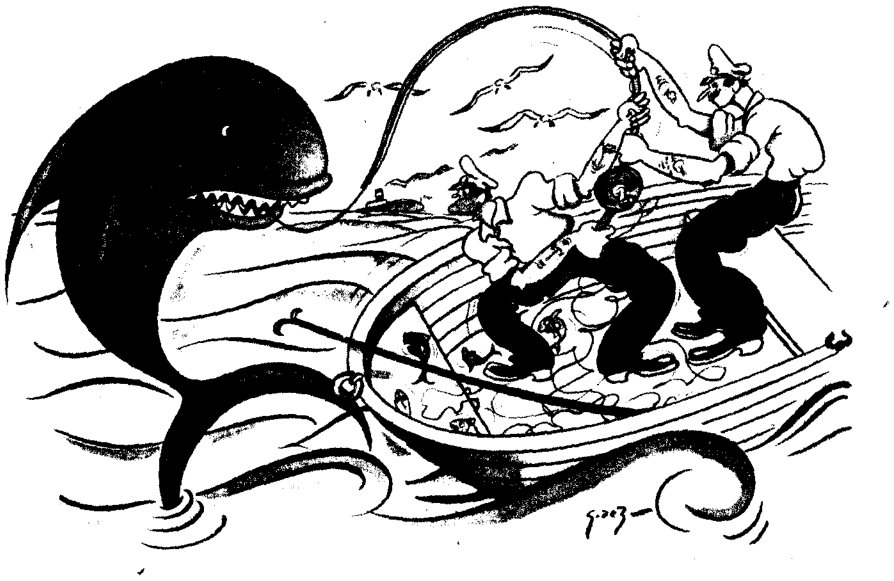
Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp



WELL-GROOMED HAIR is easy to have—with the daily use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops every morning—and your hair takes on new lustre—new neatness. You check loose dandruff and Dry Scalp. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The largest fish ever caught with rod and reel was the man-eater shark landed near Kangaroo Island, Australia, on May 12, 1941, by G. R. Cowell, a sportsman of that country. The shark had a length of 14 feet eight inches, a girth of eight feet and one-half inch, and weighed 1,919 pounds.

An American manufacturer of magic tricks describes and illustrates in his catalogue more than 1,500 of them, ranging in price from 25 cents to $350. Among the least expensive is a vase that will, at the command of the magician, hang suspended from the end of a string lowered into it. Among the most expensive is a levitation trick in which a girl lying on a couch rises 30 inches in the air where, after the couch is moved away, a rigid hoop is passed over and around her floating figure.

The only musical composition recorded by one man playing six different instruments was "The Sheik," made by Sidney Bechet, famous American Negro jazz artist. Released in 1941 and now a collector's item, it was produced by recording the first instrument, re-recording it while the second was played and so on until one disk contained the parts of the six instruments—soprano sax, clarinet, tenor sax, piano, bass fiddle and drums.—*By Michel Servoles, Versailles, France.*

On trial recently before a Soviet military court in Berlin, 14 Nazis who managed the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp during the war confirmed the statements of eyewitnesses that they had murdered by slow torture 100,000 innocent men and women. Upon their conviction, the judge sentenced each to imprisonment for 25 years, bitterly regretting that this was the maximum penalty he could give them, as Russia does not impose the life sentence nor inflict capital punishment.

To serve wines and other drinks in their proper glasses, fine hotels and restaurants should have sets of at least 60 varieties of glasses of different shapes and sizes.

One of the greatest unsolved mysteries in the history of this country was the death of the tilefish along the Atlantic seaboard in 1882. From reports of shipmasters whose vessels had sailed for hours through the floating masses of these 10-pound food fish, experts estimated the number killed at 1,439,000,000 in an area of 4,300 square miles. The examination of numerous specimens disclosed no clue to the cause of the catastrophe.

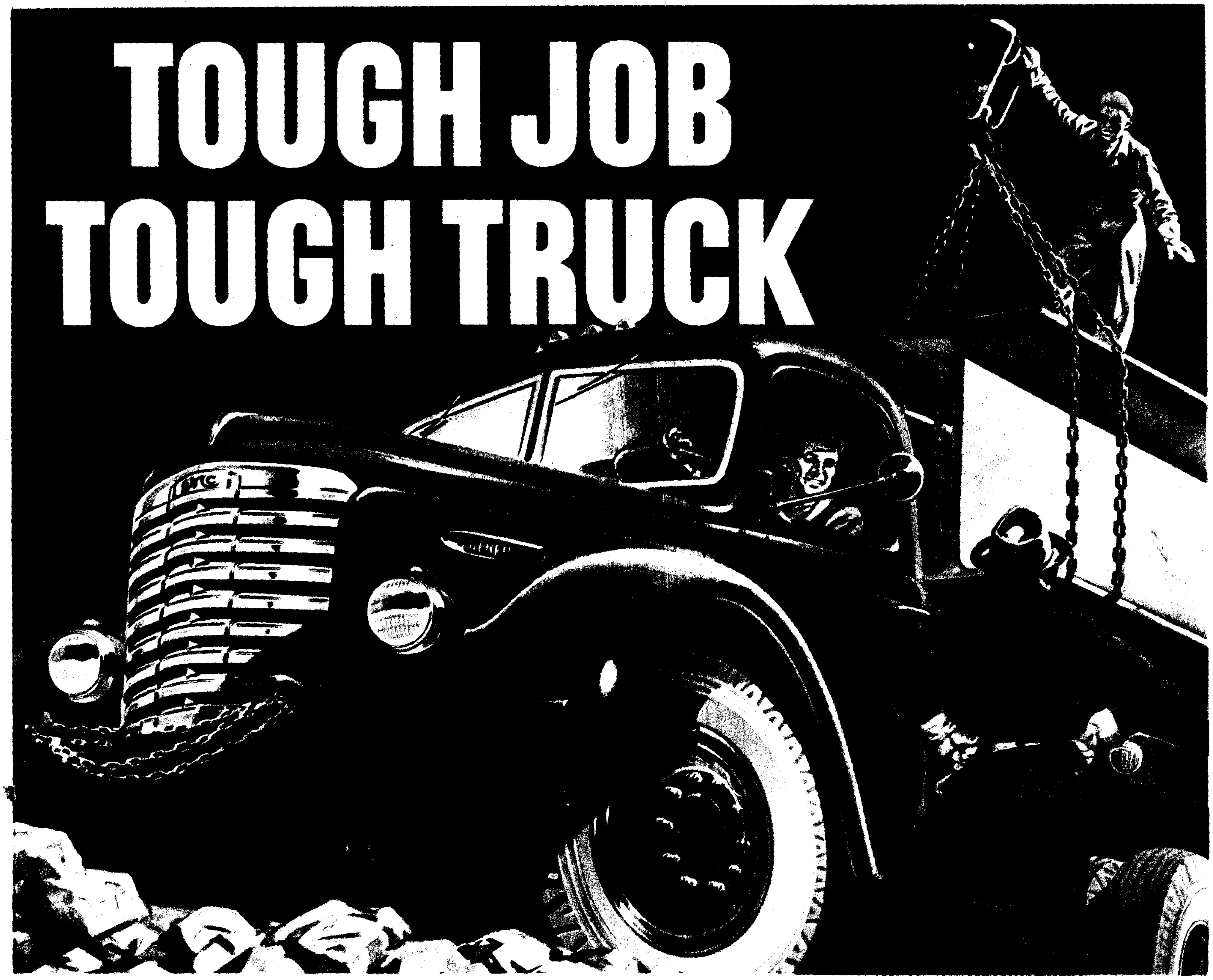
In the early 1860s, the demand for small change in this country so exceeded the supply that more than 10,000 companies and merchants issued their own tokens bearing redemption promises such as "Good for one loaf of bread at Smith's Bakery." At least 25,000,000 of these coins were put in circulation and they became as acceptable as those of the government. But in 1864 this private coinage was stopped by law, a contributing factor no doubt having been the startling refusal of a New York saloonkeeper to redeem in cash some 20,000 of his beer tokens that a horsecar company had accepted as fares.

Following the Chinese custom of presenting a coin to an actor in appreciation of a good performance, the management of the Canton Theatre in New York gives each of its players a quarter every time they are applauded, either singly or in a group.

Congress recently passed the first law that provides for the punishment of a federal or state police officer or prison guard whose negligence results in the escape of a federal prisoner, the maximum penalty being a fine of $500 and a jail sentence of one year.

Being afflicted with a peculiar epileptic disorder, several herds of goats in this country, notably one in Alabama and another in Tennessee, are so nervous that they fall in a dead faint when suddenly frightened by a loud noise.—*By Sudie Wier, Blanco, Texas.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



There's a Heavy-Duty GMC for Every Type of Heavy Hauling

When there's heavy hauling to be done, there's nothing like a heavy duty GMC. Here are trucks that are designed and engineered by specialists in commercial vehicles exclusively . . . trucks that are built to take the toughest jobs in stride. Engines are truck engines . . . powerful GMC-built valve-in-heads engineered to stand up under the most rugged going. Chassis are truck chassis through and through . . . designed to haul big pay loads, day after day. There are engine, chassis and equipment options to meet every specific hauling need. For stamina and sturdiness you can't beat a heavy duty GMC . . . and many models are now available for quick delivery.

A wide range of heavy duty gasoline and Diesel truck types . . . weight ratings from 19,000 to 90,000 lbs.

●

Strongest, sturdiest chassis GMC has ever built . . . rugged, truck-designed axles, transmissions, clutches, brakes, frame and springs.

●

Powerful, dependable GMC-built valve-in-head gasoline engines of the same basic design as the famous GMC "Army Workhorse" . . . four heavy duty sizes.

●

Exclusively engineered Diesel chassis with many specialized features . . . exclusive, famous GM 2-cycle Diesel engines in two power ranges.

THE TRUCK OF VALUE

GMC TRUCKS

GASOLINE • DIESEL

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

NEW KIND of FURNACE
"Tends Itself" Without Ashes Or Dirt
And Gives You WARM FLOORS

"All-over-the-house" heating. Coleman heats up to 5 rooms. It's automatic.

Warm-floor comfort. Heat doesn't "pack" at ceiling! It gets down to the floor.

(Cutaway floor shows "hidden" installation)

No ashes, dust, fuel-dirt. Choice of oil, gas or LP-gas models.

Sits in the floor—No basement needed. Easy to install, in new homes or old.

Curtains stay clean, weeks longer! No fuel dust, ashes, soot, to mess up curtains, rugs, furniture, wallpaper, paint! Saves hours of work; saves wearing out nice things. Be proud of your clean house, with a Coleman Floor Furnace.

Sit in your armchair and laugh at fire-tending chores! No fire-building, no fuel-carrying, no ashes to clean out! Light your Coleman Floor Furnace in the fall. No fire tending except turning a valve. No tending at all with a thermostat.

THE COLEMAN COMPANY, INC., DEPT. CM-616
Wichita 1, Kan.; Los Angeles 54; Philadelphia 8.

Coleman
Automatic Gas or Oil Floor Furnace

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY!

The Coleman Company, Inc.
Dept. CM-616, Wichita 1, Kansas
Without cost or obligation to me, please send complete information on Coleman Automatic Floor Furnaces, for fuel checked.
☐ Gas ☐ Oil ☐ LP-Gas
Name..............................
Address..............................
Town.................... State..........

Hermann B. Deutsch

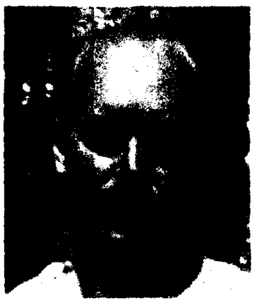
VON BEHR

A. G. Mezerik

THE WEEK'S WORK

Hannibal Coons

Walter Havighurst



FROM his Hot-Sun Hockey (p. 24) and the fact that his first sale to Collier's back in '42 concerned ice skating, you'd think Hannibal Coons was an ice skater. "I am not," he states firmly. "I weigh in at an agile 225, and while I have often considered hoisting myself aboard double-runners, and going off for a whirl, thus far I have yet to solo."

When he did the '42 piece Hannibal confesses he ran into Frank Roche, West Coast hockey ballyhoo-hooter. "By nimble footwork, Frank managed in only six years to sell me the idea of doing Hot-Sun Hockey. Of course, we were interrupted by the war, and when I got back to town from the Navy, Frank shifted into high and simply plied me with hockey tickets until, as somebody once said, 'my tale was told.' "

WHENEVER Walter Havighurst (Jason Hazard's Swim, p. 14) says he teaches at Miami University, envious looks come into people's faces. "But they've got me attached to the wrong Miami," he mourns. "Our climate includes rain, hail, sleet and snow, and has little use for bathing costumes. My school is the old original Miami at Oxford, Ohio.

"We have something of a literary tradition in our college—beginning 111 years ago when McGuffey compiled his First Reader. Now we have 4,500 students, and when I face the weekly pile of MSS. on my desk I think that *every one of them* is writing stories. Though my boys have plenty to write about, they worry about plot. The best I can tell them is that a story begins with a little, simple, definite theme, like the way a Marine sergeant sewed his initials on his G.I. socks. If it has a plot, the plot grows out of the sergeant. Maybe it doesn't need a plot, but unless plot grows out of people, it is worthless. I add the old advice about keeping your eyes open. Stories are where you find them."

BORN in the little coal-mining town of Brux in the Sudetic Mountains of what was then the Austro-Hungarian province of Bohemia, and subsequently became Czechoslovakia, Hermann Bacher Deutsch, who collaborated with Paul Short to produce Boys At Work (p. 76), reached the U.S. at the ripe old age of two. Majoring in biochemics, he became an S.B., S.M. and Ph.D. at Chicago University, after which he got into writing via teaching, railroading and even fly-rod riding. Back in 1918, in the War to End War, he was in the Signal Corps, and back in 1896, he had his first literary work published: an Aunt Babette letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer. He's been associate editor of the New Orleans Item since 1941.

IRVING NEIMAN summered in Windsor, Vermont, fully expecting to hike it for America when the frost came. Instead, he and his wife found themselves installing a furnace, buying a gray jeep with red wheels, and battering snow drifts. "And here we stay," he writes. "Our friends in the city can't stop admiring our rugged spirit, but living is so peaceful o[illegible] R.F.D. 1, Windsor, that we've gotten to feel the same way about them. Bongo, Bongo, Bongo, we never had it so good."

The cow in Mr. Neiman's story, The Female Circumstance (p. 18), was a real cow when last Neiman knew her. She lived in Westchester and was kept by a friend of the Neimans.

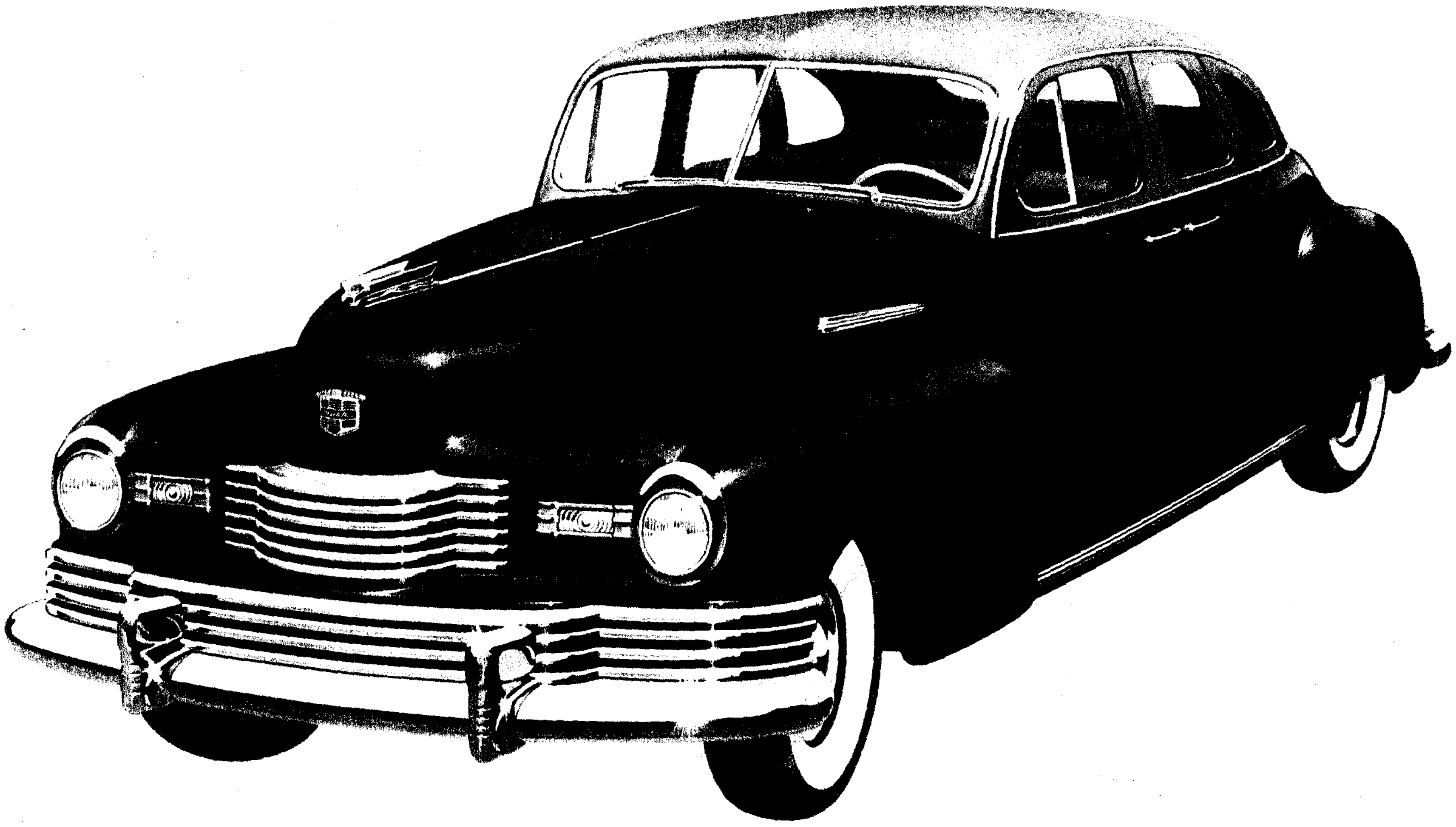
MR. A. G. MEZERIK, who sounds a dark warning about the power shortage in Our Lights Are Going Out (p. 16), is from Toledo, and a Michigan U. graduate. He has written much of modern industry's impact on human beings; and for years has been a consultant to industry and industrialists. He also has served as consultant to the Senate Committee on Small Businesses.

Coauthor of What the Informed Citizen Needs to Know, a book dealing with America's problems, Mr. Mezerik is currently writing a book on the River Valleys of the World and Their Development. A traveling student of trends, traditions and currents, last year he journeyed to Alaska and through the West. "Wanted to go swimming at L.A.," he memoes, "couldn't, a/c beaches closed, no chlorine. So started an investigation of the power shortage."

This week's cover: Banister Jockeyette. The warming damsel who is sliding down the banister is Amy Richards, a Conover model. Martin Harris and Gleb Derujinsky, Jr., shot the picture in one of New York's most famous, abandoned unheated mansions, on one of the coldest days of the year. Amy caught the sniffles; the photogs caught hell from Amy's ma. . . .

TED SHANE

We even engineer the air



YES—we have coil-springing on all four wheels, and that's wonderful.

YES—the seats are wider in a Nash, and there's more headroom and stretch-room for everybody. And a Convertible double Bed, too, if you like.

YES—a Nash "600" delivers 25 plus miles to a gallon at average highway speeds.

But this doesn't begin to explain the overwhelming and ever growing swing to Nash—

Because what people get in a Nash *can't be had in any other automobile* at any price!

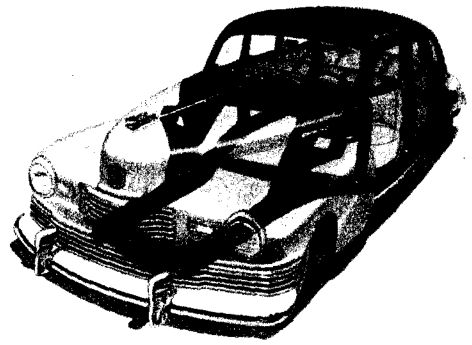
We even engineer the air in a Nash. For with the famous Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System you enjoy automatic heat and ventilation . . . freedom from overcoats and gloves, stuffy air, dust, drafts, fogged up windows.

You get the strength and quietness of a single, welded unit body and frame.

You get a *brand-new feel* to an automobile—a swifter, quieter, more enjoyable way to travel.

And you get the fine old-time ruggedness of a Nash—the dozens of quality features and extra values that have built a world-wide tradition of lasting dependability.

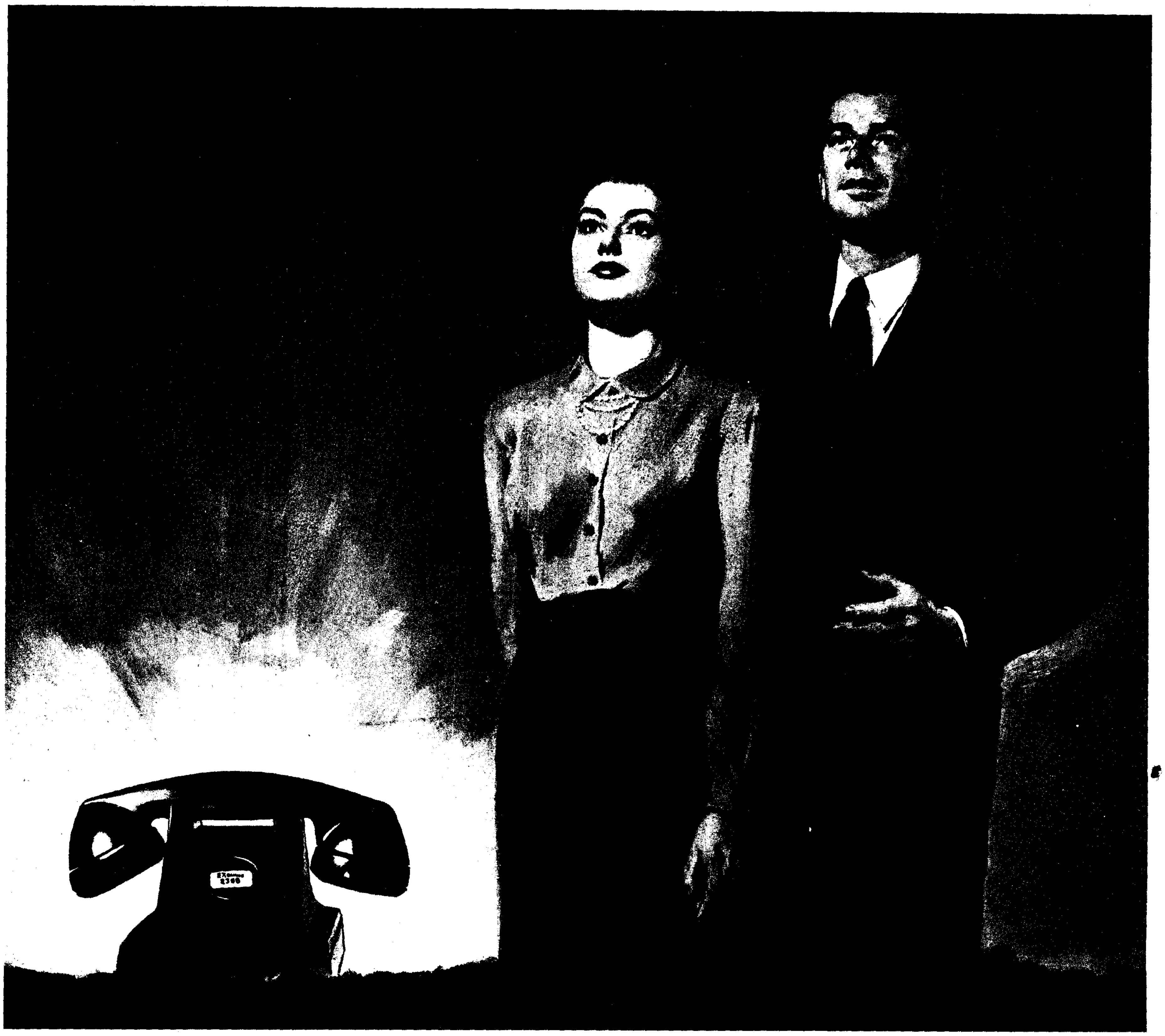
But words can't *tell* you what a Nash is like. Try one yourself—and *see*.



Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 spot welds eliminate noise-making joints.

Nash **Great Cars Since 1902**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit



"THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

The telephone will be seventy-two years old this year. Its development within a single lifetime has been a modern miracle. Yet it is only the beginning.

There are any number of men and women in the telephone business today—some just starting out—who will see greater progress than the past has ever known.

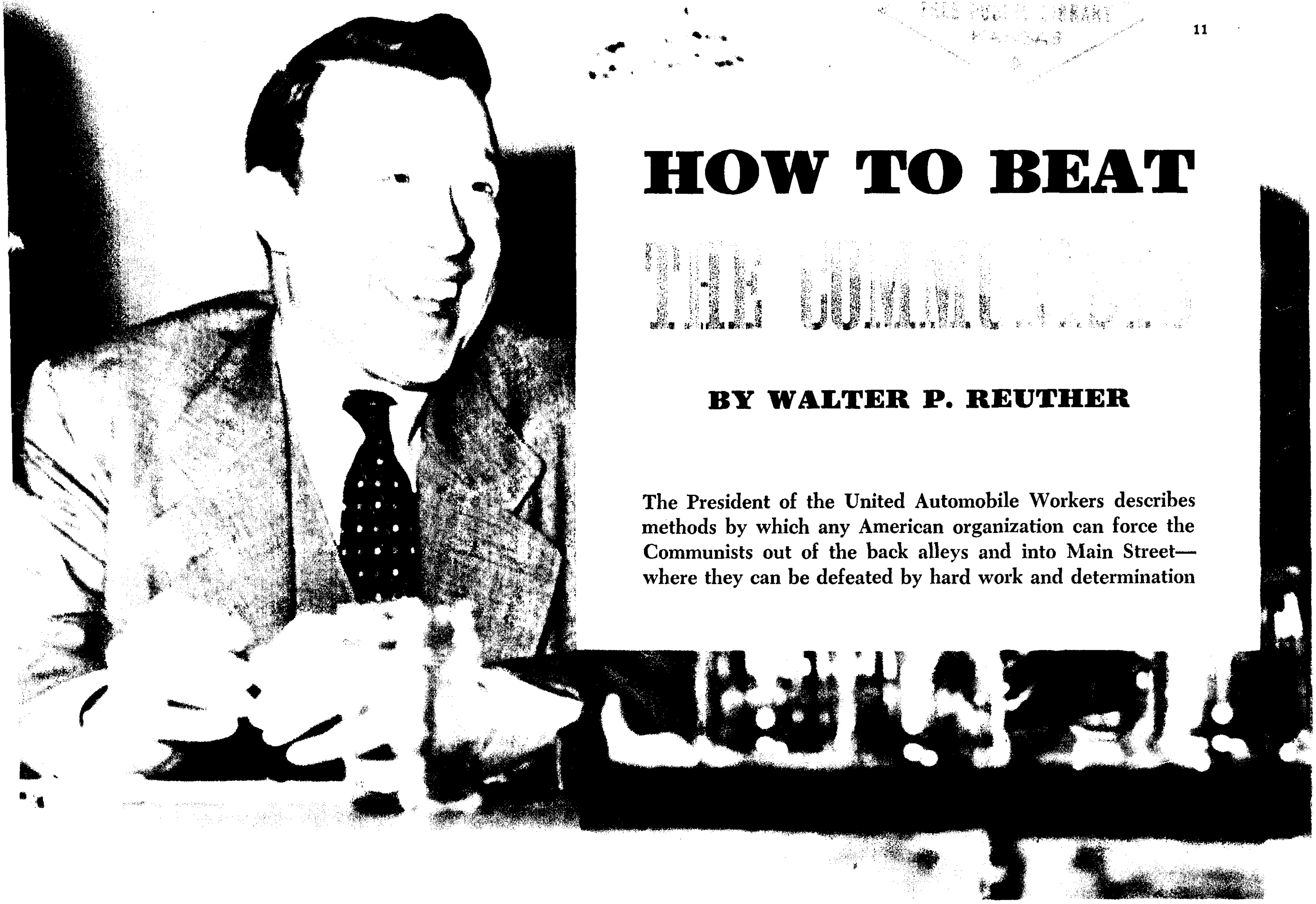
Year by year the next half century will be increasingly theirs. New leaders will appear from among them. Step by step, rung by rung, they will mount the ladder to the top. For telephone management is employee management and comes up from the ranks.

There will be more good jobs in the telephone business in 1958 and 1998 than now. It just can't help being that way. For of all the trades and professions there are few more interesting and necessary.

So the future is bright for those who work for the telephone company, for those who use the telephone and for those who have faith in its growth and development. "The best is yet to be."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



HOW TO BEAT THE COMMUNISTS

BY WALTER P. REUTHER

The President of the United Automobile Workers describes methods by which any American organization can force the Communists out of the back alleys and into Main Street—where they can be defeated by hard work and determination

IN 1939, in the course of our United Automobile Workers' negotiations with General Motors, William F. Knudsen, then president of the corporation, pointed a big forefinger at me and said, "Now see here, Reuther, we don't want any commissars in America!"

The answer I gave then is the answer I should give today to the question, "How can we stop Communism?" It is an answer bolstered by eleven years' experience in the day-to-day struggle for C.I.O. survival and growth in America's pace-setting auto industry.

"Mr. Knudsen," I said, "we Auto Workers don't want commissars any more than you do. But what you and other powerful leaders of American industry do about helping to make democracy work in bread-and-butter terms for the average man and his family will determine—much more than anything we Auto Workers do—whether we get commissars or not."

I fear that such an answer will not comfort or please those who have been stampeded by the present anti-Red hysteria into the belief that there is some easy formula for beating the Communists. But we have beaten the Communists in the United Automobile Workers and we can speak with authority. There is no formula. There is only the never-ending task of making democracy work, keeping it alive and fighting against injustice; expanding and enriching it by tangible achievement. Stopping Communism is only a negative aspect of that positive, infinitely more important work.

There are quack cures for Communism. Hitler cured it by killing the limited democracy of the Weimar Republic. Mussolini stopped it by throttling Italian freedom. We in the United States still have time to avoid these fatal extremes and to prove that democracy is a militant, up-to-date creed—with the moral strength and the practical political and economic know-how to meet the challenge of totalitarianism.

The press, reporting the results of the latest UAW-C.I.O. convention stated that Reuther had scored a decisive victory over Communist forces. But to call this Communist defeat a personal victory for me is to obscure the most significant development in the Auto Workers. Hundreds of thousands of UAW members, not only in Detroit and the other large industrial centers but in Kokomo, Oshawa, Kalamazoo; in Canada, New England and the deep South—these are the men and women who stopped Communism in the Auto Workers by standing up, having their say and being counted.

Communists cannot seize power in a nation or a union if the people are on their toes, if they know the issues and are offered democratic leadership built around a positive program of action. The inertia and indifference of the average citizen or union member are the most valuable assets the Communists have. Working as a well-disciplined minority, they cultivate this passivity and thereby seek to immobilize the democratic majority—especially those individuals and groups capable of providing leadership and direction in the fight against both Red and black totalitarianism.

The momentum of a positive democratic program is the only final answer to both the commissar and the storm trooper.

From our experience in the UAW-C.I.O., we have learned that there are two major obstacles to be overcome before decent unionists and honest liberals are ready to fight the Communists. The first obstacle might be called the united-front psychology; the second, fear of the Communists' highly developed technique of name calling and character assassination.

We have just emerged from a period in which many non-Communist progressives made common cause with the Stalinists in the misguided belief that contemporary Communism operates from ethical and moral perceptions of a certain validity. The delusion still persists in many quarters; Henry Wallace's third-party movement was fathered by it. The liberal who succumbs to the united-front lure believes that Communists are simply democrats-in-a-hurry. He points to their concern over civil liberties (when it suits the party line), their loud support for price and rent controls, their advocacy of full employment, health, Social Security, and minimum-wage legislation. And he asks, "Since the Communists are going my way, why shouldn't I travel with them?"

The answer, of course, is that Communist concern for progressive reform under parliamentary democracy is little more than a temporary expedient, designed to enlist as many allies as possible against the day when the class struggle attains its climax in revolution and the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The Communist parties of the world are the self-appointed midwives of this violent historical birth. Moreover, in the course of the last generation, Communists have come to identify the interests of the world's peoples with the needs of the Soviet Union. Their subservience to the Kremlin and their shifts on trade-union issues as Moscow winds veer can become the Achilles heel of the domestic Stalinists if honest progressives in the labor movement carry the fight to them.

An amusing consequence of Communist acrobatics cropped up in the Wayne County C.I.O. Council. Shortly before the invasion of Russia, the Communist clique in a UAW local

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

WALTER WINCHELL—

AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON

Winchell's sources are many and varied. Much of his news comes from activities around our better-known night clubs. The girl is Julie Gibson, movie starlet

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

The nasal snarl of his newscasts keeps America listening. Black and white is the color of his blunt comment. There is no middle ground for people who learn to love or hate him

WHEN the Soviet Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs, Andrei Yanuarevich Vishinsky, last September denounced nine more or less prominent Americans as warmongers who were unsettling to the peace of Europe, there was hardly a ripple of retaliation from any of the accused. But when he added the name of Walter Winchell to his list, all hell broke loose. An estimated 30,000,000 persons, followers of Winchell's weekly broadcasts and daily column—the largest continuous audience ever possessed by a man who was neither politician nor divine—became dramatically aware that the nation's Number One tattler had opened hostilities against Russia. What had been a cold war suddenly warmed up.

For four consecutive Sundays, Winchell hurled at Vishinsky his choicest imprecations in broadsides fortified with facts obtained from the U.S. government. He exhorted the American people to arise from their prosperous lethargy to meet a new danger even more serious than Hitler had been. He implored Congress to reconvene. He urged removal of our troops from Europe if the Soviets would do likewise. He offered to take his microphone to Russia and make a personal investigation. With his 215-words-a-minute delivery, fastest in radio, he gave everything he had.

Officially unaware of the tirades but privately overjoyed, some State Department officials felt that Walter Winchell had done more to arouse public opinion on the Russian problem in 60 minutes of broadcasting than other radio commentators had accomplished in two years. Even the Russians began to suspect that attacking him was a diplomatic blunder.

For Winchell is a man of singular talents and tremendous influence. Ordinary superlatives are too weak to meet the task of describing him. The late Arthur Brisbane once called him the best reporter in the United States. But by most newspaper standards Winchell is one of the worst; his repeated mistakes would shame a $25-a-week cub. His egotism is so marked that only the rugged or the subservient can stay long in his company. To tell an anecdote, stalwart and voluble John Gunther once tried for hours without success to interrupt a Winchell monologue.

His $500,000 a year is the largest salary income in the country, though stock and cash bonuses give a few others higher earnings. Often gener-

His suburban home at Scarsdale, N. Y., gives him respite from his rigorous work

ous with large sums, he is conservative almost to the point of stinginess at the pocket-money level. His opportunities for profitable investments are innumerable but his surplus goes only into government bonds. For a man who does so much reporting, Winchell hates to listen. He defines boredom as "other people's conversation."

Regarded as selfish and self-seeking, he is nevertheless a protector of little people (nobody browbeats a waiter in his presence) and except for Fascists or Communists, he attacks no one who can't fight back. Although sensitive to criticism he often quotes his detractors, thereby increasing manifold the circulation of their original remarks.

Although he is said to have no loyalties, he recently turned down a lucrative offer from Eversharp in order to stay with his sponsor, the Andrew Jergens Company, which despite violent disagreements has backed him for 16 years. Eversharp would have increased his salary $130,000 a year.

His ignorance of finance is unlimited, but Winchell is credited in Wall Street with twice touching off a major break in the New York Stock Exchange. He has caused verbal free-for-alls in Congress so tempestuous that even the New York Times headlined one such incident, "House in Uproar." He seldom reads a book but he is the foremost book salesman in America. Publisher Bennett Cerf credits him with selling 25,000 copies of See What I Mean. Another book he plugged, Under Cover, sold 612,000 copies.

By his own efforts he lifted an obscure musician, the late Ben Bernie, to nation-wide fame, and made of a ready-for-closing Broadway failure, Hellzapoppin', one of the biggest money-makers in the theater. He has more people providing him with information than any press association has reporters, yet he has never paid one of them.

Side lights such as these merely scratch the surface of the peculiar American phenomenon that is Walter Winchell. His fabulous success is easily explained: It is showmanship. He makes the commonplace vivid, not only to others, but to himself, too. He is as taut as a piano wire. His itchy-pants energy (Press Agent Steve Hannagan says he's as "nervous as a can of worms") drives him to constant work. His ego protects him from realizing that many of his cherished accomplishments are really trivial. His mind is happily uncomplicated by doubts. He never faces the vexing problem of having to choose good from bad, right from wrong.

Winchell's values come in two shades—black and white. A man is either a bosom pal or an enemy; there is for him none of the troublesome middle ground that drives many of his contemporaries to ulcers or to drink.

Broadcasting on Sundays over a 260-station hookup that is Hooperated at some 20,000,000 people, and writing a column that appears daily in newspapers that have a combined circulation of 25,000,000 is indeed enough distinction to make Winchell unique. But he is unusual in other ways, too.

A Libelous Misplaced Comma

The man is probably the unluckiest reporter in the business. While ordinary newsmen are hounded by ordinary mistakes, according to his own account, Winchell's record is blemished chiefly by what he calls bad fortune. Everyone in the business is occasionally beset by typographical errors. Usually it amounts to no more than a typesetter's misspelling of a name. But the mistakes Winchell blames on the typographical are extraordinary. On one occasion the word "wife" was accidentally and libelously changed to "mother." The misplacement of a comma, he says, caused him to charge that James F. Byrnes, then War Mobilizer, had a Nazi employed in his household when, in fact, Byrnes kept no servants and lived in Washington's Wardman Park Hotel.

When a Winchell prediction comes true, he is not above reminding his audience of the fact. Indeed, anyone listening to his broadcasts would infer that his record for precise prognostication surpasses the oracle of Delphi. By rumor, suggestion and implication Winchell is able both to protect himself and invoke the aid of the law of averages. At one time or another, he separately mentioned, as the man likely to head up the merged armed forces, Eisenhower, Patterson, Symington and Forrestal. With that line-up he was almost certain to hit it right and he did.

Though Winchell readily admits his errors to his cronies, he rarely considers them newsworthy otherwise. In March, 1946, he twice broadcast the news that three huge New York banks were going to merge. The whole would be headed, he said, by "Artemus Ward." This is the pseudonym of a famous American humorist, dead since 1867. Walter apparently meant Artemus L. Gates, formerly head of New York Trust. Twenty months later no such merger had materialized, but Winchell had not acknowledged he was wrong. Possibly he was still waiting.

Another prediction of which Winchell was so positive that he underlined it in two broadcasts, in the face of some heretical scoffing, was that the price of gold would be increased from $36 to $52 an ounce. Such a change would have vast international implications and if it should occur—though seventeen months have now passed and this seems unlikely—Winchell will have a big beat. But it is interesting to note that the price of gold never was $36 an ounce. It was and is $35.

A prediction made eighteen months ago was that "Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton" would be made ambassador to Great Britain. Clayton, who was actually Undersecretary of State and not Assistant Secretary, recently announced his permanent retirement from government service.

Maybe the Stork's at Fault

Winchell's fallibility extends to fields other than financial and international. On the industrial front, he announced Alfred P. Sloan would retire as chairman of General Motors in January, 1947. Mr. Sloan didn't. On the blessed-event front he thought to get ahead of the other principals in March, 1946, when he announced that Faye Emerson, wife of Elliott Roosevelt, was to have a baby. Faye didn't. Today Winchell's listeners are awaiting the outcome of his December predictions that Queen Elizabeth will have a baby. On the sports front, last spring, he said there would be a $2,000,000 baseball scandal involving a "member of a high bench," by which he presumably meant not a players' bench but a court of justice. Sports writers are still waiting, but not breathlessly.

Winchell may still have a scoop on the political front. In 1946 he broadcast:

"Some of President Truman's intimate friends are now pretty certain that he will not run in 1948. That is stale news to constant listeners of Winchell, who was very sure of it five months ago over this microphone."

It is conceivable that Truman may not run in 1948. But it isn't *very* conceivable.

There is no pleasure for Winchell in correcting errors, but when he is occasionally compelled to do so he comes through in a manner that conveys the impression there has just come to hand fresh and, of course, exclusive, news. Once he broadcast:

"Orlando, Florida: The founder of the Wilson Meat Packing Company, Harry Wilson, died today . . ."

Correcting this error the following Sunday, Winchell said:

"The Chicago American, Gentlemen: Harry Wilson whose death was reported last Sunday, was not of the Wilson Meat Packing Company . . ."

By thus addressing his remarks to a newspaper Winchell appeared to have caught it in its error rather than to be correcting his own.

Winchell does not lightly regard the constant stream of mistakes which appear in his column. If he gets a bum steer that he believes deliberate he never again uses an item from the guilty source. Consequently, press agents and others who regard his good will as essential are at some pains to insure the authenticity of their items. But like ordinary reporters they make mistakes, and on those awkward occasions they await without pleasure the inevitable phone call from Rose

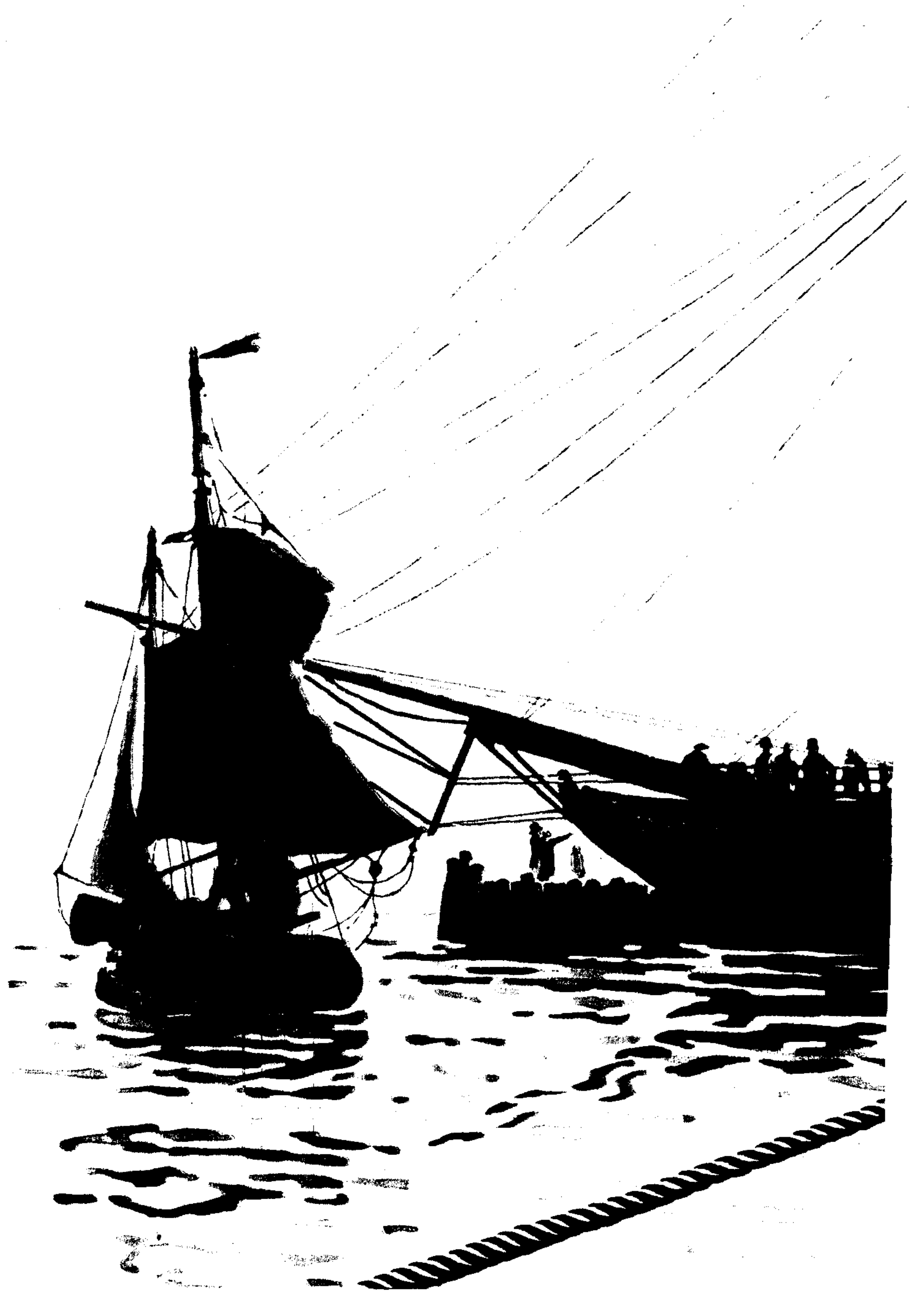
(Continued on page 85)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM SHAW

JASON HAZARD'S SWIM

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

It isn't always opportunity a man wants—sometimes it's just a chance to live the way he knows he should



ALL winter Jason Hazard ran his trap lines, from one end of the island to the other, through the silent woods. He tramped fresh trails in the snow, thawed the frozen game by a cedar fire, stripped the pelts with sure strokes of his long-bladed knife, and stretched the skins on drying boards on his cabin walls. While he worked, his mind went ahead, picturing the pelts lashed into heavy bales for the Buffalo traders, picturing himself stalking through the jostling streets of Buffalo.

Sometimes his eyes lifted, looking past the dark frame of cedars to the little ice-white inlet and the cold, fading emptiness of Lake Erie. At Buffalo, two hundred miles away, women swished through the hotel public rooms trailing a scent of lavender, and men talked through a haze of cigar smoke about new construction on the canal. Here, around his cabin doorstep, were bloody entrails crimsoning the snow, and overhead the wind shook the cedars.

On days when the traps were empty he filled the forest with the stubborn sound of his ax. Thud, thud, thud, at the base of cedar trees. The chips sailed out, cinnamon-colored in the snow. Slowly the notch deepened in the scaly trunk. There was a tearing sound and the *whoosh* of the arcing upper branches. Then the great, soft, padded crash and, for a moment, silence. When the jays began to jabber from the trees the ax sounded again; the side branches began falling onto the ruined snow.

At noon he sat on the prostrate trunk, eating his cold meal of stringy venison and corn bread. The big gray-winged Canada jays dropped down, boldly claiming the crumbs at his feet. A rabbit looped through the brush, leaving its light four-pointed punctures in the snow. He took a moment then to tell himself that he was Jason Hazard, once of Clinchfield, Connecticut, and this was his island.

He had come to Sandusky Harbor with a carpetbag in his hand and a tin trunk on his shoulder. He walked down the schooner's gangway and looked at the scattered cabins. He wandered into a shop where the forge glowed cherry-red and a squat bald man in a leather apron was clanging a hammer on an anvil.

Jason said, "We passed an island out there. Covered with cedar. You don't see it from here."

"Island Number Seven," said the smith.

"No one on it, that I could see."

"Not a soul but bears and foxes."

"Who owns it?" Jason asked.

"Man on Maumee River. Got it allotted to him when there wasn't enough land left in the fire lands to make up his claim."

"I'll buy it from him," Jason said.

When he had first landed his canoe, with its little shield of sail, and found the old burial mounds and the carved rocks on the island shore, he was jealous even of the Indians who had lived and died there centuries ago. He found a shore cave to live in, like a bear, while he felled the first straight cedars for his cabin walls.

NOW the beard was dark on his lean face, his long legs were sheathed in a hunter's buckskins. He could raise the call of a gull or a jay bird so that a startled answer came from the ice-ringed shore or the snow-hung woods.

A deep, silent, exhilarating pride lighted the dark eyes under his coonskin cap with the striped tail hanging to his shoulder. He was reflective enough to know that no other man would ever have dominion here as he had it—pure, solitary and complete. In all the ages of the land's being, just one man, for a few seasons, had this kind of possession. . . . Then his eyes lifted, over the emptiness, toward Buffalo.

He took his stance beside the cedar trunk, and the ax swung over his head. He chopped right hand, left hand, then right hand again. All afternoon the cordwood lengths piled up in the chip-strewn snow. When dusk was gathering he loaded them onto the crude sledge, its runners of curved alder branches laced with rawhide onto a framework bed. He dragged the wood to the frozen shore and added it to the solid, head-high rank that walled the cove. . . .

On an April day when the sun lay warm on the sandy shore and the little windflowers lay like a pale blue snowbank under the cedars, he lifted a hand to his eyes and stared across the sun-dazzled water. Straight out to the east a haze showed faint and thin in the radiant sky. One long look was enough. He began to load the raft at the cove's edge. In an hour the haze was a plume of smoke with the steamer growing up beneath it. With a heavy, hand-hewn oar he began to work the loaded raft out of the cove.

There were calls across the water as the vessel came up, looking vast and splendid with her tall topmasts and her lofty stack and the big wheels idling in the paddle boxes. The name Walk-in-the-Water showed in fresh gilt letters beneath the figurehead of Commodore Perry at her bow. Two flags fluttered, one hundred and thirty-five feet apart, from her stem and from her stern staff.

From the quarter-deck the captain boomed through his megaphone, "How're things there on the island, Jason?"

"Fine," cried Jason. "How are you, Captain?"

"Looks like good cordwood you've got there," the captain roared.

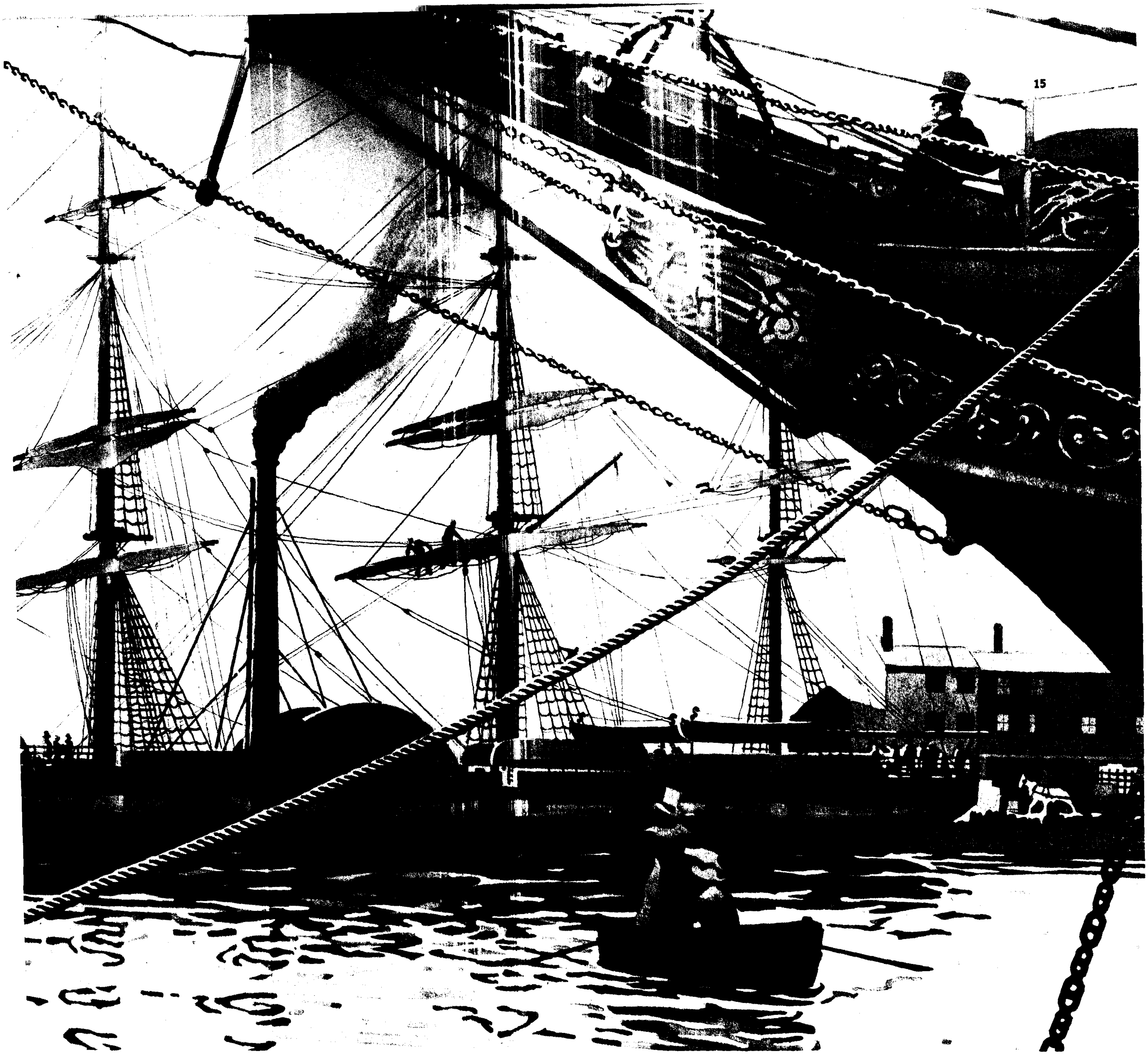
"Prime red cedar," Jason said.

As the steamer coasted up, a deck hand swung his arm. A line came snaking through the air. Jason made it fast to the cleats on his raft. A sea door opened in the steamer's side and Jason passed the wood in to a pair of brawny, sweating firemen, while a score of paying passengers watched curiously from the rail.

When the raft was empty Jason grasped a shroud cable, pulled himself up and vaulted over the rail. Captain Job Fish, ruddy, blue-eyed, solid as an oak trunk, appeared from the fireroom hatchway. He strode across the deck and shook Jason's hand.

"It's good sound firewood, every stick. Best I get anywhere on the lake." He took a leather pouch from his slanting trousers pocket and began to count out gold pieces. "We'll be back in three days," he said, "needing another forty cords of fuel."

"I'll have it ready," Jason said.



At the outer wharf stood the Walk-in-the-Water. She made a mighty fine sight, her topmasts catching the sun

"And I'll take passage with you to Buffalo. I can sleep on deck."

"You'll sleep in the gentlemen's cabin," boomed the captain. "I'll save a berth for you. No matter if all Detroit is waiting to get aboard I'll save your place."

ON THE third day, when the Walk-in-the-Water came back from Detroit, Jason loaded another forty cords of cedar into her fireroom. Then from the steamer's dinghy he passed his peltry aboard, climbed up after it, and began his journey. From the stern rail he watched the island grow distant. Slowly it faded into the circle of water. To the north big Pelee Island stood a little longer. Then there was only lake and sky.

In a rosy sunset they stood in the entrance of the Cuyahoga, under the bluffs of Cleveland, the deck cannon booming to announce arrival. Runners from the American House and the Franklin Hotel disputed noisily for the baggage of a dozen debarking passengers, while another file passed up the gangway and were shown to their cabins. Voices rang in the sunset. Red-shirted Irishmen rolled up barrels of Lake Erie fish and big Olentangy grindstones. A team of horses stamped on the landing while pails of fresh milk and baskets of dressed poultry were passed over the steamer's rail. Apart from the others at the rail Jason Hazard watched hungrily. All the long winter there had been only the dark woods and the ice-white sea. Now his senses drank in the sights and smells, the noise, the movement.

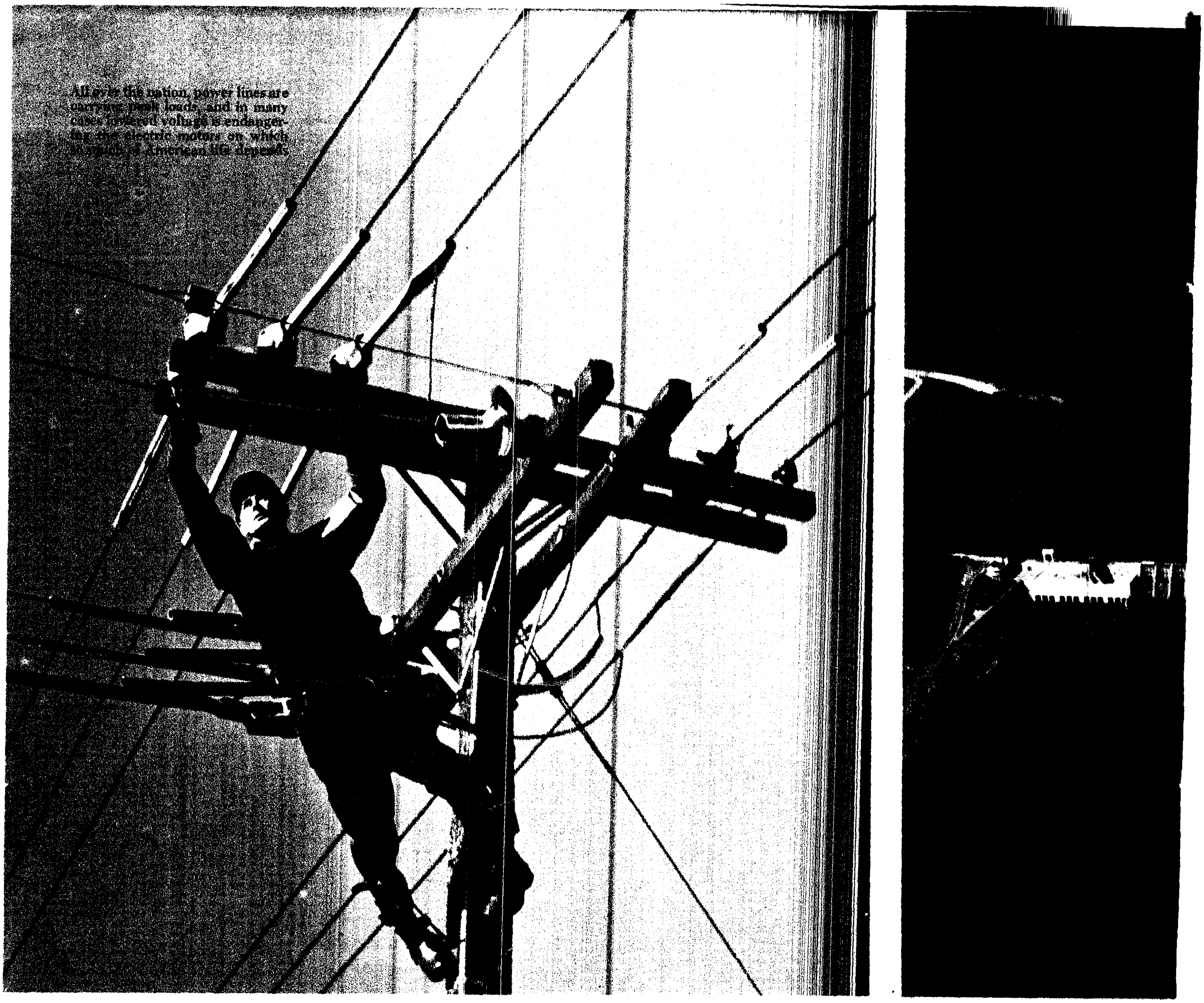
He was that way in the passengers' saloon at night—silent, watchful, and apart. Like a wary animal he heard the merchants and the Army officers talking about the canal that would link Lake Erie to the Hudson. He watched the women crocheting under the lamps slowly swinging in their gimbals, dropping his dark eyes when their gaze found him. At last he left the cabin with its strange scents of cigar smoke and cologne. He stood on the dark deserted deck, in the fresh sea wind, with the stars strewn in the April sky and the water vast and dim. Half of him was still back on a silent island, and half was journeying to the busy life of Buffalo.

In those years Buffalo was changing, stretching, growing. Captain Job Fish loudly declared he did not recognize it after two weeks away. It was surely a changed city to a man who had not seen it for two years. Jason strode through the noisy streets, his eyes roving, the bale of peltry on his shoulder. He unrolled the pelts on the long counter in the Beauclerk Brothers' store.

Even the shrewd eyes of the elder Beauclerk lighted over the fox, ermine

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



All over the nation, power lines are carrying peak loads, and in many cases lowered voltage is endangering the electric motors on which so much of American life depends

TON

BY A. G. MEZERIK

IN THE operating amphitheater of a hospital, a surgeon was performing an appendectomy. Suddenly the overhead cluster of lights went out, as a power failure blacked out the hospital. For forty minutes nervous doctors and nurses kept the patient under anesthesia. Finally the overworked power station which served the hospital recovered sufficiently to restore the lights.

Quick thinking had saved that patient's life, but the staff of the hospital today breathes no easier. They know that the danger is not past. Their X-ray and other essential therapy machines are not receiving sufficient voltage to operate efficiently and sometimes cannot be used at all. News comes to the staff of blackouts in other hospitals in distant areas, and they brace themselves for the worst. Entrusted with human life which can be so endangered by lack of light and power, the doctors and nurses are more conscious than the rest of us of a new creeping epidemic—the nationwide power shortage.

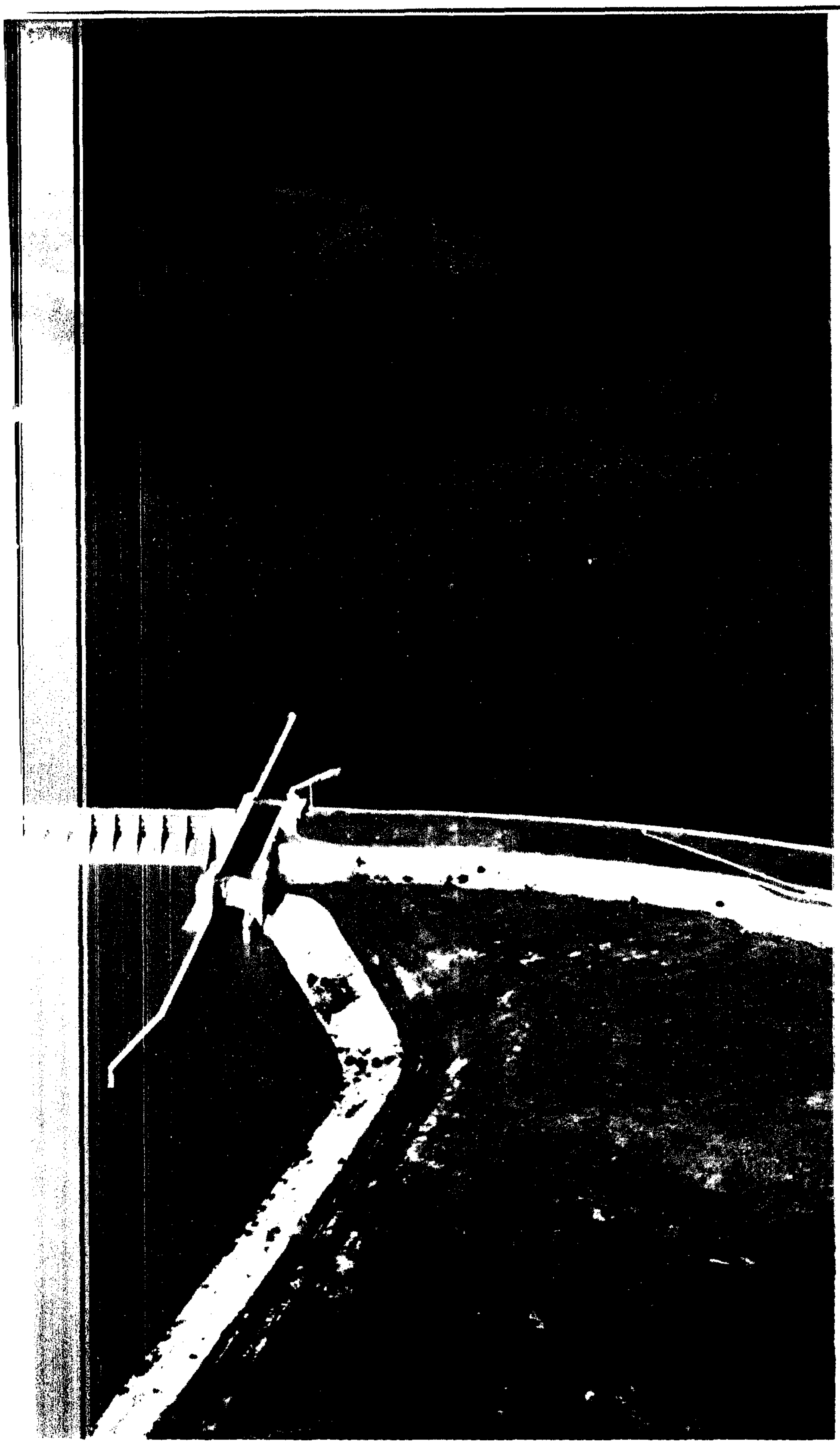
The signs of an impending breakdown in the nation's power supply can be seen by more than the staffs of hospitals. In Maine, power is rationed. In California, workers have lost their jobs. The plants where they were employed manufactured aluminum and chemicals which consume huge blocks of electricity, and the power company had found that it couldn't continue to serve them and everyone else too.

At first workers didn't realize the reason for their summary dismissal. They shouted for their union representatives, thinking they were being locked out. It took a good deal of explaining to drive home the point that their jobs depended on electricity. Now, in California, the power shortage is Number One business for labor unions. They have demanded that a "brownout" be declared to save electricity and thereby their pay checks.

On the beaches near Los Angeles, bathers soon learned that the shutdowns in the California factories curtailed not only employers' profits and workers' jobs, but also the right to swim. One of the affected plants was the Dow Chemical Company, makers of chlorine, which is vital to the purification of water. With the supply of chlorine exhausted, the beaches became unsafe and were closed by the State Department of Public Health.

Up in Maine the streets are dark; and the gay red, gold and green neon lights of the advertising signs have been blacked out by official edict. Forest fires, topping a basic shortage of electricity, destroyed a good part of Maine's electric distribution system, including poles and lines.

A state of emergency exists, and President Truman, recognizing the need, ordered the Navy to send to South Portland Bay the destroyer escort Maloy. Today the Maloy is not a ship so much as a power plant, its generators working around the clock to create electricity, which is then taken by the power system and distributed throughout the state. But Maine's troubles are far from over, and electricity is still rationed—two hours on and two hours off.



T.V.A.

Two new generators are being installed at Fort Loudoun dam, part of TVA system. U.S. needs many more

In California, men are out of work and beaches are closed; in Maine, streets are dark, and all over the country, fire hoses are playing on overworked generators to keep them from burning out. The nation is in the midst of a power shortage. Here's why

Maine's plight is bad, but it is not much worse than that of its neighbors. The New Year brought to Vermont an aggravated shortage which threatened paralysis of industries employing thousands of people. The state is frantically seeking emergency power. Even earlier, Vermont officials had implored the Navy to send them a ship too, but the Navy had none available, and a ship couldn't have got through the narrow canal into Lake Champlain anyway.

The power-hungry Vermonters would probably settle gladly for half a ship, which is exactly what the inhabitants of Eureka, California, are using. The people of Eureka towed in a foundered Russian craft which had broken in two off shore and put it to work creating light and power. Half a ship has also come in handy way up on top of the world, at Anchorage, Alaska, where half an abandoned Victory ship is supplying power.

Expedients of every type have been tried by utility companies and public agencies to get relief in this crisis. Arizona is the lucky borrower of an Army mobile power-generating train which, while inadequate, is helping a little. The proud Pacific Gas & Electric Company, one of the nation's biggest power systems, is scouring the byways buying electricity wherever an extra kilowatt is available. It purchases from the Navy at Mare Island, from Letterman General Hospital and from factories with tiny power equipment known to the trade as "tea kettles." Many utilities are emulating P.G. & E., and at least one utility system, dependent on water power, has tried sending a plane into the clouds to make rain with dry ice.

Most American utility systems today are inclined to be sorry they were such excellent salesmen of appliances in years past. A power company in Florida some years ago staged a sales drive on electric house heaters. It was a high-pressure campaign, much like those put on by power companies everywhere up to a few years ago, and it was successful.

Much too successful, it now turns out, because on the first cold day when all those heaters were plugged in, a transformer blew out.

Unselling Electric Heaters

Today that utility company is using the same amount of advertising pressure to tell the buyers of those heaters to please, for Pete's sake, keep the things off the line. Though heating by electricity used to be one of the things most encouraged by utility companies, new installations are entirely forbidden today in many sections.

Cooling and air-conditioning sales campaigns were just as popular. Not so now. In Texas, restaurant, hotel and department-store owners have been requested to shut down their cooling equipment for part of each day. Yet the power saved by restrictions is infinitesimal compared to the need. Overloaded generating equipment all over the country remains in danger every minute.

In Beaumont, Texas, crews ride up and down the highways, peering at small transformers along the road. These indicate when they are dangerously overheated by automatically showing a red flag. When the men spot a red flag they dash for the transformer and deposit a cache of dry ice around it to cool it off. And the story isn't much different inside generating plants in every area, where in many cases fire hoses play constantly on aged, overheated machines to keep them from going up and out in smoke.

Across the country, advertisements are appearing like a rash. "We Need Your Help!" says the Union Electric Company of St. Louis, offering hints to its customers on how to save electricity. The Otter Tail Power Company in North Dakota thanks its customers for co-operating, but asks for more of the same. Another company buys space to apologize for a serious power failure and concludes by saying that it anticipates more of the same.

Meanwhile utility executives sit in their offices, dreading every storm which might throw out precarious lines and create an intolerable burden on generating and power-station equipment. The great snow which blanketed New York, and the record ice storms which swept across the country in late December were just such catastrophes. The snow, the ice and the wind would have worked havoc even had equipment and maintenance been at peak efficiency. This time, the combination very nearly broke the overloaded camel's back.

The executives thank their lucky stars that the engineers who build electrical machinery are such a conservative group. The equipment provides a wide safety margin and the present demand has led utility operators to push the equipment to limits of everyday use which were never visualized by the engineers. And as they contemplate all this, they think back on how the emergency came about and wonder what the public reaction will be.

The utility companies worked hard and well during the war and there was no power shortage, despite their inability to get necessary equipment. A regimented wartime economy had helped them. The government told manufacturers that they must work three shifts, which meant that industrial loads could be distributed around the clock. Relief also came from power pools organized by the government, which arranged interconnections so that one company in dire need could borrow from a temporarily richer neighbor. Daylight saving and rules which barred advertising display signs, Christmas lighting and the manufacture of appliances helped too.

With the end of the war the rules went into the discard, and the power companies relaxed, expecting a long letdown, even a postwar depression. And for eleven months after V-J Day they had reason to think they had guessed right. Demand for electricity dropped below that of any year since 1942. Then suddenly reconversion was over and every plant which could hook in one more motor was demanding more current than ever before.

Nor was that all. Farmers, grown affluent with a succession of good crops and high prices, clamored for electrification and sometimes hired lawyers in their zeal for instant action.

The Farmers' Best Chore Boy

They had found out for themselves that electricity is an unparalleled chore boy, and with farm help increasingly hard to come by, electricity could do more. It was wonderful inside the farmhouse, too. Washers, refrigerators, radio, entertainment and blessed light all came with that line. Small wonder the farmers demand electrification, but their chances of getting it are as dim as the interiors of their kerosene-lighted houses.

One exception is in the Tennessee Valley, where publicly owned TVA is not only continuing to serve its huge industrial customers such as Du Pont and Eastman but has, since the end of the war, doubled the number of its farm consumers.

Incidentally TVA, which is largely a water-power operation, owns a big steam plant near Wilson Dam. That plant is operating at full capacity right now, and is selling every last spark of its output to its neighbor utilities, the Georgia Power Company and the Alabama Power Company. This has its ironical side because the Alabama Power Company is using the courts to fight the growth of farm co-operative electricity in its own state on the ground that it can readily take care of all the requirements. At the same time it is buying power from publicly owned TVA.

Desire for electricity is, of course, not limited to farmers. Along the Pacific Coast 1,500 wartime factories, thought by all to be headed for the scrap pile after the war, are still doing business, and twice that number of smaller plants have set up to sell goods to the bigger fellows. That takes power and plenty of it, and the situation is roughly the same all over.

Government and military needs are also demanding more and more power. The creation of atomic bombs

(Continued on page 41)

There was nothing contented about the cow —and nothing backward about the girl

THE FEMALE CIRCUMSTANCE

YOU could say that it was a combination of circumstances that made the day a memorable one for Jeff Bentley. The fact that all the circumstances were female contributed no little to the specific nature of the memories. It is important to know the circumstances.

A bright Westchester sun was streaming into the breakfast room when the housekeeper brought Jeff's orange juice to him.

"Wonderful morning, Mrs. Blodgett," Jeff said.

"What's so wonderful?" Mrs. Blodgett said.

"Could you do better?"

"Ha, ha," Mrs. Blodgett said. She could not properly be considered a female circumstance. Mrs. Blodgett was a circumstance apart—ruddy, neutral and belligerent. "That cow is here," she said.

"Now, now," Jeff said, "I know this is only an excess of loyalty, but that is no way to speak of the lady next door."

"What lady next door?" Mrs. Blodgett said. "I says the cow is here. The female bull."

"The cow!" Jeff turned to his daughter, who was deep in the morning paper. She was tenish, a sedate child with blond hair and freckles. "Did you hear that, Jan? The cow is here."

"A cow, yet," Jan said, and turned over the paper.

The cow was the first circumstance. The lady next door was the second. Jan was the third. While only the cow could be considered a new circumstance, it was the combination that did the trick. It is important to know the combination.

A cow in suburban Stardale was roughly the equivalent of a blacksmith shop in Times Square. Stardale had once been farming country, but an expanding city had sent ahead its commuters to exterminate ruthlessly all vestiges of livestock, while carefully preserving the externals of the past.

"Come see the cow, Jan," Jeff said. "You're going to love her."

"Love her, he says," Jan murmured.

"Sit down, Zeke," Mrs. Blodgett said.

"Huh?" Jeff said.

"I says sit down. You can play like you're a farmer after you finish your breakfast."

"Oh, all right," Jeff said.

"A cow, yet," Jan said softly, and exchanged a knowing look with Mrs. Blodgett.

"Please," Jeff said, "don't exchange knowing looks with Mrs. Blodgett. I know what I am doing."

A large rheumatic farmer had just finished unloading a young cow from his truck when Jeff and Jan appeared in the back yard. He led the cow into a new, rustic enclosure beside the double garage, and sighed heavily.

"There's our cow, big as life," Jeff said.

"Bigger," Jan said unhappily.

The farmer approached them, wiping his hands on his dungarees. His face was round and melancholy.

"It's none of my business, son," he said, "but what in the name of parity do you want with a cow in Stardale?"

"I'll be glad to explain," Jeff said. "The cow is for my daughter. She is bookish."

"Bookish?"

"Reads books. The idea is to give her a healthy outdoor interest. This is Jan's cow."

"Mine, he says," Jan muttered.

The farmer looked down at his feet and sighed. "What's her mother think about it?"

"Unfortunately, I am both father and mother to Jan."

"Well," the farmer said, "it's none of my business."

"I don't think you understand," Jeff said patiently. "Having a cow will give my girl a sense of communion with the good earth. Some of our greatest citizens came from farm backgrounds."

"So did I," the farmer said. He sighed again, accepted twice what the cow was worth and climbed moodily into his truck.

"Of course," Jeff said, "we're counting on getting good fresh milk from her."

"Easier to get blood from a turnip," the farmer said. "She ain't due to freshen for four months yet." He drove off. Jeff and his daughter turned to contemplate the cow.

"Big, isn't she?" Jan said.

"Just right," Jeff said. "Cow-size."

THE large beast was black and white, with a peculiarly malevolent gleam in her big brown eyes.

"She looks mad," Jan said.

"Yes, doesn't she?" Jeff said, and laughed nervously.

"They all look that way," a voice behind them said. "Sullen and not at all contented."

It was the lady from next door. Jeff looked around quickly and was annoyed to find that his face was warm and flushed. Constance Pryor was a full-blown young lady, delightfully curved and black-eyed.

"Sneaking up behind people is a nasty habit, Constance," Jeff said stiffly.

"I made it on tiptoe," she said. "It seemed like a sacred moment of communion between father and daughter."

"We were both scared," Jan said.

"Nothing of the kind," Jeff said.

"Daddy suffers from gynephobia," Constance said. "It is an over-all fear of the feminine. It apparently includes cows."

"We are good friends, Constance," Jeff said uncomfortably.

"You and the cow, perhaps," Constance said. "For you and me, Jeff, there is more than friendship."

"Now, now, Constance," Jeff said, weakly.

The lady next door was more than the second circumstance. She was the living embodiment, beautifully done, of a fact of Stardale life.

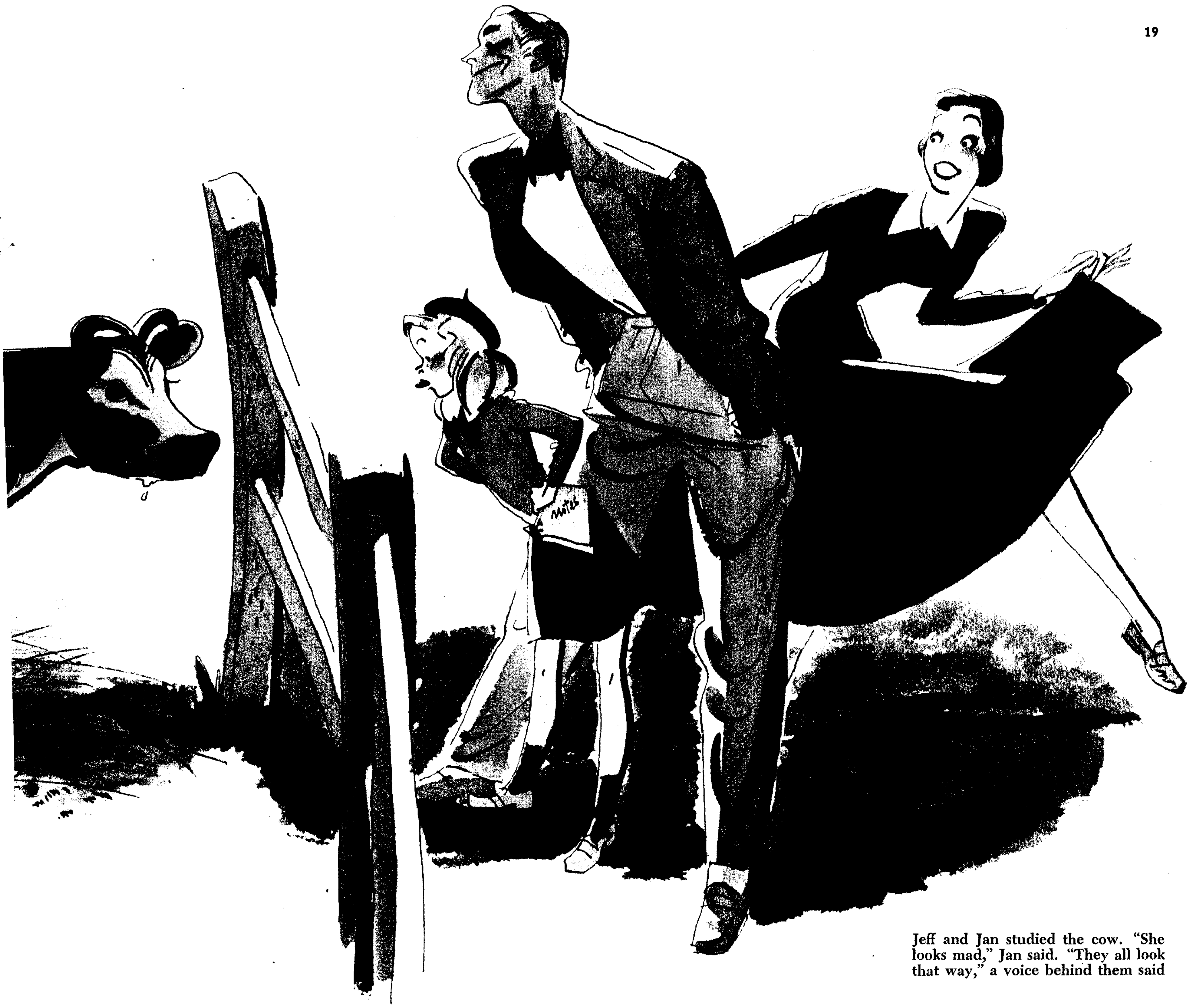
There were unwritten laws in suburban Stardale, as surely put through by the feminine community as the institution of marriage itself. When a Stardale man reached his maturity, it was understood that he would marry promptly and settle into a comfortable white suburban home, to be met at the railway station by his pretty wife, preferably in a station wagon. Failing marriage, he left Stardale just as promptly for a bachelor life in New York. An unmarried man in a comfortable white suburban home outraged tradition and the female community as thoroughly as might a member of the Democratic party.

"That cow, now," Constance said. "It is as sorry an excuse for a mother substitute as I have ever seen." Constance was a writer of psychological novels.

"It is not a mother substitute," Jeff said, "it is a cow. Jan and I have no need for a mother substitute. Have we, Jan?"

The little girl was busily writing in a small notebook she carried.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Jeff and Jan studied the cow. "She looks mad," Jan said. "They all look that way," a voice behind them said

"How do you spell substitute?" she said.

"Now, darling," Jeff said distractedly. "No notes, please. Daddy has spoken to you about this before."

"But how will I ever remember, Daddy?" she said.

"I've often wondered how they do," Constance said.

THERE was no doubt the child was bookish. It was a piece of bad luck, though, that had led her to a succession of books like Life with Father, I Remember Mama, and I Remember Life with Father and Mama. Her decision to do a book about Jeff had flattered him at first. It was only when she began to take notes that the tribute seemed hollow.

"It's the only way I can remember all the funny things you do, Dad," she said. "I'm going to call the book So's My Old Man."

"That's wonderful, dear," Constance said.

"Don't encourage her," Jeff said.

"She ought to be encouraged," Constance said firmly. "If there's anything I can do to help, dear, you just ask me."

"Would you really help?" Jan said. "I was wondering what I ought to do about the love interest. You have to have a love interest, don't you?"

"Not at all!" Jeff said.

"Definitely," Constance said. "I'll speak to your father about it, dear. We'll see what we can work out." She smiled warmly at Jeff.

"Thank you, Miss Pryor," Jan said happily.

"Thank you, she says," Jeff murmured. "Come, Jan, we must be getting back to the house."

He took her hand and walked quickly away.

"But, Daddy," Jan said, "we didn't even say goodby to Miss Pryor or the cow."

"Did Rommel say goodby to Montgomery?" Jeff said. "This is retreat, darling."

"You'll have to talk slower, Daddy," Jan said, notebook at the ready. "How do you spell Rommel?"

Those were the circumstances. Each in itself might have been handled. It was the combination that was decisive.

The cow wandered off about an hour after her arrival. Jeff had retreated to his study for a regrouping of his forces when the phone rang. It was Constance.

"She went that-a-way," she said.

"Who?" Jeff said.

"The cow. I last saw her heading over my lower forty toward the brook."

"You mean your back yard," Jeff said, "and I'll be right over."

"Tallyho," Constance said.

JEFF grabbed his hat and told Mrs. Blodgett where he was going. "She's out to hook you," Mrs. Blodgett said darkly.

"The cow? I'll be careful."

"Miss Pryor," said Mrs. Blodgett, "and you can't be careful enough."

Jeff shuddered and walked through the hedge to Constance Pryor's back yard. She was waiting for him, her light auburn hair blowing in the wind, the color high in her apple cheeks. Despite his sternest efforts, Jeff felt a warmth stirring within him.

"Come on," Constance said; "she can't be far away."

"All right," Jeff said.

"We'll be alone in the woods," Constance said. "I hope you won't try to turn an innocent situation to your advantage."

"Good grief!" Jeff said.

The black and white cow was grazing peacefully by the bank of Larkin's Brook. As Jeff and Constance approached through a clump of woods, she raised her heavy head and gazed at them with sullen menace.

"We'd better circle," Jeff said. "Take her from the flank."

"It's only a cow," Constance said.

Jeff worked his way to within a few feet of the cow, moving cautiously through the underbrush. He was about to grab her when his foot caught on an exposed root. He fell flat on his face.

(Continued on page 52)

CUPID UP THE BAYOU

BY ROARK BRADFORD

"Little Bee womens don't want no man dat no yuther ladies don't want too," the Widow Duck told Wee Willie

THE Widow Duck was engaged in her favorite pastime. She was helping Cupid shoot arrows into the hearts of a couple of young people on Little Bee Bend plantation. Seated in her split-hickory chair and pausing occasionally to drown a bumblebee with a mouthful of snuff juice, she was explaining to Wee Willie Gaillard some of the inner secrets of social life on the plantation.

Wee Willie was a grown man and knew a lot of things. He had been born and reared on the plantation, but just at the time he became a man, he went away for five years with Uncle Sam's Seabees down on the island of Trinidad. There was a definite gap in his education so far as the Red River bottom plantation was concerned.

"Little Bee womens," the Widow Duck was explaining, "is bawn wid certain things no yuther womens is got."

"Like which?" asked Wee Willie.

"Well, like de time when I was a young gal." She smiled fondly with the memory. The hot afternoon was heavy with the bittersweet scent of growing cotton. The water in Willow Chute Bayou, fifty yards away, looked cool and peaceful under the overhanging branches of the weeping willows. Even when an old gar swam to the surface, flapped lazily and dived back to the bottom, it served only to emphasize the relaxed restfulness of the day. It was a pleasant afternoon, a good one for happy memories. "I wa'n't so big and fat in dem days," the Widow Duck went on. "And I was a sinner, right on down to de ground!"

"Mis' Duck! You was a sinner?"

The old woman worked her jaws rapidly, and pursing her lips sent an amber stream of snuff juice far out into her front yard. A well-drenched bumblebee stopped buzzing and flew off crazily toward the bayou.

"Might' nigh splattered a rose dat time!" the Widow Duck grumbled.

"Maybe," suggested Wee Willie, "yo' eyes ain't as sharp as dey used to be."

The Widow Duck snorted. "Humph! My eyes is all right. Hit's dis no-good snuff. Since us had dat war, ain't nothin' been no good. Bad meat, bad clothes, bad plows, bad crops, bad weather, bad ev'ything. All on account er dat war! When snuff git so bad I can't set on my front porch and knock a bumblebee offen my crimson creeper vine widout splatterin' a flower, well, hit's about time to back up and start plowin' a new row."

"But you didn't."

"Naw, but I come close."

Wee Willie was smart enough to sit silent while the Widow Duck's temper cooled. Then, "You was speakin' 'bout de time when you was a sinner?"

The Widow Duck smiled again. "Nawp, I was speakin' 'bout Little Bee womens. Like when I was young and skinny, and a sinner, too, yas. But de main p'int is, I was a Little Bee Bend gal, so I jest up and took Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown over on Duke's Bend."

Wee Willie frowned earnestly. "But Sugarlee ain't got to take me away f'm nobody," he protested. "She de gal I wants. I swear, Mis' Duck, I love dat gal so good I gits de high trembles ev'y time she comes to my mind. But she pass me by like de evenin' breeze."

"Sho, she pass you by," the Widow Duck said lightly. "Dat's on account she's Little Bee, bawn and bred."

"I'm Little Bee, bawn and bred, too," Wee Willie argued. "Sometimes Giles say I'm de best tractor driver he got. I works hard and goes to church and don't waste my money buyin' wine at de Hi-Way Club and I don't run around wid—"

"You ought to," the Widow Duck interrupted.

"Ought to which?"

"Run around wid de womens. Git a pint er wine and chunk yo' hat on de ground. Pull yo' elbows way back and step high on one foot. Ack like you's de tush hog and don't keer how many gals knows hit."

"But I don't want no yuther gal," Wee Willie said miserably. "I jest wants Sugarlee."

"I didn't say to git you no yuther *gal,*" the Widow Duck corrected. "I said to git you lots of gals." She stopped long enough to drench a bumblebee in flight and, pleased with her marksmanship, resumed. "Big Jim Haley used to sing a song which said:

I ain't never had no one woman at a time.
I always had six, seven, eight or nine.

He sung dat song at me one time and de next thing he knowed, he was walkin' slow behind a mule and a double shovel in my cotton patch!"

WEE WILLIE looked thoughtful. "You mean I ought to make Sugarlee jealous?"

"I mean, Little Bee womens don't want no man dat no yuther ladies don't want too. Us Little Bee ladies is got game chicken blood in we's veins. When we flies off de roost, we hits de ground fightin'. And we can't fight good onless hit's some yuther lady got what we wants."

Wee Willie didn't wish to be fought over. All he wanted was Sugarlee and some peace and quiet. He wanted a crop of his own, where Giles would not forever be saying, "Wee Willie, do this" or "Wee Willie, do that." The five long years in the Seabees had been troublesome. Of course, Giles hadn't been in Trinidad but there had always been a chief petty officer who acted like Giles. Instead of "Wee Willie," the chief used to call him "Mech. Two Gaillard." He called him frequently, too. And while Wee Willie had helped to build air bases and stayed away from the native women, he dreamed of the time he would come back home, marry him a fine wife who could talk regular talk instead of "Broadtone," and make his own crop with no one everlastingly telling him what to do.

The war had brought changes to Little Bee Bend, too. Instead of a man being allowed to take a pair of mules and a cultivator and make his own crop, the tractors had come in. The three biggest fields, New London, the Windmill Cut and Cuckleburr Lake had been merged into one cotton patch with rows two miles long that ran from the bayou to the dredged drainage ditch. Giles got about in a jeep instead of on Prince's back. A man was paid wages instead of a share in the crop, a fact which kept the bossman constantly at the bank. Only irregularly shaped plots in the bayou bends which did not lend themselves to the assembly-line technique of mechanized farming were worked with mule and plow. Giles parceled out these patches for sharecropping to people who couldn't adjust themselves quickly to mechanized farming. Hands who had wandered off to high-wage war jobs returned to find their fields being cultivated by tractors that plowed three rows at a time.

When Wee Willie got home from the war, Giles gave him no opportunity to discuss a crop of his own. "Hit's four diffrunt kinds of tractors yonder under de shed," Giles had told Wee Willie, "and ain't none of 'em any good. But on account er you was fightin' in de war, you kin go take yo' pick." And before Wee Willie realized what was happening to his dream, he was driving a tractor every day in the big field where the rows were two miles long and the women were so far away you could hardly see them swinging their hoes.

However, Wee Willie saw Sugarlee. He had known her since she was a baby, but he had never paid any attention to her. Then one day when it was too wet to plow, he was walking down a turnrow and had come upon her bending over a "volunteer" vine, picking tomatoes.

"What you say, Sugarlee?" he greeted. He was not really interested; he'd asked only for the sake of good manners.

Sugarlee straightened. She was at the moment taking a bite from a big ripe tomato. That red against the velvety brown of her skin was just about the prettiest sight Wee Willie had ever seen. And while she stood there looking at him, she took the tomato from her mouth, flashed a wide smile and said, "Same thing! And you?"

That gave Wee Willie the high trembles and it tied his tongue. Before he could think of anything else to say, Sugarlee bent over the vine once more.

Wee Willie passed Sugarlee several times after that. She always looked as if she were going to smile and say something. Instead, she turned her head away and passed him by. It was more than tantalizing; it was maddening.

"Jest like my heart was a clod er dirt in de road," Wee Willie told the Widow Duck, "and Sugarlee tromped on hit like hit wasn't there."

"Well, keep yo' heart high, so she got to reach to git hit!"

AFTER Wee Willie left, the Widow Duck continued to sit on her porch. She had certain things to do, but she would wait until the sun was lower and the air a little cooler before she took to the bayou patch. Meanwhile, she let her mind pleasure itself on the happy memories of the good things that had overtaken her. She had good friends, good religion and good memories. Her kitchen larder was well stocked, her vegetable garden was growing fine and just up the bayou was her eight acres of cotton already lopping in the middles.

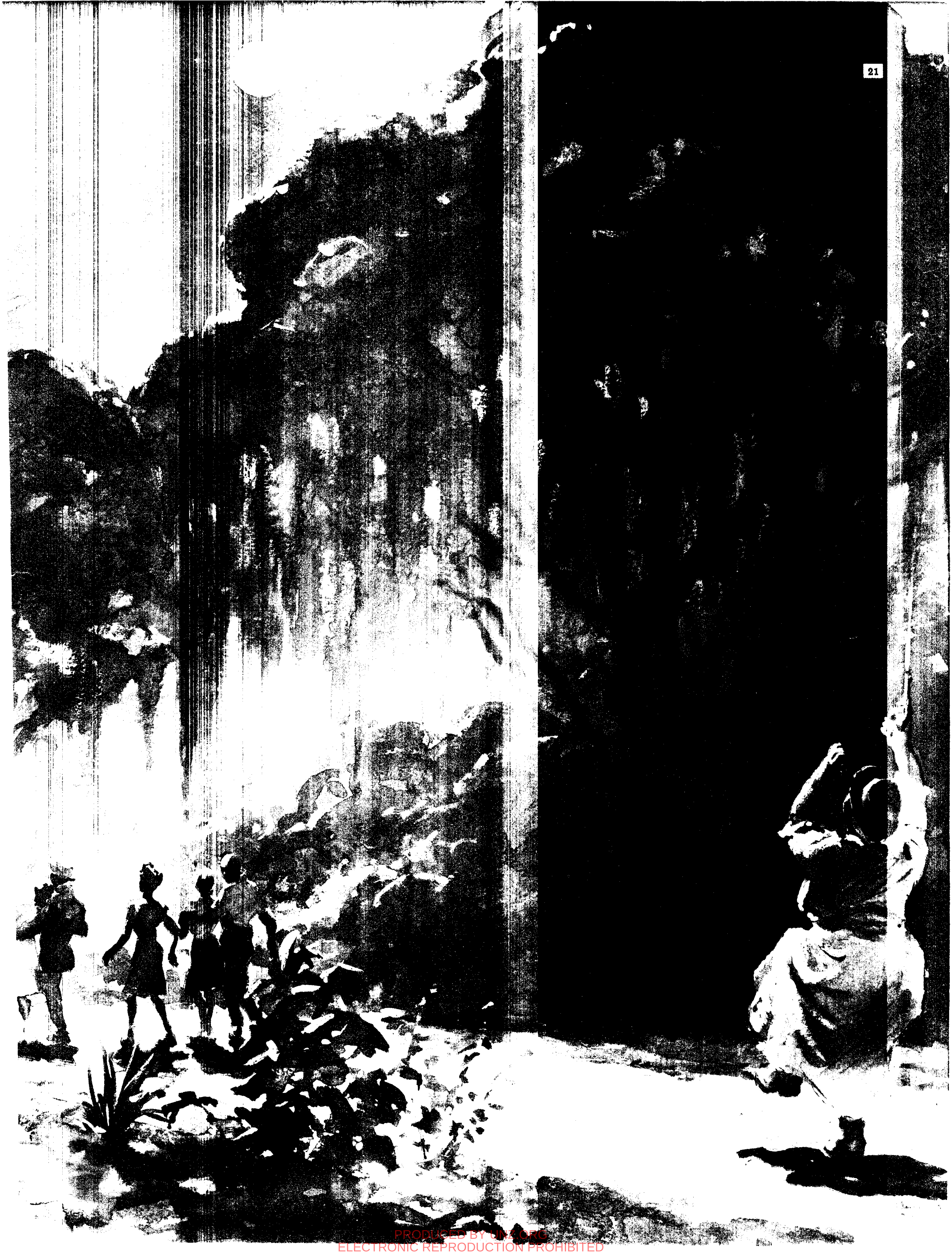
As the afternoon wore on, women and children began to come by with bait cans and fishing poles. The Widow Duck greeted them all pleasantly. They knew as well as she did that the perch would not bite until the shade from the willows swept across the bayou; and they knew that all the pleasure in fishing was not merely in catching fish.

Presently, the Widow Duck saw the shadow from a big cottonwood tree near the bayou touch her front-yard fence. She looked heavenward, expectantly. A cooling breeze stirred and fanned her broad brown face.

(Continued on page 36)

The Widow Duck knew exactly what to do. She stepped high with her left foot, took a swig and fired a shot

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



At his comfortable home in Texas, John Garner now has leisure to review the history he helped make, to formulate his thoughts on how democracy should work

JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

BY BASCOM N. TIMMONS

The hottest battle that Vice-President Garner ever had with Franklin Roosevelt was over the sit-down strikes of 1936-37, which were, Garner thought, much more important than the court reorganization bill. In this second article of a series, Garner tells how Roosevelt lost his Democratic Congress

II

VICE-PRESIDENT GARNER probably got greater satisfaction out of the 1936 victory than anyone else.

When he took over as minority leader of the House after the 1928 Hoover landslide the Democratic representation was so small and the party's influence so weak that there had been widespread suggestions that the party abandon its historic name and reorganize as a new party.

Now it was on a summit never before reached by any political party in modern times. It had carried 46 of the 48 states and pulverized the Republican party. In the Senate there were 77 Democrats, fifteen Republicans and four representatives of minor parties. In the House of Representatives there were 330 Democrats, 90 Republicans and thirteen representatives of splinter parties. Democratic governors and legislatures sat in most of the State Capitols.

Garner never doubted the outcome of the election but thought the Republicans could have made it closer. He had said the previous summer:

"The Republicans used to do the politically smart thing most of the time. If they get back the knack this time they will give Herbert Hoover a Grover Cleveland try. (Cleveland was renominated by the Democrats in 1892 after having been defeated by Harrison in 1888.) No Republican can win, but Hoover can carry more states and will pull some Senators and Representatives through."

When Landon was nominated, he said: "The Republicans have set the stage for a party debacle."

But when the sweep came Garner feared the Democratic majority might be too one-sided for the party's good.

"It all depends upon the use we make of our victory. If we justify it we might remain in control for another quarter of a century.

"We have passed a lot of experimental legislation, and experimental legislation usually needs to be amended in the light of experience with it," he said. "I think now we can have sound legislation and more coherent administration.

"Any party that comes in with a working majority in Congress does its best work in the first term. If it can keep a fair working majority in the second term it can amend and correct.

"You cannot do everything in an eight-year term, but you can do all the country can get used to. The solid, lasting things come with gradualness. If you work too fast the people become fatigued and you get reaction."

On a cold, raw, rainy day Roosevelt and Garner were sworn in for their second terms on the portico in front of the Capitol. It was the first January 20th inauguration, changed from the time-honored March 4th date.

That day Garner got an important piece of information.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Roosevelt told him he never again would run for public office.

Garner also gave Roosevelt some information.

"Neither will I," he said. "I am going to take my good wife and go around the world or do anything else we may want to do."

But all dreams of a tranquil second term abruptly ended. These were the things that split the Democratic party: (1) Administration silence on the sit-down strikes, (2) the spending program and the unbalanced budget, (3) the Supreme Court enlargement bill, (4) Administration interference in the Barkley-Harrison leadership contest. (The attempted purge of Democratic legislators, which widened the split, was to come later.)

The year 1936 was ushered out by sit-down strikes, a newly imported labor weapon. Members of John L. Lewis' C.I.O. Automobile Workers union occupied two Fisher Body plants of the General Motors Corporation from December 30th to January 16th. The sit-down strikes spread to other plants.

Sit-Down Strike Much Debated

While the country hotly debated the President's duty in the sit-down crisis, the President and Vice-President just as hotly debated it in Washington. At a White House session the issue was discussed at length by the President, Vice-President and the Secretary of Labor, Miss Perkins.

"I said to Miss Perkins," Garner said, " 'Do you think the sit-down strike is right?'

" 'Yes,' she replied.

" 'Do you think it is legal?'

" 'Yes,' she answered.

"I asked the President:

" 'Do you think it is right?'

" 'No,' he replied.

" 'Do you think it is legal?'

" 'No,' he replied."

Garner left the meeting under the impression that Roosevelt would issue a statement excoriating the sit-down strike. But the statement did not materialize.

There the matter stood one January afternoon after 5 o'clock when Garner and Senate Majority Leader Joe Robinson appeared at the White House to discuss the legislative program which would be taken up immediately after Roosevelt's second inauguration. It was almost 8 o'clock when they came out.

The first acrimonious exchange between Roosevelt and Garner had taken up most of the three hours.

"It was the hottest argument we ever had," Garner said. "I told him that I regarded the sit-down strikes as seizure of other people's property in brazen defiance of the law; that the strikers were in illegal possession of the plants; that it was not a strike for better wages and working conditions, but a step in the fight of John L. Lewis for personal and political power; that Lewis was arrogantly expecting the backing of the Democratic party in his sit-down undertaking as a pay-off for his support and campaign contributions.

"I asked the President what he intended to do if the state of Michigan could not or would not enforce the law. What if the state did not or could not maintain a republican form of government as guaranteed by the Constitution? I told him that the people of the country were entitled to know what his attitude was toward this new and formidable weapon. We went at it hot and heavy.

"When the President said, 'I can't get those strikers out without bloodshed,' I replied: 'Then John L. Lewis is a bigger man than you are if you can't find some way to cope with this.'

"Finally Joe Robinson broke in. 'You fellows are not getting anywhere,' he said, 'and I think you ought to stop the argument.'

" 'All right,' I said to the President. 'I have made my argument. I will never mention Lewis to you again.' I had told him not only what I thought of the sit-down strike, but of John L. Lewis. Long after this, Roosevelt told me many times, 'Jack, you were right about Lewis.' "

As he was preparing to leave Washington at the end of his 38 years of service there, Garner reviewed those sit-down scenes in a talk with me.

"I think that is the only angry discussion we ever had," he related. "I disagreed with the President many times and stated my views as forcefully as possible, but there were no brawls."

Administration inaction in the sit-down strikes, which had spread from Michigan to other states, was met in a Senate resolution by Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, asserting "that it is the sense of Congress that the so-called sit-down strike is illegal and contrary to sound public policy."

Byrnes went to Majority Leader Robinson and told him about the resolution before introducing it.

"I am for it, Jim, but as leader I will have to oppose it," Robinson said in effect. It was plain that the Administration was opposed to the resolution, which was finally defeated 48 to 36. Among those who voted for the resolution was Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri. It was common knowledge that Garner favored the Byrnes resolution.

But before the Byrnes resolution came to a vote, two other storms broke: the new spending program and the court reorganization bill.

Farewell to Economizing

Garner had told me earlier that he hoped the President would address himself to reducing expenses and balancing the budget during his second term. Roosevelt had campaigned on an economy platform in 1932. In 1933 he made his first, and last, economy drive and Congress passed the short-lived Economy Act of 1933.

"I do not take our 1932 economy pledge as a deceptive promise to win an election," Garner had said. "Perhaps we could not carry out all our campaign promises. The country's economy was unbalanced from 1933 until now, and our program had to be flexible. But there is no reason why we can't balance the budget now. You can repeal unwise or unworkable laws, but you can't repeal the public debt."

During the three-hour January meeting with the President over the Congressional program Garner and Robinson had finally reached this agreement with Roosevelt:

That session of Congress would pass the regular appropriation bills, do a little tinkering on legislation already on the statute books and adjourn; the whole thing could be done in six months, which meant a June adjournment.

But on February 5th, less than three weeks later, President Roosevelt handed Congress his court reorganization bill. No one in Congress had even a hint it was coming.

"The first time I ever heard of the bill, or that Joe Robinson or any of the others heard of it, was when the President and Homer Cummings (then Attorney General) read it to us in the President's office," Garner said that night. "It was all drawn to the last detail and ready for Congress. I loaded my automobile with senators and representatives and took them back to the Capitol. We were all so stunned we hardly spoke."

The proposal was received coldly at the Capitol, with a few exceptions. One, Senator Carter Glass, received it hotly, declaring that the proposal was "frightful," "shocking," "brutal," "infamous," and "outrageous." Even Senator George W. Norris called the proposal unwise.

It was not until three days later that Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, introduced the bill. Representative Hatton W. Sumners, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, refused to touch the bill, and its introduction in the House was from left-wing sources.

While Democrats at the Capitol stewed over the court reorganization proposal, Garner continued to worry about the unsettled sit-down strike issue and about signs that President Roosevelt intended to continue heavy deficit spending. The court bill was amended to prevent the appointment of six new justices all at once, as the President had wanted, and in other ways watered down. It was after this that I heard Garner discuss the situation.

"Borrowing and spending and the sit-down strikes are a greater threat to the country's welfare than even six additional Justices of the Supreme Court would have been," he said. "The court would have adjusted itself. Those black robes and life tenure have their effect on men. No President can control that court. But let the sit-down strike become established as an American custom and recognized in law and it will change our entire theory of property ownership and government."

When the court bill finally was readied for Senate consideration in July, Garner was in Texas on a vacation which he had planned in January on Roosevelt's assurance that the legislative program would not keep Congress longer than June.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas opened the debate with great vigor, although realizing that barring a miracle he was leading a hopeless Administration cause, and day by day, outlook for legislation grew dimmer. In a few days Robinson was dead of a heart attack, leaving the court fight without a leader and the majority leadership vacant.

(Continued on page 81)

Garner opposed Roosevelt in Senate leadership fight in 1937. He's shown with Senators Harrison, Barkley and Pittman after talk with F.D.R. about the battle

© HARRIS & EWING

Issue posed by 1937 sit-down strikes caused Garner's hottest argument with the President. Photo shows sit-downers amusing themselves in Cleveland

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

BY HANNIBAL COONS

THE things that go on in Los Angeles defy description. It is now possible to come in out of the warm night there, take a seat and get hit in the mouth with an ice-hockey puck. This unnerving experience is also obtainable at San Diego, smack down on the Mexican border, and at sunburned Fresno. Large ice-boxes in each of these three cities anchor the south end of the Pacific Coast Hockey League, our "biggest" and certainly our longest ice-hockey circuit.

The Pacific Coast Hockey League, organized in 1945, currently rattles up and down the whole 1,600 miles of the Pacific Coast from Mexico to British Columbia, taking in most of the cities of any size en route. In anything as large as this new ice-hockey circuit, it is only natural that things of interest and even wonder should occur. They're occurring. Last April saw the Los Angeles Monarchs battling Boston for our national hockey championship. When anything like that becomes possible, it is time to investigate.

Attending an ice-hockey game in Los Angeles is a memorable experience. Most of the customers have no hats, no overcoats and no knowledge whatever of hockey. Ladies keep wanting to know what they're trying to do with "the ball." Any group of over two squeezing by always says, "Now let's let George sit in the middle; he once saw a game in Tulsa." On all sides experts like George are soon explaining to awed little groups that they wear those pads to keep from breaking their bones and he doesn't know *how* they protect their heads. It's usually Christmas before most of the fans become aware that the "halves" are called periods, and that it's all right for the goalie to lie down in front of the net, or even sit on "the ball" to stop it.

The movie people attend in great numbers, not only because they like hockey but because it's one place they can go and not be bothered for autographs. If you ask a movie star for an autograph, you are rapped sharply over the knuckles by the nearest usher. Movie stars of whatever magnitude are treated just like other people, and they seem to enjoy it hugely, many movie stars being very modest at heart.

One night in 1945, Frank Sinatra was sitting in the row behind the penalty box when Ching Johnson, the former great star of the National League, was playing on the Pacific Coast; Ching drew a penalty, and as he went back out on the ice, turned around and said, "Hi, Frankie." Sinatra was as tickled as a kid and banged his companions on the back. "He knew me!" he cried. "He knew me!"

What about the quality of the play on the Coast? Is it good hockey? Actually, it can best be described as spirited. The main charm of Pacific Coast hockey is the fact that they beat the hell out of one another. Some of the best rhubarbs are when Vancouver or New Westminster, the two Canadian teams in the league, advance into the southland; New Westminster in particular, being composed largely of wild boys from the hills.

There are two reasons for the enthusiasm of Coast hockey. Many of the players are young kids out to prove that they should really be in Madison Square Garden, and Coast hockey itself was cradled years ago in some of the roughest hockey ever seen in this country.

Under the somewhat complicated amateur-professional rules of ice hockey, which have recently been troubling our Olympic Committee, the Pacific Coast setup is called "amateur" hockey, although all the players get a salary of from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. In this country we have three avowed professional hockey leagues—the 1st division National League, the 2d division American League and the 3d division United States League. Everything else is considered amateur hockey, although most of the boys get paid with complete openness every Saturday night. Most of the amateur leagues are farms for the American and United States leagues, which in turn are farms for the six-team National League, since 1924 the real major league of international hockey.

In the Pacific Coast League, as in nearly every other ice-hockey league in this country, 95 per cent of the players are Canadian born. Hockey players from Canada have always been one of our standard imports, like quinine or tin. This is because hockey players are grown in Canada in greater abundance than anywhere else on earth. It gets chilly up there during much of the year, and once the wheat crop is in, bashing one another over the head with hockey sticks is the most practical method of keeping warm. Also, in many regions there is very little else to do.

The result is that more ice hockey is played in Canada than anyone in his right mind would believe. In the city of Toronto alone there are usually 250 or more teams, all slashing away at one another indoors and out. As many as seventy or more organized teams whack away at one another on a single night. And the same thing goes on in varying numbers, depending on the population, clear across the country to British Columbia. In Canada each newborn male child is given a bath and a short greeting, then handed a hockey stick; if he grasps it wrong, his father drowns him. Starting with the "Minor Bantam" class, composed of little chaps about a foot and a half high, life in Canada is a continuous elimination struggle from birth to the Stanley Cup, ice hockey's Rose Bowl.

With such a vast pool of talent so close, we have never seen any reason to develop hockey players of our own in any number. We have a small domestic crop in Minnesota and New England, but most of our hockey players are imported from Canada without delay or nonsense. The Canadian boys get either an education or a job, often both, and we get to see good hockey. We also get some fine citizens, most of the boys ending up by becoming naturalized and staying here. So far it's been a pretty fair trade all around and everybody's satisfied.

Three Kinds of Players in Coast League

The players in the Pacific Coast League, as in most of the so-called amateur hockey leagues in this country, are of three general types—young players fresh from Canada, farmed out by the professional leagues to prove their worth, a middle group of good hockey players who have other interests and who want to play this much hockey and no more, and former pro-league stars who are still having some fun and making a little money at a game they love.

It's the young players in a hurry who cause most of the contusions. John Polich, the playing manager of the Los Angeles Monarchs, explained this one night after a game in which his eye had been laid open as though by a cleaver. "You always get hurt by some sharp kid who's trying to prove he's a genius. In the National League you get hurt occasionally, but nobody's trying to kill you. But you give some of these enthusiastic kids a stick, and they're going to hit somebody with it."

Mr. Polich speaks from experience, having once been one of the most enthusiastic kids with a stick the Coast has ever seen. A Hibbing, Minnesota, boy, who came to Los Angeles on an athletic scholarship to play football and hockey for Loyola University, Polich came up through the roughest days Coast hockey has ever known, the days of the college games.

But first let's sketch in rapidly what happened even before that.

The first sun-tan ice hockey in California was played at Fourteenth and Main in Los Angeles in 1914. At that time the National League was still strictly Canadian; there was no professional hockey whatever played in this country except in our Pacific Northwest, the birthplace of American professional hockey. The first American team to enter the National League was the Boston Bruins in 1924. Long before that a Pacific Northwest team had won the Stanley Cup; in 1916 the Portland, Oregon, Rosebuds were the first American team to challenge Canada for the cup, and in 1917 Pete Muldoon's Seattle Metropolitans won it—the first team to take the cup out of Canada. The Pacific Coast has no apologies to make to anybody in American hockey; they started it.

The 1914 hockey venture in southern California was short-lived, due to World War I. The ammonia necessary to make the ice was suddenly needed more to make ammunition, and the few existent ice rinks closed.

There was no hockey in southern California until 1925. In that year *(Continued on page 28)*

Movie people attend the games in great numbers. Here Elena Verdugo, Craig Ellwood and Gloria Henry cheer their team on

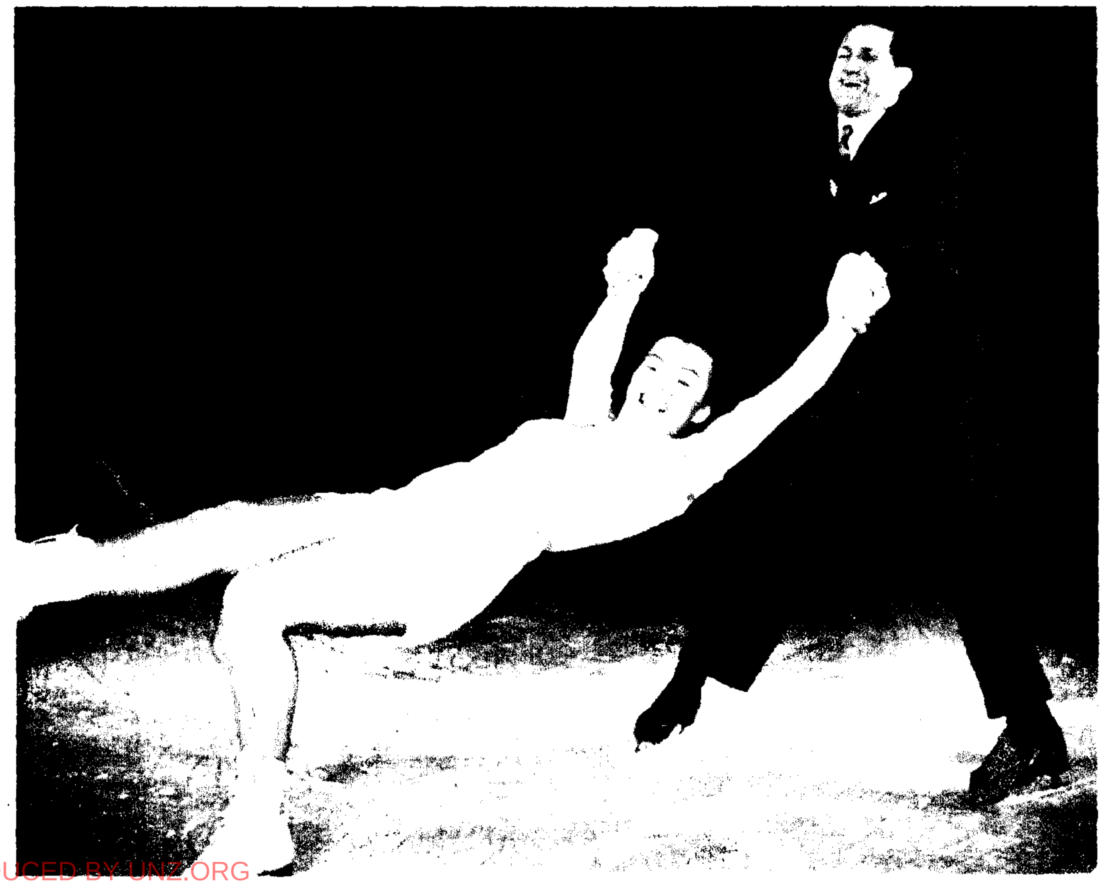
Another movie couple, Robert Scott and Adele Jergens, watch tensely as the Monarchs and Falcons battle it out on the ice

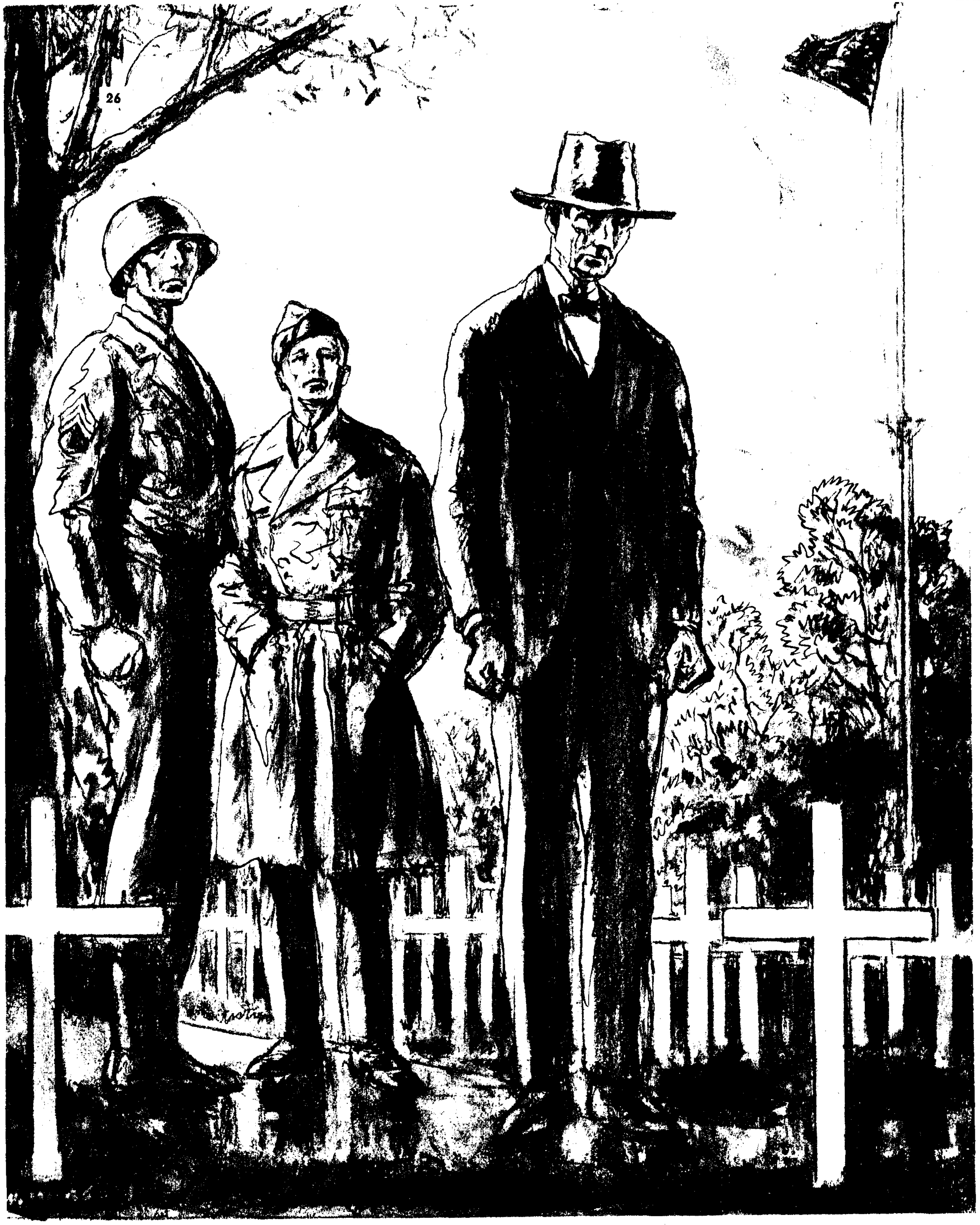
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD MILLER

Tense moment in an ice-hockey game between the Fresno Falcons and the Los Angeles Monarchs at the Pan-Pacific auditorium in Los Angeles. Bill Brennan, goaltender for the Falcons, attempts to block the puck as the Monarchs close in for a goal. The Monarchs defeated the Falcons, 5 to 3, wresting the league lead from them

Time for between-periods refreshments for Actors Larry Parks, Betty Garrett Mrs. Parks) and Glenn Ford, who enjoy the game attired in light summer garb

Skating is a popular sport with the movie colony. Here Ella Raines takes lessons on the ice from veteran instructor Jerry Page, well-known ex-hockey player and manager





The sergeant stopped and said, "There, sir." When he was sure the farmer had the right cross in sight he turned and left

THE FARMER'S FACE

BY GUY NUNN

The story of an American pilgrimage

EVEN before he spoke, one look would have told you he was a farmer. His big-jointed hands said farmer; and the broad-brimmed hat gripped by the callused fingers suggested the Great Plains. Across his high forehead the line where milk-white met copper-red was as sharply defined as if drawn there. The entire face—beaked nose, taut skin over prominent bones, blue eyes set deep in wrinkle-edged sockets, thin lips pursed over a narrow dental arch—the whole cast of features looked like exactly what a painter would want if he had decided to put Kansas and Nebraska, the Dakotas and forty years of squinting across endless furrowed miles all into one weather-bitten face.

At least that is the way he looked to me as he sat there waiting his turn outside a door labeled: INFORMATION, GRAVE LOCATIONS. His eyes were nearly expressionless. Although wide open they looked on nothing. The expression on his face, however, was not vacant. It was at once lost, troubled, puzzled and slightly afraid.

I had a sudden feeling of pity for him—stronger, for some reason, than I had had for any of the hundreds I had seen waiting their turn in the headquarters of the American Graves Registration Command. About all of them there had been this same suggestion of fearfulness and indecision, of last-second struggle between revulsion and an inner need to see the bitter pilgrimage through to its end.

It is hard to say what it was about him in particular which set the springs of sympathy flowing. Perhaps it was because he had the look of a man who finds it impossible to give grief expression, even inwardly, and who was here hoping that a conventional gesture, a ritual, would exorcise a pain he could not himself relieve or express. Perhaps it was because he looked more lost, more alone than the other tight-lipped parents who had waited in the same chair. Or it could even have been the weather. Outside, the sunlight danced along the slate rooftops of Paris and provoked hundreds of starlings in the eaves to an excited chatter which carried into the office even through the surflike roar of traffic along the Champs Elysées. Outside there was noise and warmth and movement and all the impudence of spring, and here inside there was winter in his face.

Whatever the case, I found my mind re-creating the steps which brought a man from Kinnard Junction to within a stone's throw of the Arc de Triomphe. If he weren't from Kinnard Junction then surely he would be from some place as bare, as frugal of beauty, as grimly clutching to the bosom of the plain, as distant and as different from the grandiloquent sweep of the approaches to the Etoile.

He had read in the weekly Courier from Jonesburg that travel to Europe was now possible. There had been weeks of correspondence with Washington, each letter an agony of composition, before he was in possession of a passport. At Chicago, between trains, he had been all but ready to turn back. But some hard kernel of conviction resisted the first panic, the first harassed feeling that it was all wrong and would serve no purpose to go on. It had to be tried, at least. A man couldn't live with this thing inside him for the rest of his life, heavy and hard and insoluble as an anvil.

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

NOW PACKAGED!

For your convenience and protection . . .

Swift's Premium tender Franks

Swift
Swift's Premium
FRANKFURTS
Swift
Swift
A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

And another famous favorite

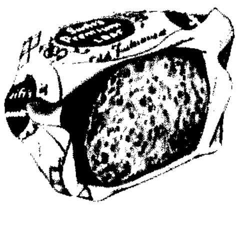
Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork **Sausage**

Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork Sausage

Noted for its tasty links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main dish that can be prepared in a jiffy!

E SAUSAGE WITH THE **Just-right Seasoning!**

And **Swift's Premium** *Table-Ready* **Meats**



LIKE TASTY OLD FASHIONED LOAF

Made fresh daily IN OUR KITCHENS FROM COAST TO COAST!

The frank that's all *"Dinner-Quality" Meat*

THERE'S taste delight in every succulent bite of these plump, juicy franks. And to bring them to you at peak flavor and make identification easy—they're now packed 8 to 10 to the pound in cellophane—sealed and branded with the name Swift's Premium. Highlight your dinner menu with these luscious links tonight! They're so easy to prepare, you can serve 'em at a moment's notice. Get economical Swift's Premium Franks *protected* in the handy *new* flavor-saver cellophane wrapped package! Get them at your dealer's now!

HOT-SUN HOCKEY

Continued from page 24

the Palais de Glace—fancy talk for Palace of Ice—arose on Melrose Avenue near Vermont. Instrumental in this new ice venture were such movie celebrities as Harold Lloyd, Sam Woods, Viola Dana, Wallace Beery and Mary Pickford.

The movie people didn't chunk in any money—they didn't have to; those who were skaters just loaned their names and their prestige. On the opening night, boxes were $25 each, and the customers who merely wished to skate were lined up for blocks trying to get in. The Palais de Glace was quite a flamboyant milestone in America's ice skating.

From 1925 on, there was ice hockey at both the Palais de Glace and the Winter Garden, a second ice skatery which arose a few blocks west—mostly commercial teams, such as the Automobile Club of Southern California, Shell Oil and Richfield Oil.

Then in 1934 the Palais burned down, and Lee Woodruff, a former hockey player and sports writer from the East, took over the management of the Winter Garden. He got a Hollywood set designer to give it atmosphere and renamed it the Polar Palace. And brought in college hockey.

For the next four years the warm southern California air was rent with boola-boolas and the sharp cracking of bones. Such mass bloodlettings have seldom been seen in the name of sport. A particular rivalry developed between USC and Loyola, and on nights when they were to play, you were either in line at 4 P.M. or you didn't get in.

One Roughhouse Too Many

The college thing lasted with mounting intensity until the spring of 1938. By that time Sonja Henie's present ice skatery at Westwood had opened, and the college clambakes had been moved out there. Then one night an unusually good USC-Loyola game ended on a high note of Polich choking the commissioner, and a hundred or so spectators out on the ice bashing one another and falling down only to rise again. The next morning, college hockey in southern California was no more. The school authorities stopped it.

For the next four years southern California hockey staggered along with various teams composed largely of the former college players wearing disguises over their old bandages. Then in 1943 hockey was officially moved into the 6,500-seat Pan-Pacific Auditorium, and in 1945 the southern group combined with the north to form the present Pacific Coast Hockey League. It's now composed of ten teams in two divisions—San Diego, Los Angeles, Fresno, Oakland and San Francisco in the southern loop, and Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, New Westminster and Vancouver up north. It is the warmest border-to-border strip in America; due to the warm Japan Current, there is practically no natural ice even in Vancouver. If the electricity ever went off, the whole league would dissolve into a monstrous puddle.

The real impetus to southern California ice skating came about in 1936 with the arrival of Sonja Henie, a young lady with the feet of Pavlova and the brain of Gimbel. Sonja had first come to this country from Norway as a kid of sixteen, displaying her remarkable skating magic as an amateur at Lake Placid. Here and in Europe she won ten consecutive World's Figure Skating Championships and three Olympic Championships.

After her third straight Olympics win in Germany in 1936, she turned professional and headed for Hollywood, or rather for the Polar Palace. She sought out the late Jim Clune, then manager of the place, and said she'd like to rent his large refrigerator for four nights for 25 per cent of the gross.

At this time the mere suggestion of putting an ice skate in a motion picture would have got you thrown out of any studio in Hollywood as unstable; the Ice Follies consisted of a bunch of kids just starting out around the country in a broken-down truck, and the Ice Capades and all the other ice shows hadn't even been thought of as yet. Mr. Clune told Miss Henie that she could have the Polar Palace, but none of that 25 per cent stuff—it would cost her a straight $200 a night, whether anybody came or not. Sonja said okay. She grossed $22,000 in the four nights, handed Mr. Clune his $800 instead of the $5,500 he'd have got on the percentage, and went on to put America on ice skates.

Sonja Henie was something in connection with ice that all southern California could understand—beauty, speed, grace and money. New ice rinks sprang up all over the countryside, and thousands of the well-tanned citizens were shortly turning the place into a large indoor Lake Placid. So much so that one morning just before the war Lee Woodruff, by then the unofficial Mr. Ice Skate of the area, made an astounding discovery. He suddenly realized that of the seventy-five or so ice rinks in the whole country, nineteen were in California, five of them in Los Angeles County.

VISITING HRS
RECEPTIONIST

"Congratulations! They're all boys!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Without hesitating a moment he rushed downtown and poured out the tidings to Don Thomas, head of the All-Year Club of Southern California, and a man usually eager to hear of new riches in the kingdom. Tell the whole country, cried Mr. Woodruff, that Los Angeles is now the ice-skating capital of America. Mr. Thomas drew back as though stabbed. "Oh, my goodness," he said, "don't ever mention it to a soul. People will think we are snowbound."

And that's why you haven't heard anything about southern California's ice skating from that day to this.

It has, however, gone right ahead. At present there are eleven year-round ice-skating establishments in the entire country; four of them are in or near Los Angeles—the Polar Palace, Sonja Henie's Ice Palace at Westwood, the flossy new Winter Gardens in Pasadena, and the Iceland rink at Hynes. All this plus the Pan-Pacific, which has public skating from November to April shuffled in between the hockey matches.

January, February and March are the height of the southern California skating season, with five or six hundred happy ice skaters on hand at each of the five rinks for every session. It only falls off to about half of this in the summer. Since the weather is not so departmentalized as it is in the East, people don't rush to enjoy the winter, then rush to enjoy the summer, then rush to enjoy the winter again. In southern California you can do more or less whatever you have in mind the year around.

Many fine skaters have resulted. Donna Atwood, star of the Ice Capades, and Gene Turner, twice National Figure Skating Champion and now Sonja Henie's ex-skating partner, were both born and raised in southern California; they learned to skate right at the Polar Palace. Countless movie people are good skaters—Betty Grable, Mickey Rooney, Claudette Colbert, Cary Grant, Ava Gardner, Janet Gaynor, Tyrone Power, Harold Lloyd and his kids; one of Joan Bennett's daughters is a very fine skater.

Coast Skaters Don't Bundle Up

A remarkable feature of southern California's ice skating is the clothes they wear. Many of the lady customers do their ice skating in little cotton playsuits, with the men in short-sleeved sports shirts, with maybe a light jacket. At the Polar Palace one afternoon I talked about this with a man who had once worked at Pittsburgh's Duquesne Gardens, where people bundle up for both hockey and skating as though they didn't intend to be home for a week. "Oh," he said, "it's just that people in California wear less clothes for everything."

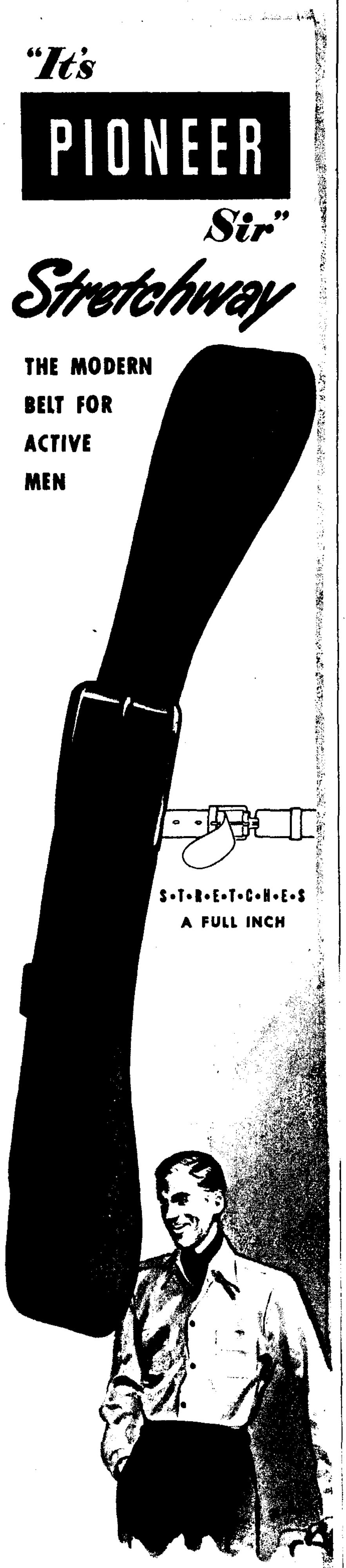
While this principle can be carried only so far, it is nevertheless true. Hockey and skating customers, like ballet customers, wear whatever they're used to wearing. If the normal weather of the locality calls for overcoat, hat, muffler, snowshoes, ear tabs or gloves, or even anything resembling a real overcoat, they sit in an equally chilly hockey factory without any and seem quite comfortable.

For two years Los Angeles has been alive with rumors that a monstrous new indoor hockey stadium will shortly be built somewhere, and the town will burst forth as the seventh team of the National League; San Francisco is to come in as the eighth team with its 8,000-seat arena now under way. All this is of course easier said than done, as no really practical way has been found to tote the players back and forth across the country. Trains would take too long, and plane schedules in winter are hardly dependable enough to meet daily playing requirements. Flying hockey players across the country in winter is different from flying ballplayers in summer.

A minor rehearsal of the plan was tried out last year at Westwood. A bunch of the boys lined up a Westwood team called the Los Angeles Ramblers, and added themselves to the Western International Hockey League, with Spokane and three western Canadian teams of some note. Faced with 1,500 miles of space between it and its nearest opponent, Westwood had to fly everybody back and forth. While they had perfectly good crowds for a first season they ended with a net loss of $78,000. Literally too much overhead.

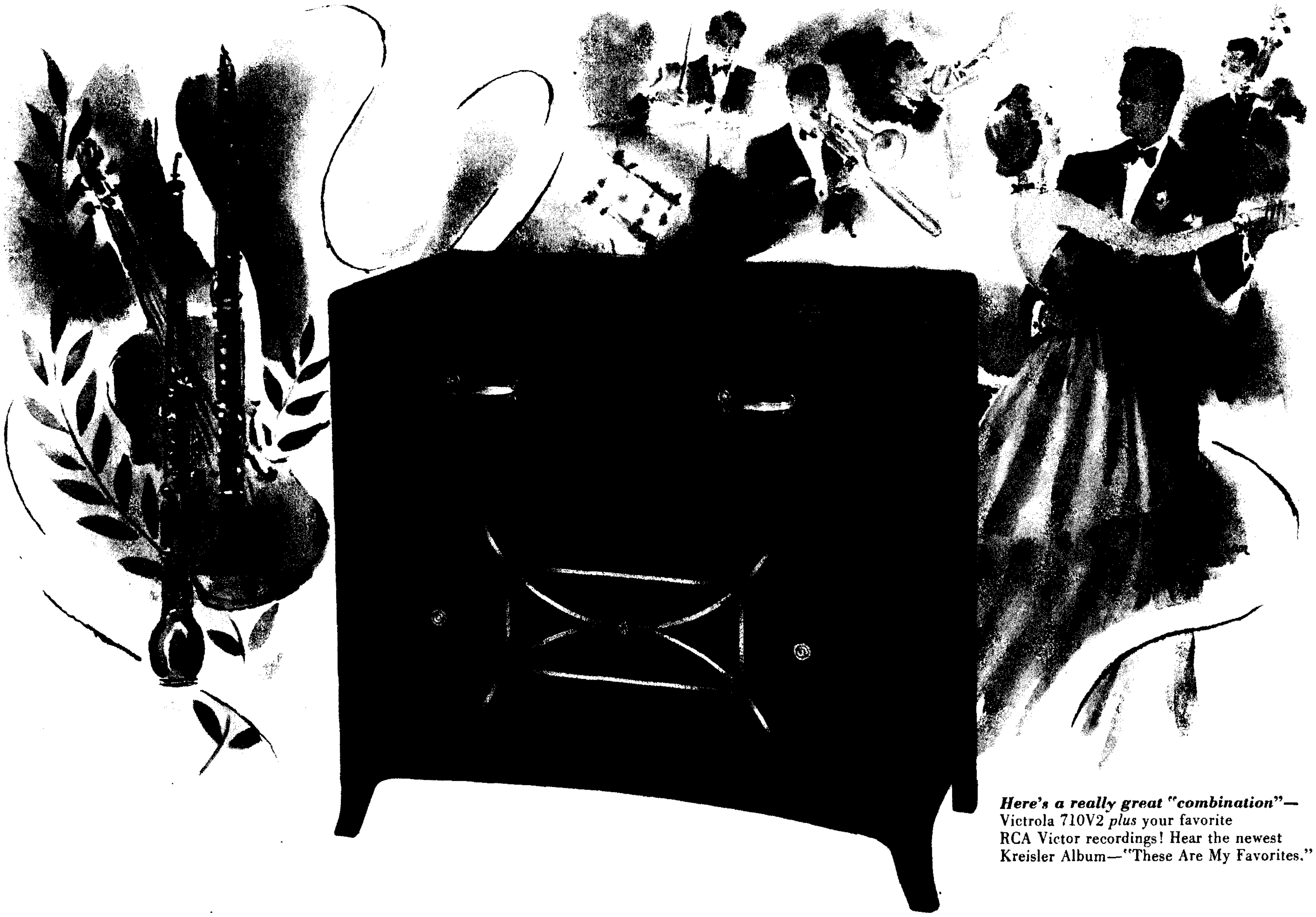
But the Los Angeles Ramblers were hardly the New York Rangers. Los Angeles sports fans have proved that they will come out in astounding numbers for really big-time events. And with half the people in the country currently flocking to the place, Los Angeles is going to have big-league sports or bust. They made it this year in pro football, and major-league baseball and hockey are almost bound to follow. The day may come when Los Angeles or even Hollywood will win the Stanley Cup, and don't say we didn't warn you.

THE END



Add a note of resort wear smartness to your Spring wardrobe, with this distinctive Stretchway styled in the new sport-weave effect. You'll see similar patterns adapted to fine casual footwear this season. So ensemble yourself with this matching accessory, and enjoy the good looks and easy comfort of the belt that S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S with your waistline action. In Suede-finish, Gold, Adobe Brown, Palm Green, Saddle Tan. At better men's wear counters throughout America. $2.50

PIONEER U·S·A· Philadelphia 1, Pa.



Here's a really great "combination"—
Victrola 710V2 *plus* your favorite
RCA Victor recordings! Hear the newest
Kreisler Album—"These Are My Favorites."

Designed for the perfectionist with an eye for Value

... this magnificent Victrola Radio-Phonograph with the RCA Victor

"*Golden Throat*"

Victrola 710V2 plays on AC, has convenient roll-out automatic record changer and tilt-out radio, 3-point tone control. Fine mahogany finish cabinet with room for up to 80 records. See it at your RCA Victor dealer's.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best"... Sundays, 2 PM, EST, on your NBC station.

You've been promising yourself an instrument like this... now RCA Victor makes it possible for you to own one at a *sensible, why-not-now* price!

Here's the glorious "Golden Throat" with its truly incredible fidelity . . . here's laboratory-perfect standard reception, here's RCA Victor's *own,* static-free FM, Frequency Modulation at its finest.

Here's record playing such as you've dreamed about... a fine *new* automatic record changer designed by RCA Victor for precision-handling of twelve 10-inch or ten 12-inch records. It has passed an operational test of 3000 hours! Has exclusive "Silent Sapphire" permanent point pickup—no needles to change.

And purely aside from the technical excellence of this music lover's delight, its cabinet is distinguished in line, in workmanship... in beauty of finish... in "good taste" for life!

Obey that wonderful impulse!... See this RCA Victor triumph today! Costs less, much less than you'd think!

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY...

This exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System made radio history in thrilling public tests of tonal fidelity. Even trained musical ears could not tell the performance of the "Golden Throat" from that of a living musician.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

"Look, Mr. Benham—you're a grown man!"

DOC: You must stop trying to stall me off, sir. Now then—it was the left bicuspid. Open, please!

MEL: Yuh. Yuh. Sure, Doc. And I'm *not* tryin' to stall you! But look, Doc, isn't this a *swell-looking* collar, huh? It's an Arrow, know that?

DOC: Yes, fine collar. We'll put the bib over it. Wouldn't want it to get wet, you know. Lean back, please.

MEL: Yuh-yuh-yuh, Doc. But take it easy, will you? Ever see a better-fitting shirt in your life, Doc? It's got that marvelous "body line" design! MITOGA, they call it. You wear Arrow Shirts, huh, Doc?

DOC: Sure. Worn 'em since I was in College. Make good impression on patients, you know. Now open, please...

MEL: Yuh-yuh-sure, Doc. But take it easy—we got plenty of time! Now, *another* great feature of Arrow Shirts is that they're *Sanforized.* Fabric shrinkage less'n 1%. Hey—EASY!

DOC: Easy it is, Mr. Benham. You won't even feel this. Now let ME tell you a little story about Arrow Shirts! You may not know it—relax, now!—but over ONE . . . BILLION . . . Arrow . . . Collars have been made! Think of it! And—

MEL: OW-W-W-W!

DOC: There! I told you you wouldn't feel it, sir. You know, I've heard about every kind of "delaying action" in the book, but this is the first time I've ever been held off with the Arrow Shirt Story! $6, please, Mr. Benham—and thank you!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.50 · $4 · $4.25 · $5

JASON HAZARD'S SWIM

Continued from page 15

and beaver, his fingers ruffling the rich fur. "Prime peltry," he said with a little grudging note in his voice. "Must be good country you trap in."

Jason's dark eyes came up.

"Must come from the deep woods," the trader said, "where the trails are not trapped out."

"My trails are not trapped out," Jason said.

With the gold heavy in his pocket he lounged down Main Street, eying the wares from Boston and Albany and Syracuse and Troy—the plows and axes and sickles and nests of rope, the shoes and boots and gumshoes and carpet slippers, the plates and platters and shining cutlery, the shirts and hats and long frock coats and pleated trousers. In the Genesee Emporium he ordered a black broadcloth suit, a checkered waistcoat and a white linen shirt.

"Have to make some alterations," the clerk said, measuring his narrow waist. "They'll be ready tomorrow."

For an hour Jason walked the streets. At the New Era House on Court Street he was shown to his room by a boy who gazed wide-eyed at Jason's fringed shirt and the flaunting tail of his coonskin cap. He bathed and shaved and dressed again, wearing his new linen shirt under the deerskin jacket. The dining room was filling when he came down.

AT DINNER he sat alone, his hands dark on the gleaming tablecloth. While he gave his order he was aware of the eyes of the waitress on him.

"Yes, M'sieu," she said.

She had clear blue eyes, fair coloring, and soft hair falling to her shoulders.

"You come from Canada," he said.

"Yes, M'sieu. From the woods. M'sieu is Canadian?"

"No. I am an Ohio man."

She brought his roast beef and dumplings and suet pudding. While she poured the coffee a newly arrived party was shown to a table decorated with paper flowers.

"There he is," she said, "just coming in. The Commissioner of the Canal."

"What's he here for?" Jason asked.

"The Commissioner—but everybody knows why he is here."

He shook his head. "Not everybody."

"There will be dancing here tonight to celebrate the canal. M'sieu will be here dancing, I've no doubt," she said.

He raised his eyes. "Will you dance with me?"

Quick color warmed her face. "But no, M'sieu. I must be in the kitchen."

When he left the table Jason put a gold coin under the edge of his plate.

An hour later the floor was cleared and couples were dancing to the strains of piano, flutes and violins. Jason sat in a leather chair in the public room, seeing the dancers gliding past the wide doorway. When the music stopped he became aware of the man beside him, a short, bearded man with a heavy watch chain looped across his vest.

His eyes returned Jason's gaze and he offered a hand. "Name's Mercer. Titus Mercer. From Albany."

"I'm Jason Hazard."

"You're a surveyor, perhaps."

"I've done some surveying," Jason said. "In Connecticut, and in the fire lands of Ohio."

Mercer reached into his upper vest pocket. "Have a cigar, Mr. Hazard. I'm looking for a surveyor."

"But I'm not in the surveying business."

"No matter." A moonstone flashed from a ring Mercer wore. "You're the man I'm looking for. Listen to that—"

In the next room the music had stopped and people were gathering around the punch bowls. The proprietor's voice rose. "Now the first canal packet has reached Seneca Lake, two hundred miles from Albany. A toast to the Canal Commissioners, and Godspeed the arrival of the first packet in Buffalo."

The bearded man laid a hand on Jason's arm. "Next year the construction crews will be working across Monroe County. You'll hear those mule skinners all the way to Buffalo. Mr. Hazard, I've got land for a new townsite on the canal. I want it surveyed in streets and building lots. I'll pay you part in cash and part in land rights. Next year water will be in the ditch. The locks will be open to Port Byron, to Rome, to Utica and Albany. And in another year or so right here to Buffalo. We'll have a town by then. Does that interest you?"

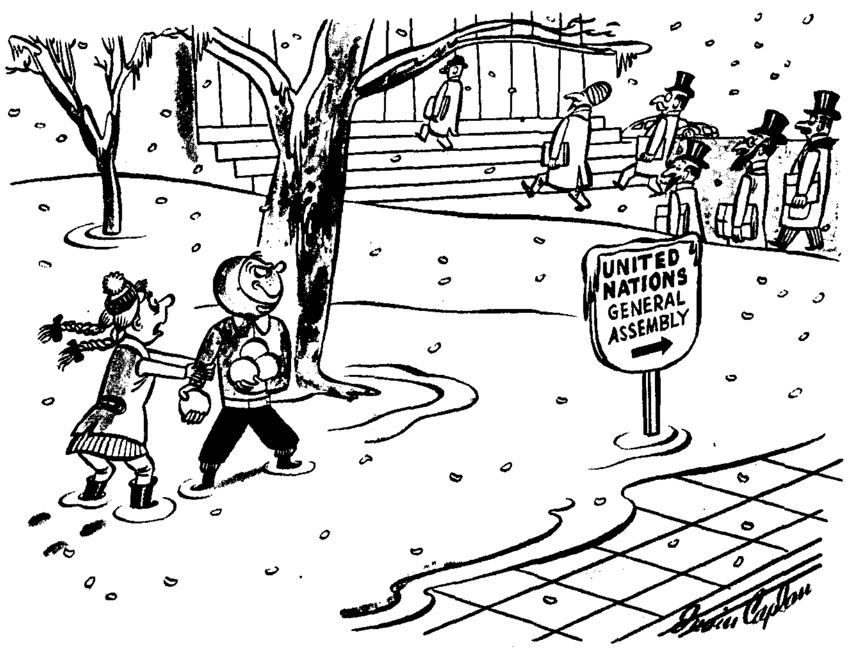
"I hadn't thought of going into business," Jason said.

"Well, think of it," Mercer advised. "There are fortunes to be made in the canal towns."

A slender, laughing, fair-haired girl approached them. "Father," she exclaimed, "you didn't drink the toast."

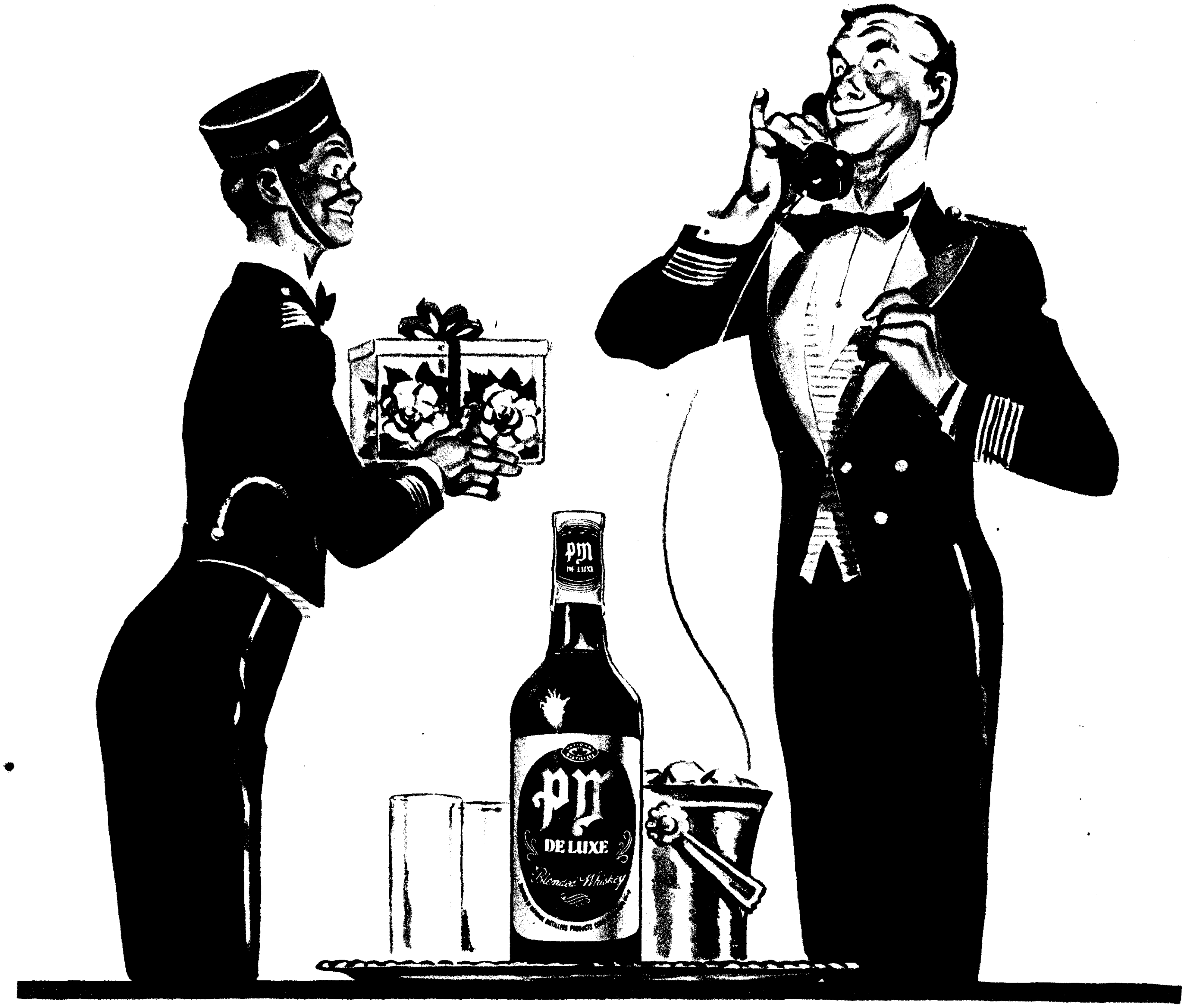
He turned to Jason. "Mr. Hazard, my daughter. Julie Mercer."

She offered him her hand. Jason found



"Please, Eddie, it might start an international incident!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN


PM
DE LUXE
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Here's your party!
"Yes, sir. You want the Perfect Mixer, sir . . .
A whiskey with a flavor that's Particularly Magnificent, sir . . .
A blend of extra mildness and superlatively good taste . . .
A flavor that wears well, and a flower to wear beautifully . . .
Yes, sir! Right, sir! PM and gardenias—right away!"

PM
DE LUXE
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation. New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

with hair like this, you'll hear: "hello handsome"

How would you like to have handsomer hair? Here's how to turn that dry, misbehaving mop into something lustrous and well-groomed . . .

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils evenly distributed over hair and scalp.

Conditions your scalp—Routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What a natural lustre! No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Get Vitalis today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

Your barber is an expert. He knows how to make your hair look better, your scalp feel better. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

himself wondering at its softness, while he looked into her dancing eyes.

She repeated his name. "Mr. Hazard is a stranger in Buffalo?"

"I have just come from Ohio," he said.

"Ohio!" Her eyes widened. "That is far away." She turned to her father. "I drank the toast—in my mind—to Mercersburg. But where were you?"

"I was busy with a surveyor," he said, smiling at Jason, "laying out the streets of Mercersburg."

She turned her eyes on Jason. "I thought Mr. Hazard was a hunter."

Titus Mercer made a rhythmic gesture with his cigar. "You two are young, and there is the music."

Jason bowed stiffly. "Will you dance?"

At first he felt awkward and the waltz seemed abrupt and jerky. But within the curve of his arm she moved lightly, making a smooth flowing river of the music. Her hand lay as soft in his hard palm as a curling fox cub in a leaf-lined den.

He felt the hand on his shoulder lightly fingering the fringe of his jacket.

"I have some clothes ordered," he said uneasily. "A suit of broadcloth and a checked waistcoat."

She held him off and looked at him demurely. "I cannot picture you in a checked waistcoat. A man from Ohio—"

The light in her eyes overcame his resentment. He gave her back her smile. "You will be disappointed, Miss Mercer, when you come to Ohio."

"Why?"

"Not to see the men wearing feathers in their hair."

"Perhaps," she said. "Just the same, you would make a poor exchange for broadcloth."

In the intermission they drifted to the punch bowl. She raised her cup soberly. "To my father's city—Mercersburg."

"To Mercersburg," he said.

Titus Mercer was waiting for them after the ball. He asked Jason to meet him the next noon at the Eagle Tavern.

"I will," Jason said. He turned to Julie Mercer. "Thank you for the pleasure."

She bowed. "I enjoyed it."

He went outside, breathing the spring air deeply while he walked the darkened streets. In the west, over the dim lake, he saw low flickerings of an April storm. He came back to the New Era House and climbed the stairs. In his bed, he repeated a name—"Mercersburg"—before he went to sleep.

HE WOKE gradually to the gray light and the morning sounds outside his window. It was raining—a heavy sky, a sodden, heavy fall of rain. Through that threshing sound there came the metal striking of horses' feet on stone, the creaking of wagons, the drivers' voices. He lay in bed, in a soft bed in white linen on a pillow soft as a woman's hair. Then his mind went to a dark shelter on a lonely shore, a bed of cedar boughs, a deerskin covering, rows of mink pelts drying on the wall, the coarse fare of corn meal and bear meat roasted on a stick. And silence. A silent cabin, the silent woods, the narrow silent trails with no footprint in them but his own. Now rain would pit the cove, the wet air would gather rank animal smells from all the dark corners of the cabin. The fire would smoke sullenly on the stones, around the dripping island the lake would lie vague and empty. Here, there came to him the sound of footsteps, a cheerful clatter of dishes, a fragrance of bacon and coffee.

He closed his eyes and went half to sleep, still aware of warmth and safety and white linen. In that luxury his mind took hold of a memory. He had paddled his bark canoe six miles from the cedar-framed cove to the long, wooded shore of Pelee Island, to inspect the patch of wheat he had planted in its meadows. Now, halfway between waking and sleeping, he lived that long day over.

It was a bright day with a little wind ruffling the six-mile strait and all the water flashing. Halfway across he passed Heron Reef where the water broke white on the just-submerged rocks. Some years, the Indians said, the reef was so shallow that herons perched there on their stilted legs. He paddled on toward the long, low Pelee shore.

He beached his craft, wandered through a fringe of willow thickets, and came out on the wide meadow where his wheat was growing thick as a pelt amid the straggling grasses. Farther inland the earth was humped with thousands of muskrat burrows. The creatures were curious and unused to the sight of a two-legged human. Hundreds of them stood alert at their tunnel mouths, feet folded to their chests, eyes beady, tails arched tensely, ready to dive for the dark. If the game ever grew thin on Hazard Island a man could take muskrats on this big empty Pelee, where never a trap had been baited.

He passed through fields of wild mustard, waded a cattail swamp, came out on another meadow with shallow basins growing up in brakes of wild celery and long-stemmed reeds. A cloud of blackbirds flew up and settled quickly. They fluttered among the bending reeds, flashing the scarlet badge on their shoulders; the soft air was full of their slurred, rusty, repeated song. At his approach they scattered, but in the air they came together. In a sagging flight they passed over the willows to some unseen inland marsh. It was a big island, that lifeless Pelee.

WHEN the sky darkened and the wind began, Jason headed back to shore. But he had not marked his way and now he wandered from meadow to meadow, from slough to slough, before he heard the lake pounding under the rising wind. When he reached the shore, water was surging over the coarse rocks—and his canoe was gone.

A crash of thunder sounded. Then the rain began pelting. He walked over the rocks, around the scalloped points, scanning the rain-scourged shore. There was no craft cast up on those beaches. He thrashed through wet thickets, looking for a log that a man might ride on. There were old blown-down trees, great heavy-branched maples and shaggy cedars. But he had only a clasp knife tied by a thong to his waist.

After an hour the wind died down. The rain stopped abruptly and the thunder rolled away. For a moment the sun slanted full on Hazard Island, lighting the dark shore across six miles of tossing water. Then the clouds closed again, but the wind was quiet. The lake was a slowly heaving waste with one white island out where the slow seas broke on Heron Reef.

At the water's edge he peeled off his sodden clothes. He stood naked and lean, his body white above the wet, gray rocks. He wrung out his buckskins, rolled them tightly and tied that roll to his waist with a thong of rawhide. He waded to his shoulders and began to swim.

At first there was a supple strength in his body, his arms and legs working in deliberate rhythm. He swam on his right side, the long arms reaching out and pulling him through the water as his legs scissored powerfully. He turned over and his left arm reached forward, stroke after stroke, his body forging through the lake. He swam with his face down, arms trudgening like slow wheels, his head turning and his mouth gulping air, legs urging him ahead in that strong, deliberate crawl. At last he turned on his back and looked. Pelee still stood up, dark and near, and out over the rocking water Hazard Island was remote and unreal, a small gray shape under a gray enormous sky. He swam on, right side, left side, right side again.

Heron Reef was halfway. He would rest there on the submerged shallow ledges. He would wait till his shoulders were limber again and his thighs were

COLLIER'S SPORTS

BEGINNING next week and continuing every week thereafter a new name sponsoring a great Collier's tradition will appear in this magazine. The tradition was established almost sixty years ago by Walter Camp, who in 1889 selected and published in Collier's the first of all All-America football teams—the first of the Firsts in Collier's. The new name is William Cullen Fay. Every week Bill Fay will report to you what is happening and what in his highly respected opinion will happen in that vast world known as SPORTS. He will not bore you with waffle-tail experting; he will travel, see, hear and REPORT—with authority, understanding and humor. Already, at the age of thirty, Bill Fay is recognized in the front rank of American sports writers. He begins next week. Read Bill Fay exclusively in Collier's and win your sports arguments.

strong. As he swam he held that in his mind—how the rock would rise rough and solid beneath him, how he would sit there with the waves laving him, how his breath would come quiet and deep and Hazard Island would stand up sharply featured with the little cove opening in the shelving shore.

He swam on. His arms were weighted, his legs went through their motions like a duty. When he changed from left side to right side his eyes searched for white water in that heaving world of gray. Stroke and stroke and stroke. The lake lifted him and set him down in the shallow troughs of water. The west was a gray cloud mass above a gray sea. At last he stopped stroking. He trod water, thrusting his head up like a turtle, searching all around.

PELEE lay low on the lake's rim, a blurred gray shore, and Hazard Island lifted still and gray and distant. There was no patch of white water breaking anywhere between them. Somehow he had missed the shoal, or the shoal had sunk to the lake's bottom; there was no white water in the rolling gray. He searched again, his tired arms thrashing to raise his head higher. Now he saw that he was out of line. Pelee had the wrong shape. A current had carried him wide of the reef.

For a moment he felt a tired, impersonal disappointment—a willingness to surrender. It would be all right—to let his heavy arms lie quiet, to bob a few times on the water and then sink into its great softness. A wave slapped in his face. The water strangled him. He coughed and choked, and his heart began to pound.

That woke him. It startled him. It made him frantic for a moment, his arms fighting. Then he snorted the water from his nostrils and set his teeth together. His legs felt strong again and the drag was gone from his shoulders.

He spared one hand now to fumble at the thong around his waist. He worked the wet band free and his roll of clothing slipped away. His long arms reached out in the patient stroke. He kept his eyes on the island; he chose the tall clump of cedars on the point where the eagle nested. He kept his course that way. Stroke and stroke and stroke, and the water slipping past him.

The light was fading. The cloud-massed western sky grew dark. Stroke, stroke, stroke, in the vast and darkening water. One man in a world of chill and deepening dusk, one man struggling with aching arms and legs to make a shadowy shore that seemed to come no nearer. He counted now. A hundred strokes on one side . . . ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. . . . A hundred on the other. Then back again. . . . One, two, three, four . . . A man could always take one hundred more.

He had the strong muscles of an axman. His legs had braced beneath the weight of a deer's carcass. Unwearyingly he had swung the double-bitted blade, over the left shoulder, over the right shoulder. . . . Once he had trapped a bear, and the animal had dragged the trap and the solid anchor log, slowly through the alder thickets. He came through the tangle and saw the shaggy beast with the vise-held foot, unbeaten, unsurrendered, dragging the pain and the prison. He would have let that pelt go if he could. Instead he lifted his rifle and drew the sights together on the big, dark, stubborn head. . . . Once he had found a leaf-lined den with three little foxes in it. When he took them in his arms they nuzzled him, soft and trusting as kittens. He put them back gently, wondering about the secrets in that wild, harsh land. . . .

So in darkness, with the tired arms working and the tired mind wandering and the tired will clinging to a dream of rough hard rock beneath him, one man out in the heaving emptiness of Lake Erie floundered on toward the dark shore.

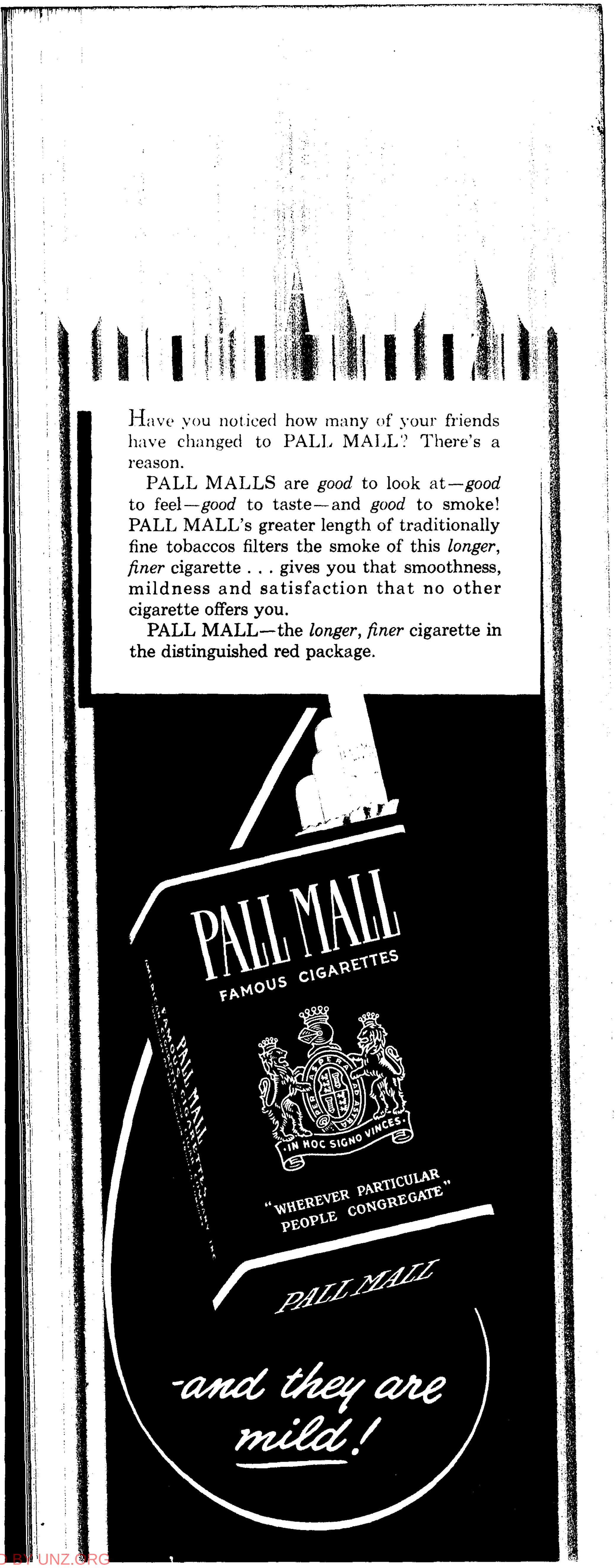
When the new sound came—the hoarse wash of water—he hardly heard it. When his thrusting foot struck through the fluid, he was too numb with cold and weariness to feel the bruise. When he crawled on hands and knees over the strewn wet boulders, with the surf pushing him on, he was not sure that this was not a dream. Even when he lay quiet on the shelf rock, out of the water's reach, his will still struggled with his exhaustion. His arms reached out in a new stroke and his naked legs scissored on the stones.

NOW, in a soft bed in Buffalo, that life seemed dark and savage. He rose and scrubbed his face in the big china bowl. While he dressed he looked out at the busy street. The rain was slacking. As he strode downstairs he was greeted by the savory breakfast smells.

After breakfast he sat in the public room reading a week-old Albany paper. There was news of the canal traffic, busy all the way west to Syracuse, and news of the construction gangs opening up the big ditch in the western valleys. There was a full flow of life all the way from Albany to Buffalo. Sometime, he knew, that life would reach out over Lake Erie and wash the shores of a sunny island where the cedar once had stood. But now the island was deep forest with bear tracks around the spring holes, the harsh voice of herons in the willow branches, and the water coughing in the caves.

When the sun came out Jason walked the wet plank sidewalks above the muddy streets. Down at the wharf two schooners were loading barreled goods and at the harbor mouth a barge was anchored. A sound came, steady and repeated, and he saw workmen driving piles into the sand bar. Beyond them stretched the cribs for the new breakwater.

At the outer wharf stood the Walk-in-the-Water. She made a mighty fine sight,



Have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PALL MALL? There's a reason.

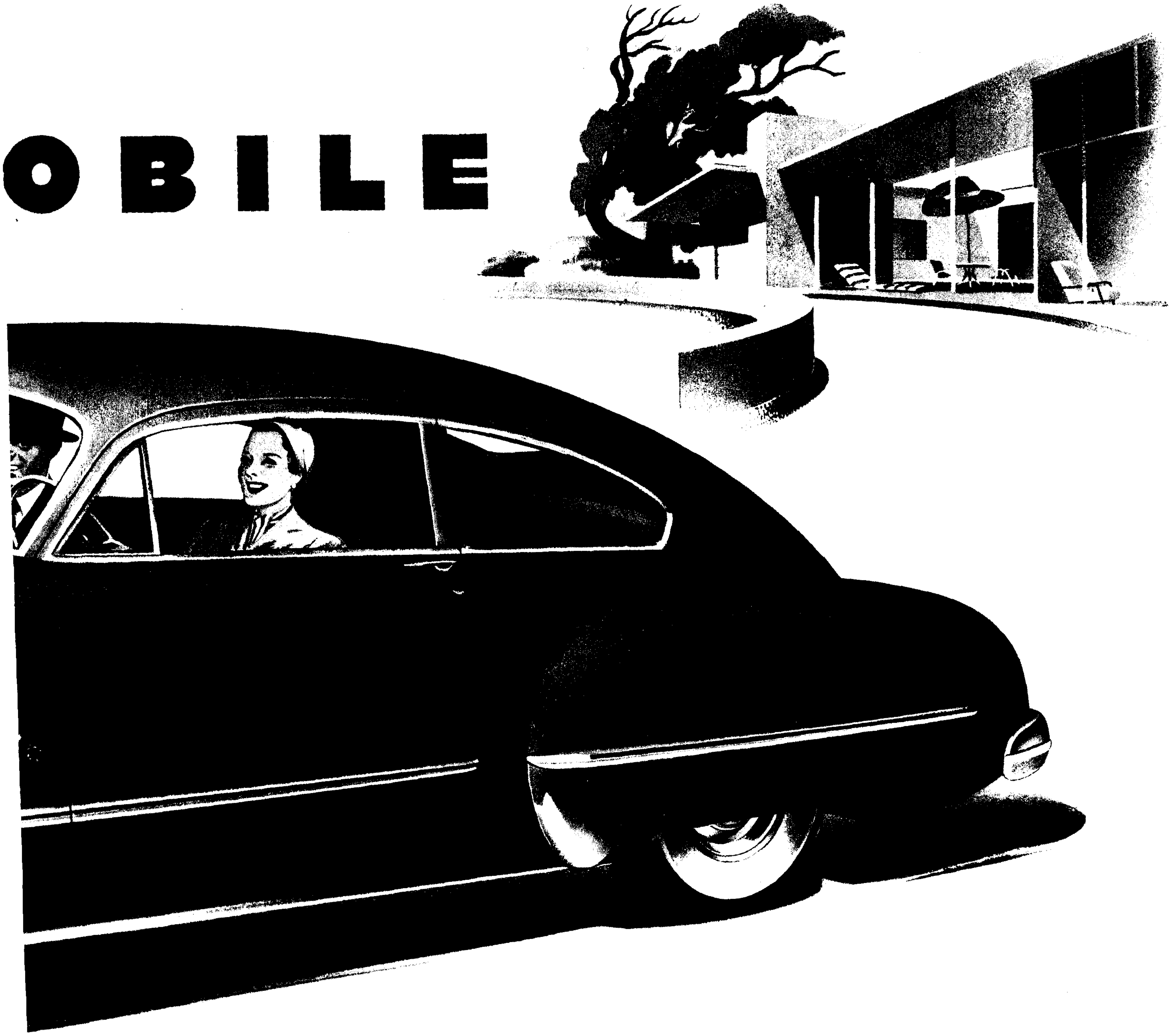
PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke! PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer*, *finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

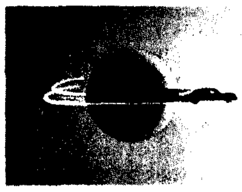
FUTURAMIC OLDSM

LEADING THE WAY INTO A NEW GOLDEN ERA . .

OBILE



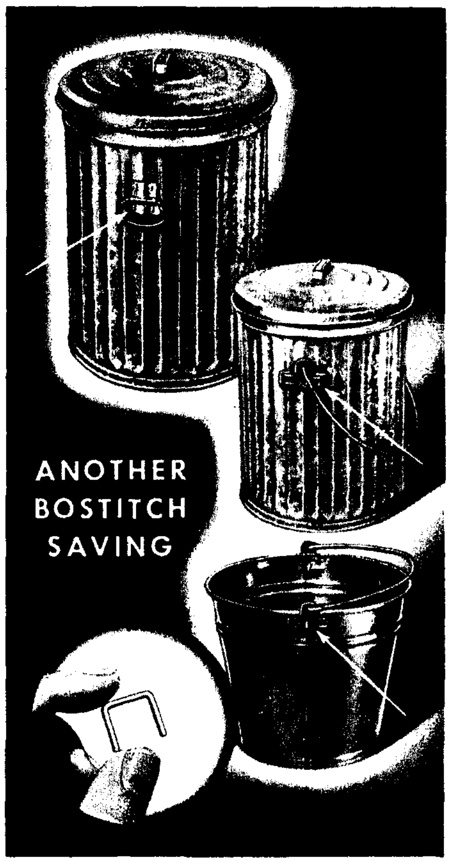
This is it! This is Oldsmobile's Golden Anniversary car! Specially designed to celebrate Oldsmobile's 50th anniversary, the first of any motor car builder, the Futuramic Oldsmobile captures the tempo of big things happening at Oldsmobile today. Here is a car so new and exciting, it heralds the dawn of a new Golden Era of progress and advancement for America's oldest motor car manufacturer.



Only a brand new word—"Futuramic"—could describe this brand new 1948 model. Ahead of the times in dramatic styling . . . the Futuramic Oldsmobile combines beauty with utility in its low, modern hood, curved windshield, extra large windows, and lower, wider body. Ahead of the times in automatic driving, too . . . the Futuramic Oldsmobile provides top-flight performance, without shifting gears or pushing a clutch, thanks to fully proved GM Hydra-Matic Drive!

GM HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

—available at extra cost in both the Futuramic Oldsmobile "98" and the Dynamic Oldsmobile, Series "60" and "70," for 1948. White sidewall tires, as illustrated, optional at extra cost.



BOSTITCHING HALVED COSTS HERE

...doubled production, too!

Handle cleats on these metal containers were formerly riveted or spot-welded. Changing to the Bostitch method of metal stitching resulted in more secure fastening, cut costs in half, doubled output . . . made operation safer and easier.

OTHER SAVINGS WITH BOSTITCH: In fastening silk screens to wooden frames, a *flour mill* doubled production and cut costs with T-5 tackers. Workers like them better. A *games manufacturer* reduced production time 55% with table tackers and made a better-looking job than with nailing. An *aircraft parts manufacturer* packed and sealed 20 shipping containers in the time formerly required for 12 crates, at 75% saving in costs, with Autoclench, H-2 hammers and other models.

WHATEVER YOU FASTEN — any combination of wood, metal, cloth, paper, plastics or other materials — it's likely that one of the 800 Bostitch machines will do it better and faster with wire. And in 91 key cities 250 field men, backed by skilled Bostitch research and 50 years' experience, are ready to aid you in solving any fastening problem.

GET FURTHER FACTS on how this most complete line of stitchers, staplers, tackers and hammers may reduce your fastening costs. Mail the coupon — today.

BOSTITCH

fastens it better, AND FASTER with wire

ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES

Bostitch, 340 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.

Please send descriptive material on Bostitch time- and money-saving machines ....

Name..

Company..

Address...

her topmasts catching the sun and the carved work on her taffrail painted white, green and gold. Wood smoke sifted from her stack. Two sailors hung over the lofty yardarm. Soon the canvas would billow out to help the churning paddle wheels. Jason strolled down to watch her go.

Captain Job Fish saw him on the landing. "Come aboard, Jason," he roared. "We'll soon be casting off."

Jason shook his head. "I'm not going back. If you want wood at the island, send your men in. They'll find—"

On the tilted gangway a barrel got away from a stevedore and plunged into the water.

Captain Fish turned wrathfully. "Get overboard!" he bellowed. "Get a rope on it! That's good Albany whisky."

From the steamer's rail the new passengers watched—Army officers going to the Western posts, businessmen bound for Cleveland and Toledo, speculators with fancy waistcoats and roving eyes.

A quiet, weather-burned young man, with a fine high forehead and sun-squint around his blue eyes, stood beside Jason on the wharf. "Going aboard?" he asked.

"No," Jason said. "Just seeing her off."

"Well, it's a historic voyage she's making."

At Jason's puzzled look he added, "Captain Fish is taking his vessel all the way to Michilimackinac. First time a steamer has ever been beyond Detroit."

"You're going there?" Jackson asked.

"I'm on my way to Lake Superior, and the headwaters of the Mississippi."

"What does a man do in that country?"

"I am to make a geological survey." He held out a hand and introduced himself. They spoke for a few minutes more.

Over the water came the fresh spring wind, clean and free and smelling of distance. Two hundred miles away that wind was blowing through the cedars above his cabin roof. Behind them on the landing a man was talking loudly: "We'll make money here. It will be built up solid between Black Rock and Buffalo. You see this town is designed like Washington City, the streets going out from the public square like wagon spokes. When we get this harbor dredged and the breakwater finished, it will be the biggest city in the West. There'll be fortunes made here."

THE last barrel went aboard. The deck hands stood by to haul in the gangway. The brown young man offered his hand again. "I'll salute your island for you. You say there's no one there?"

"No one," Jason said. "And there's no landing. A man will have to swim ashore to get there."

As he spoke, his own voice startled him. There was a quickening remembrance in his mind and in his muscles. There was a kind of pang in his memory. He turned toward the open water. There lay the wild new America, the water leading to far-off places, the shores growing lonely and vast. The villages in the far country would one day become cities, the forests would become farms. But for a few seasons yet, men could know the country in its loneliness and grandeur, as their descendants, in times of progress and confusion, could only know it in the wistfulness of historic memory.

Jason sprang for the gangway. As he stepped aboard, Captain Fish said, "What was that, Jason, about the wood?"

Jason said, "I'll have it for you—on my island."

THE END

CUPID UP THE BAYOU

Continued from page 20

"Thank you, Lawd," she said rising.

Her first stop was at the house of the foreman. Giles and Betsy were catching the air on their porch. "Giles," the Widow Duck said abruptly, "what is dis Wee Willie Gaillard got dat de yuther Gaillard mens ain't got?"

Giles laughed. "Wee Willie is doin' all right," he said. "Uncle Sam's Seabees come as nigh to makin' a man outn him as anybody kin do wid a Gaillard, I reckon. Why?"

"You mean. Wee Willie got some man-blood in him?"

"He kin drive a tractor purty fair, efn I keeps after him," Giles said. "He slow and got de patience. I cuss him out one time and de next time I tell him he de best. Betwixt de two he keep goin'. But efn he don't git better, I got in my mind to give him a pair er mules and one er dem rough patches over by de bayou next year. How come you axin' 'bout Wee Willie?"

The Widow Duck smiled coyly. "Wee Willie is got love," she said.

"Is?" Betsy suddenly took an interest. "Who Wee Willie got love for?"

"One er Grant Chisholm's gals, name er Sugarlee."

Giles roared. "Dat's one for de book! A Gaillard marryin' up wid a Chisholm! Dat's what I call mixin' de bad wid de worst. Wee Willie ain't only fixin' to marry Sugarlee, he's fixin' to marry hisse'f a pair er mules and about ten acres er dat shareland by de bayou."

ON THE way home, the Widow Duck found Sugarlee sitting under a big weeping willow on the bayou bank. She was fishing—that is, she was holding a pole over the water, gazing into space.

"Daughter, you got to watch yo' cork," the Widow Duck advised. "Dem perches bites sudden and travels fast. Quick as de cork bobs, you got to snap yo' line."

"Yas'm," Sugarlee said dreamily. "Only I ain't tryin' to catch 'em, I'm jest fishin'."

The Widow Duck sat down beside the girl. "You got de weary all-overs?"

"Naw'm," Sugarlee said. "I'm got love for Wee Willie Gaillard."

The Widow Duck smiled beatifically. "Dat's good," she said.

Sugarlee shook her head. "Naw'm, hit ain't. Cause he pass me by like a bird on de wing," Sugarlee said sadly.

"And you jest set and let him!" the Widow Duck said accusingly. "Jest like you sets and lets dem perches pass by. You got to snag him, quick as he nibbles."

"He ain't nibbled yit," Sugarlee said.

"And I bet you ain't baited yo' hook, too," the Widow Duck said. "Holdin' a empty hook in de water ain't gonter git you neither man nor fish. You got to put certain things on dat hook and den dangle hit whar he kin see."

"I bought me a Three-S love Toby," said Sugarlee, drawing the amulet from her bosom. "And I says my prayers seven times twarge de east, ev'y night."

"And dat's all?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Gal, efn you wants to snag a real tush hog like Wee Willie, you got to twis' yo'se'f. Git jolly and make fast talk wid strange mens. Git you a pint er wine at de Hi-Way and walk de big road like a man."

"Aw, Mis' Duck—"

"Wee Willie is a Little Bee Bend man, bawn and bred," the old woman told her. "And de Little Bee mens don't come and git no woman. De womens is got to go git de mens. When you sees him comin' down de road, don't look de yuther way. Jump up and th'ow hit at him."

"But Mis' Duck, dat would make me a sinner."

"Sho, hit would," the Widow Duck agreed heartily. "I got in some er my best courtin' licks when I was a sinner.

BIG MACHINE FEATURES!

You get them on a

Smith-Corona

PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

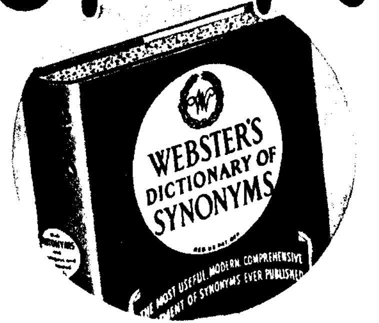
REGULATION 84 character keyboard same as on big office machines

5 Big Machine Aids
1. TOUCH SELECTOR
2. VARIABLE LINE SPACER
3. FLOATING SHIFT
4. ONE STROKE RIBBON REVERSE
5. TYPEBAR SPEED BOOSTER

ASK DEALER FOR DEMONSTRATION

Smith-Corona
PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

THE Merriam-Webster Book of Synonyms


WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS
THE MOST USEFUL, MODERN, COMPREHENSIVE TREATMENT OF SYNONYMS EVER PUBLISHED

helps you use the right word in the right place

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS clarifies distinctions between Synonyms, giving their Antonyms and Analogous and Contrasted Words, explains differences in their shades of meaning, and illustrates usage by classic and modern writers. Alphabetical listing, and cross-indexing of every entry. Prepared by the famous Merriam-Webster editorial staff. Over 900 pages, thumb index, $5. At your book-dealer, or from the publishers.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
740 Federal Street
Springfield 2, Massachusetts

Buy Give-a-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller

De time I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm dat frail brown on Duke's Bend"—there was real swagger in her voice—"Ah, Lawd, I was a *thaing!*"

Sugarlee gulped. "Why, Mis' Duck!"

"Don't weary, child," the old woman went on lightly, "I redeemed hit all off, quick as I got Big Jim Haley." She gazed dreamily across the bayou. "After Big Jim Haley, hit wa'n't nothin' left but Glory." She looked at sad little Sugarlee and impulsively put her big arm around her. "Baby," she said, "when you gits love for a man, jest go git him. Big Jim Haley been dead these fawty-some-odd years, come next fall. I only had him f'm plantin' time in de spring ontil dat frivilin' yaller strumpet on Texas Street shot him down. But hit was wuth it."

THE sun was more than an hour high when the Widow Duck got home. It was too early to start her fire for supper, but she felt she had to do something. Her kitchen was neat and clean as always. On the stove was a pot of full ripe snap beans cooked to her taste, waiting to be warmed for the evening meal. Some corn-meal johnnycakes, cooked on top of the stove, would serve for bread. There were all sorts of canned preserves for dessert. Somehow, none of this appealed to the Widow Duck.

She built a roaring fire, mixed a panful of corn bread and, in addition to the shortening, she dumped in a cupful of dried cracklings. "I swear," she giggled, "I'm fixin' to feast like hit was somethin' goin' to happen."

Then she went to the vegetable garden, pulled three young green onions, three leaves from the bay tree and three sprigs of mint from the herb bed. Anyhow, de war ain't ruint my appetite, she thought.

Returning to the kitchen, the Widow Duck set an iron skillet half filled with bacon fat on the top of the stove.

Then, taking her fishing pole, she dug one worm from under the porch steps and waddled to the bayou. Three times she dropped the hook into the water and three times she pulled up a fine fat perch as big as her hand. She looked at the fish critically. "War ain't did nothin' to de fish, neither," she decided.

Back in her kitchen, she cleaned the fish, put a green onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of mint inside each of them, rolled them heavily in salted corn meal and dropped them into the hot fat. She placed the corn bread in the oven and sat down to wait. "I reckon hit's a sin to pleasure myse'f wid such good grub," she said to herself, "but on de yuther hand, hit seem like ev'ybody so busy makin' a livin' dey ain't got time to live."

She ate heartily, finishing off with a half pint of fig preserves of her own canning, and three cups of coffee. When she had tidied the kitchen she returned to her rocker on the porch where she expected to relax and allow her supper to settle.

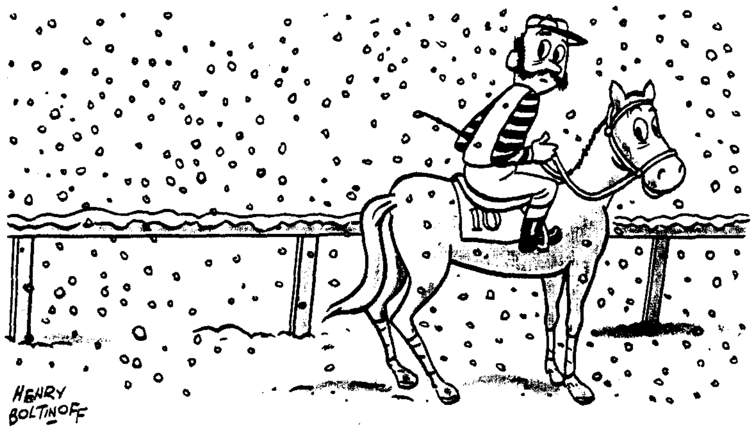
There was no peace for her. The throaty croakings of the frogs and the crickets' fiddling only made her feel restless and uneasy. She had encountered love—vicarious, it is true, but love nonetheless—and love was ever a turbulent thing for the Widow Duck.

"Efn Wee Willie and Sugarlee ain't got enough git-up-and-git to stop mopin' an' come together, well, dey love won't be wuth de patience."

But the Widow Duck continued to feel restless. She watched the big orange moon rise above the willows and turn to bright silver. "Maybe dem fishes and cracklin' bread was too rich for my blood," she decided. "Maybe I better take me a little drink er wine for my stomach-ache, like Paul done."

The nearest wine would be at the Hi-Way Club, half a mile down the road, and by church members of the Widow Duck's standing the Hi-Way Club was considered a den of iniquity. However, the evening was cool, and walking in the moonlight would be pleasant. The Widow Duck put on her black straw hat.

The Hi-Way Club was one of many



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

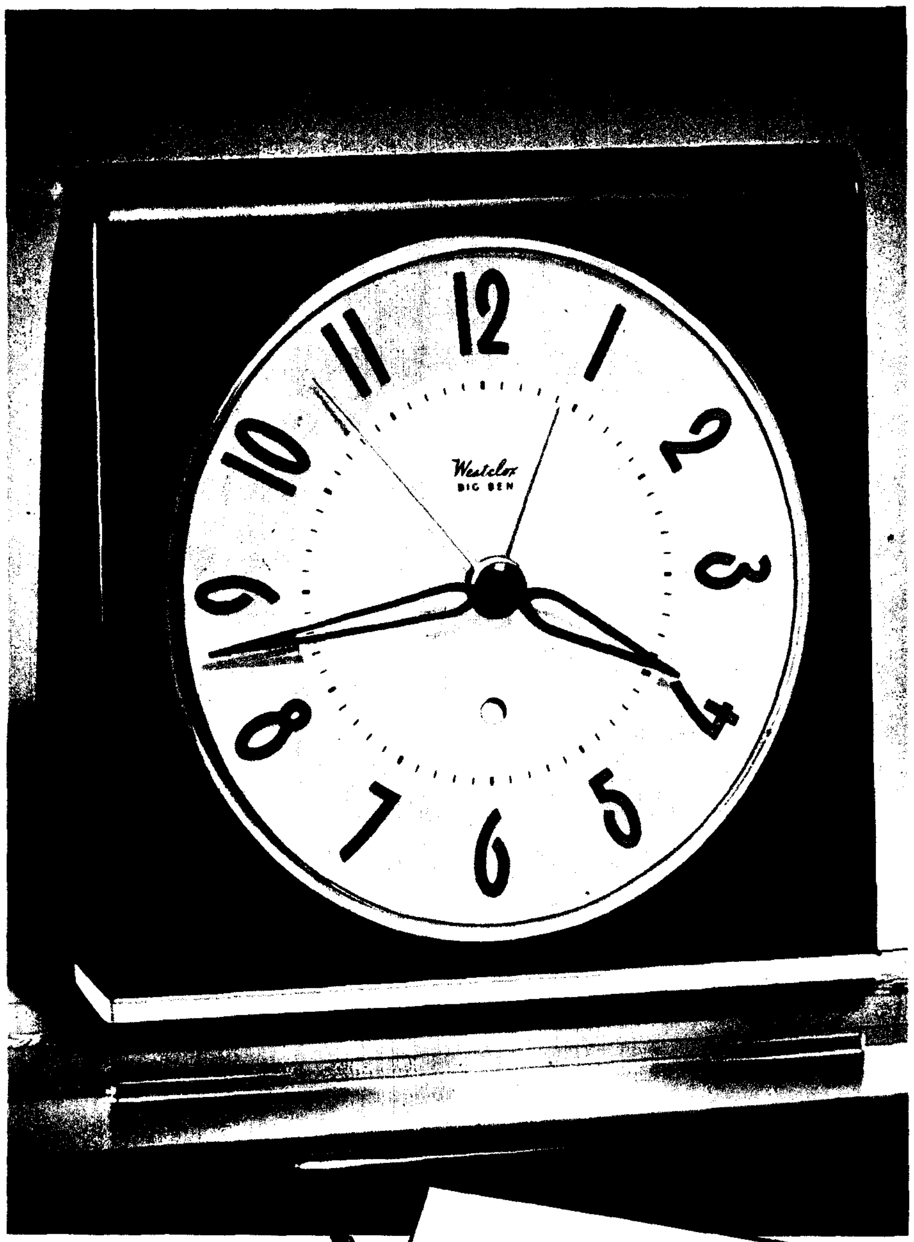
In December, 1887, at the old Guttenburg, New Jersey, race track, the fourth race was run in a snowstorm so blinding that the horses could hardly be seen in the parade to the post. Snow Bound, which had not won a race in two years, was quoted at 60 to 1 to win, and even at such odds there were few takers except for the jockey, Hughey Penney.

The horses disappeared in the storm, and shortly afterward one horse came pounding down from the head of the stretch for a sensational win by twelve lengths. It was the underdog, Snow Bound, with money-winning Jockey Penney. Years later, Penney confessed how he had won. Instead of going to the barrier he had stayed at the head of the stretch until he heard the rest of the field rounding the back turn. Then he whipped Snow Bound and made the stretch run for the heavy-odds win.

—William H. Clark, New York, N. Y.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

GREETINGS from a new friend! He's the new Big Ben Electric Alarm! His gong alarm adjusts to loud or soft. And because he runs electrically you simply set him for the time you want to wake, and forget him. He's so handsome you'll want to show him off in the living room.



BIG BEN ELECTRIC ALARM... electric head of the attractive family of Westclox electric and springwound alarm clocks, electric time clocks, wall clocks—a model for every room. Big Ben Electric Alarm is priced at $8.95, plus tax.

BIG BEN
Electric
WESTCLOX
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

"Here's how I avoid harsh laxatives"

JUST HEALTHFUL LEMON IN WATER

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

This simple fruit drink is all that most people need to insure prompt, *normal* elimination day after day!

Harsh laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. If you are like most people, you will not need such laxatives when you take a daily glass of lemon in water. It's not a purgative. It helps your system *regulate itself.* Lemon in water is *good* for you.

No fruit more healthful than lemons! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize and aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has just enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Take it daily when you first get up. Give it time to establish regularity for you.

LEMON in WATER first thing daily

California Sunkist Lemons

FIGHT COLDS WITH LEMON & SODA

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus *increased alkalinity.*

To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

neon-sprinkled juke-box establishments that had popped up along the main road just in time to catch loose change from the farm hands when the planters began to pay cash wages. There, one could buy a pint of wine and sit at a table and drink; or put a nickel in the juke box and dance, if one had a dancing partner. Usually, the Hi-Way was quiet and dreary. Squinch Eye, the bartender, spent more time sleeping than dispensing drinks.

When the Widow Duck waddled in, the lights were so dim that it was darker inside than out in the moonlight.

"Pint er angy-licker," the Widow Duck ordered, and taking her bottle and glass, sat at a table against the wall and close by the bar. There were a few other customers, sitting singly or in small groups at tables around the wall. The Widow Duck made no effort to recognize any of them or to be recognized herself. After all, what some of those make-a-fuss-in-the-church hypocrites at Old Ship of Zion didn't know about their senior usher would be no skin off anybody's back.

Conversation here and there came only as a low buzzing sound to the Widow Duck's ears. Only at one table were the voices slightly raised. A man and woman faced the Widow Duck, and another couple had their backs toward her. The Widow Duck recognized the woman as a Duke's Bend girl, and the man was a youngster named Docas, from Red Chute. Both were members of Old Ship of Zion. The Widow Duck made a mental note to warn them against wasting their money at the Hi-Way Club.

"Us Ninety-third boys," the man was saying, "really had hit hot. I mean, when us landed in de Gilberts, hit was *hot!*"

"Hit wasn't snowin' snowballs when us Seabees landed at Trinidad, neither," said the man whose back was toward the Widow Duck. She knew at once it was Wee Willie Gaillard's voice. She was about to feel shocked when she recalled she had advised the little lovelorn tractor hand to do exactly what he was doing. Leastways, he man enough to do like he's told, she thought.

"Aw, Wee Willie," the girl at his side protested, "don't you and Docas start fightin' de war again. Put a nickel in de juke bar'l and le's dance."

WEE WILLIE rose, inserted the coin and both couples began to dance. The music was slow and bumpy and the couples bounced lazily in graceful rhythm. The Widow Duck grinned. "Fo' young members which ain't supposed to dance and go on," she told herself, "dese chilluns does right good. Maybe ev'ybody ain't as holy as I figgered dey is."

The Widow Duck looked toward the screen door as it slowly opened; there stood Sugarlee, timid and frightened. It was obvious she was a stranger to the Hi-Way Club. She hung back shyly, adjusting her eyes to the dim light, and gathering her courage with visible effort. Then, with an exaggerated Texas-Street twist, she crossed the room, slapped her hat on the bar and said in a high, unnatural voice, "Gimme a bottle er dat wine!"

Squinch Eye squinted at her. "Which kind er wine?" he demanded.

"I don't keer which kind," Sugarlee said. "Jest gimme." She flung some money on the bar. "Gimme a bottle er wine and den git me a man!"

"Looky hyar, gal," Squinch Eye said suspiciously, "you's in de wrong place. Dis ain't de E-lite, nor neither de Deelux. Dis is de Hi-Way Club. You git you a bottle er wine and go set at a table and behave yo'se'f. Or else I'll th'ow you right out in de road." He uncorked a small bottle and picked up the money.

Standing where she was, Sugarlee tilted the bottle and took a deep swig.

"Git to a table, like I 'splain you," Squinch Eye growled. He kept his voice low, hoping not to attract the attention of his other customers to this unruly person. "Git to de table befo' I smacks you down and drags you out."

Sugarlee didn't want quiet. "Efn you don't git me a man," she yelled, "I'll git me one. I'll git me four-five mens!" Everybody heard this.

Wee Willie and his partner stopped dancing. "Sugarlee!" exclaimed Wee Willie. "What you doin' up hyar, makin' a fuss like dat?"

"Aw, Wee Willie, leave her be," said his dancing partner. "She dronck and actin' de fool. Don't pay her no mind."

"He better pay me some mind," Sugarlee shouted. "He my man."

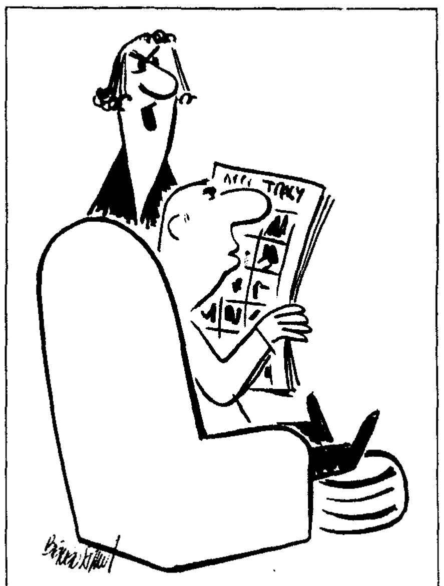
"He dancin' wid me," Wee Willie's girl said loftily.

"You dancin' wid him!" countered Sugarlee. "What you mean by dancin' wid my man!" Sugarlee made a dive toward the girl.

"Ah, Lawd," the Widow Duck chuckled. "Dis be's all right. I ain't seed no ruckus like dis since I was a sinner!"

The Red Chute boy named Docas grabbed Sugarlee. "Dat's my sister Bessie," he said. "Ain't no call to hit her."

Wee Willie put a restraining hand on Docas' shoulder. "You take yo' Ninety-third Division hands offn Sugarlee," he warned. "She a Little Bee lady and I'm a Little Bee Seabee."



"Life would be a lot pleasanter for me if you'd learn to read those comics to yourself!"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Things happened. The Ninety-third veteran took a swing at Wee Willie and missed. Either by accident or from memory of early hand-to-hand combat training in boot camp, Wee Willie lowered his head and butted Docas in the stomach. They both hit the floor, tangling wildly. Sugarlee and Bessie were flailing the air and themselves like two windmills.

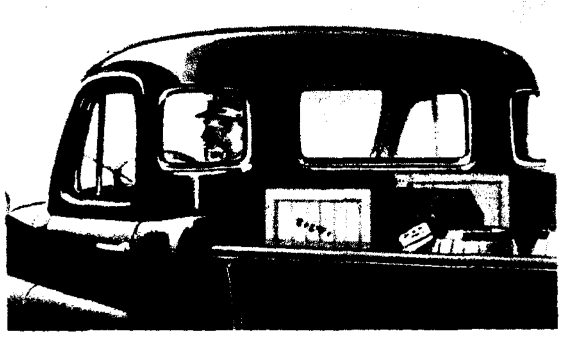
Squinch Eye picked up a white oak wagon-wheel spoke and started from behind the bar. As he passed the Widow Duck's table, she tapped him on the back of his head with her wine bottle. Squinch Eye dropped to his knees, blinked a few times and crawled back behind the bar.

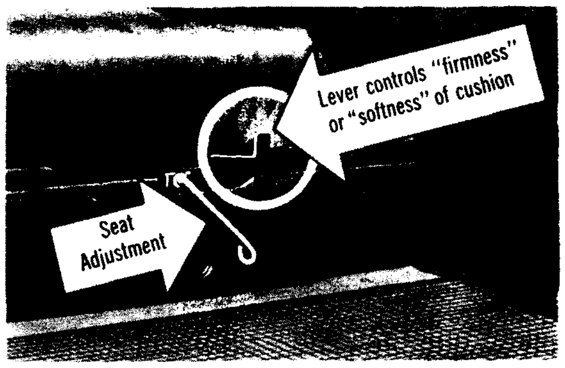
Other customers, from partisanship or boredom, began to take sides. The Hi-Way Club was no longer quiet or dreary. Once more, Squinch Eye started from behind the bar. This time he was crawling and instead of carrying the wagon spoke, the Widow Duck saw he was holding a .38 Special Saturday-night pistol. The gun was cocked and Squinch Eye was not pointing it toward the ceiling.

H'm, the Widow Duck speculated. He might shoot somebody wid dat thing. She tapped him again with her bottle, took the pistol from him and then settled her bulk comfortably on his stomach. Squinch Eye groaned miserably under her two hundred and fifty pounds.

"Now, y'all stop hit!" the Widow Duck shouted. "Drap dat fightin' whar hit is

Much That's New...and "Job-Rated," too!





1. More Safety from the All-'Round Vision of New "Pilot-House" Cabs!

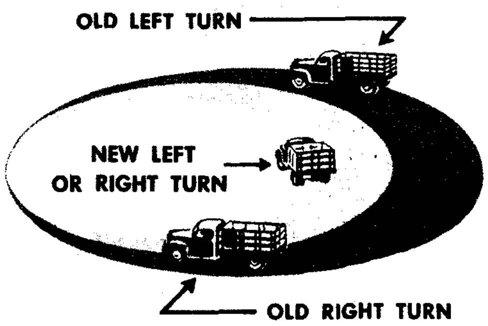
Note the tremendously increased *vision* of new Dodge cabs. Windshields and windows are higher and wider. New rear quarter windows are available, adding still more to vision and to safety. You get true "Pilot-House" vision . . . in all directions. They are the safest cabs ever built.

2. More Comfort from New Adjustable "Air-O-Ride" Seats!

"Air-O-Ride" seats give the kind of comfort you want. You may have a "soft" seat . . . or you can ride on a "firm" or "medium" seat. You control cushion "give" by a lever at the bottom of the front seat. Seven full inches of seat adjustment provide the right legroom for every driver.

3. More Safety . . . More Comfort . . . from New All-Weather Ventilation!

Whether the thermometer is ten below zero or a hundred above—you're *comfortable!* That's because of the availability of an ingenious combination of fresh air intake, newly designed hot water *truck* heater, with powerful fan and defroster tubes, vent windows and cowl ventilator.



4. Easier Handling because of New Chassis Design!

By moving the front axle back, *under* the frame and moving the engine forward, Dodge has achieved greatly improved maneuverability, and better weight distribution. Dodge has also widened the tread of the front axle and introduced a new type of cross steering—permitting a full 37° turning angle to left or right, regardless of tire size. There is a noticeable lack of road shock and wheel "fight;" steering is much easier.

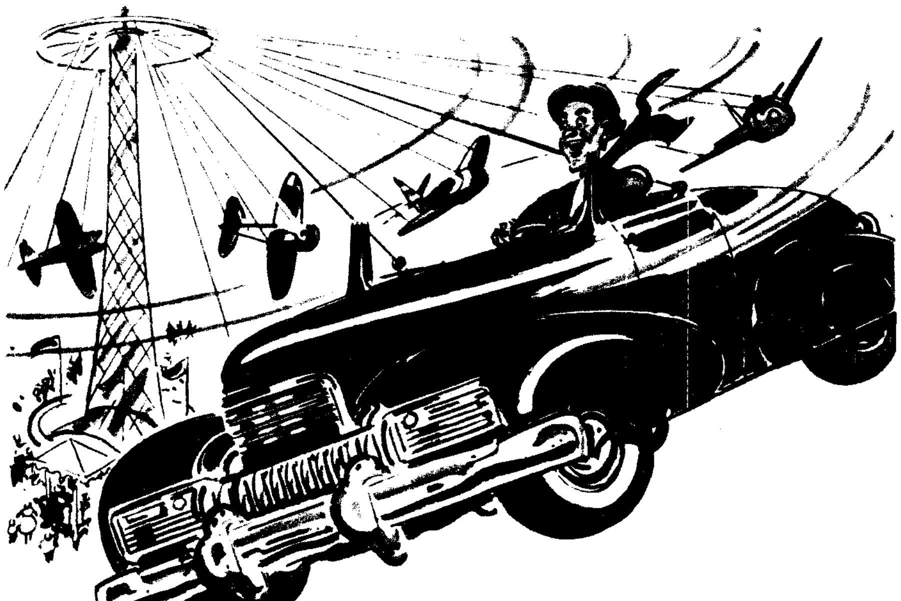
5. . . . And Your New Dodge Truck will be "Job-Rated," too!

Every unit of your truck . . . from engine to rear axle . . . will be "*Job-Rated*" for economy, dependability, performance, and long life. The 248 basic chassis and body models are engineered and built for gross vehicle weights up to 23,000 lbs., and for gross train weights up to 40,000 lbs.

DODGE
"Job-Rated"
TRUCKS
FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER

If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

With *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication, you know your car gets *lasting* protection from wear and friction. *Marfak* is *tough.* It's specially compounded to protect wear surfaces and stick right to 'em — not for just a couple of hundred miles — but for 1,000 miles and more.

You're paid off in "cushiony" driving ease — sure sign that *Marfak* lasts *longer.* Today, ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling."

MARFAK Lubrication

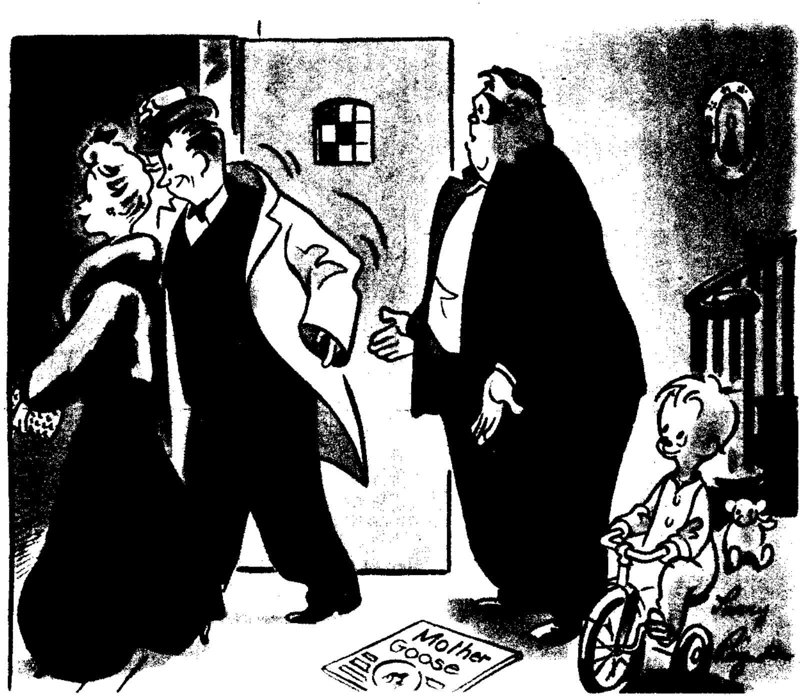
TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show featuring Alan Young every Wednesday night. METROPOLITAN OPERA broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S "But I don't know anything about sitting!"

and quiet down!" Her commanding voice cut through the din. "Wee Willie, you and Docas git up offn dat floor and stop kickin' and gougin'," she called out.

"Yas'm," Wee Willie said, glad for an opportunity to quit.

"Ain't nobody kin say—" Docas began but was cut short.

"Shet up," the Widow Duck told him. "I spanked yo' pappy when he was a baby and I kin spank you efn you don't behave. Goin' off and fightin' a war like you was a man and den comin' home and fightin' each other, like chickens!"

She turned to the girls. "And you Sugarlee! Take yo' hair outn dat gal's hands and stop dat kickin' and bitin'. And you! Drap hit right whar hit is! Efn ev'ybody don't stop dis ruckus right now, I'm goin' to usher ev'y last one er you outn church for a sinner and a backslider and a wine drinker at de Hi-Way!"

EVERYBODY circled around the Widow Duck who was still sitting on the bartender. By now the Widow Duck's pleasure with the excitement had given way to righteous indignation.

"A little wine drinkin' is good for de stomach-ache, jest like de Bible say," she announced. "And dancin' slow is jest about enough sin to keep you f'm gittin' so holy you stinks. But—" and she glared at Wee Willie.

"But which, Mis' Duck?" Wee Willie said contritely.

"Wee Willie, you done vexed Sugarlee so's she made a big sin, right out in de Hi-Way Club."

"But, Mis' Duck, you said—" Wee Willie protested.

"No mind what who said," she snapped. "You done vexed her and you better marry up wid her."

"Yas'm!" Wee Willie grinned happily.

"I mean next Sunday."

"Sunday," Wee Willie agreed, "efn Sugarlee say so."

"Sunday be's all right for me," Sugarlee consented.

"And you, Docas, you sort er vexed dis gal f'm Duke's Bend, too," the Widow Duck went on. Docas squirmed and looked shyly at his feet. The Duke's Bend girl grinned hopefully.

"Honey, what's yo' name?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Maybelle," the girl replied. "I'm one er Candy Haley's daughters."

"Is?" The Widow Duck looked pleased. "Dat'd make you one er Big Jim Haley's grandchilluns."

"Dat's what dey tells me."

"Would Sunday be about right for you?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Efn hit's all okay wid Docas," agreed Maybelle.

Docas looked up from his feet brightly. "Sunday'll suit me good."

The Widow Duck then turned to Bessie, Wee Willie's erstwhile dancing partner. "Bessie," said the old woman, "dat leave you sort er lonesome, but I reckon a gal which kin fight like you ain't got nothin' to weary about."

"I ain't wearied," Bessie told her. "I'm got me a man—a big man—only he ain't hyar tonight."

"You reckon," the Widow Duck asked, "you c'd have him at de church, come Sunday?"

"He'll be dar," Bessie promised, "efn hit's gonter be any marryin' take place."

The Widow Duck beamed. "Dat's good," she said. "Now, y'all chilluns clear out and git on home."

The Hi-Way Club emptied immediately. The Widow Duck lifted her weight off the half-conscious bartender and followed the young people out of the door.

The moon was high and bright. The Widow Duck could see Sugarlee and Wee Willie on one side of the road and Docas and Maybelle on the other, both couples walking arm in arm. Docas' sister, Bessie, walked discreetly in the middle of the road.

The old woman fell back and waddled along slowly, thinking high, pleasant thoughts. There had been love, excitement and a smidgen of sin that could easily be washed away next Sunday. She was suddenly aware that she was still holding the bartender's .38 Special Saturday-night in her right hand and in her left the half-filled bottle of wine.

"Well, I be dog!" she exclaimed. "How come dat's in my hands?"

There was nobody near enough to tell her she had forgotten to leave gun and bottle at the Hi-Way Club. Better still, there was no one to tell her what to do about it. She was right in the middle of the big road and she knew exactly what to do. She stepped high with her left foot, pulled back her elbows, took a swig of wine and shot the pistol into the air.

"Lawd, I ought to be 'shame er myse'f for dat one," the Widow Duck said happily. She took another pull on the bottle and fired another shot. "Efn hit was Saddy night and I was fawty years younger and a hund'ed pounds lighter, I be daggone efn I wouldn't chunk my hat on de ground, too!"

THE END

OUR LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT

Continued from page 17

already takes huge blocks of power, and when the recently announced plans of the Atomic Energy Commission have been carried out, requirements will double. The hope that atomic energy might be used to make electricity, instead of consume it, has grown dimmer, the only optimism coming from Lewis Strauss, one of the members of the AEC, who suggests that atomic storage batteries may one day be practical—but that is looking a long way into the future.

Meanwhile, other military installations are also increasing their demands. The Army is in quest of a site for a supersonic wind tunnel bigger than anything hitherto dreamed up anywhere else in the world. When it is built it will use plenty of power; those who know say it will require 500,000 kilowatts or about five times the power used by the city of Denver.

Aside from military needs, which will be met or else, there is still the ordinary American, trying to plug in his new automatic laundry, his vacuum cleaner, his refrigerator and his new floor lamps. There are more people in the country than ever before and each is using more electricity. In Los Angeles, the population has increased by 19 per cent, and each consumer is using 35 per cent more current. The power systems, everywhere seeking to make a little energy go a long way, have dropped their voltage in many places. If the light bulbs look dirty, if the water doesn't boil and if the toast won't brown—it's probably low voltage.

Damage to Household Motors

Low voltage can be very costly to householders, as the business of electrical repair shops in many parts of the country proves. Burned-out radio condensers and bad reception are only a part of the consequences, for low voltage causes motors of vacuum cleaners and refrigerators to go up in smoke. This low-voltage trouble has already caused owners of many electrically equipped homes to buy gasoline and kerosene lamps and to install stand-by cooking facilities in the form of wood, coal, oil or bottled gas ranges.

Events, such as Maine's forest fires and the greatest drought ever experienced in the green Northeast, are in part responsible for this national shortage. Lack of rain affected the water supply from which electricity is made at Niagara Falls and at dams all over northern New York, New England and Pennsylvania. Drought affected the West even more. The West depends on hydroelectricity, and the fuel for hydro is falling water. No falling water, no electricity, as the Bureau of Reclamation, which operates so many of the Western hydro plants, will quickly prove. They make their point with a picture of the Elephant Butte Dam in New Mexico, which has not enough water in its reservoir to turn the big water wheels.

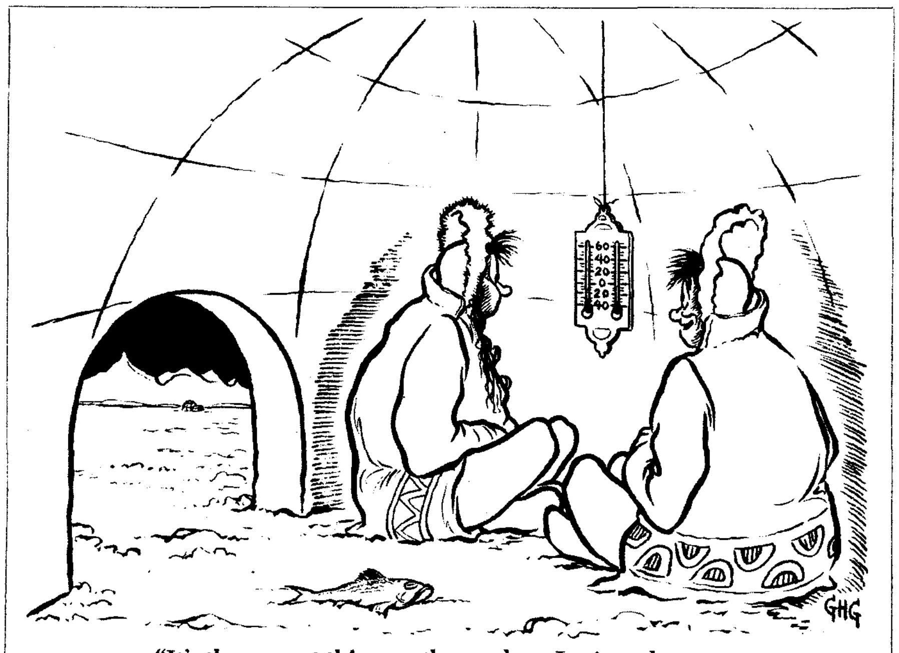
Those events were acts of nature, but people, singly and collectively, also contributed their share. Congress only last summer cut to the bone the appropriations for the Bureau of Reclamation, despite the fact that the money was largely going into power projects, such as those in the Columbia River basin, which are vitally necessary to the maintenance of our industrial and food production. Behind the action of Congress was the pressure of the less foresighted of the privately owned electrical systems.

The Idaho Power Company is still resisting building of the dam and powerhouse at Hell's Canyon on the Snake River, a project which would make possible the processing of the richest vein of phosphate rock in the world, at a time when fertilizer is not only short but indispensable if we are to carry out our immense plans for helping to feed the world. The president of the Utah Power & Light Company only recently denounced the expansion of "cheap electric power" as "political."

In many other areas the private power companies have not been oversanguine about the future of the country. The president of the national organization of the privately owned electric companies was perhaps thinking in this pattern when he said, in the face of rationed and curtailed electricity, that "rumors" of impending shortages were "unwarranted and untrue." So also are the many utility men who speak of the present situation, not in terms of shortages and necessary expansion, but of "abnormal demand."

They imply that demand will fall off, that people and industry will use less electricity. But the only foreseeable way that can happen is by a depression, and while a depression may prove a comfort to a few harassed operators of utilities, it is not the solution which the Gallup poll would find popular.

If that is the picture in the privately owned systems, neither is all sweetness, much less light, among the government



"It's the newest thing on the market. It gives the temperature both indoors and outdoors at the same time"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO
CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

You can pay no greater compliment to your guests than to open a fresh pack of

Congress Playing Cards

There's luxury in their look and feel . . . in their exceptional ease of handling. Many years and many skills have gone into making them the finest cards you can buy. Be sure to get *genuine* Congress Cards . . . America's first choice for more than half a century.

The United States Playing Card Company, Makers of
Bicycle and Congress Cards, Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

SHOULD teachers have SHOTGUNS?

Should Teachers have shotguns to get *quiet* in the classroom?

We don't think so . . .

We don't think so because thousands of schools across the country have proved there's an easier way to quiet—

*Sound conditioning with Acousti-Celotex!**

Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning *blots up* noise . . . sharpens attention . . . and eases the nerves of pupil and teacher.

You'll find quiet that is good for schools is also good for offices, banks, hospitals and stores—in more than 200,000 installations of Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning.

If you have a noise problem, you are entitled to a *free* analysis of it by a trained sound technician—your nearest distributor of Acousti-Celotex products.

His judgment reflects the fact that during a quarter of a century *more buildings have been sound conditioned with Acousti-Celotex products than with any other material.*

Look for him in your classified phone directory—or write us *today*, saying when you would like to see him. *Sound conditioning is a sound investment.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

ACOUSTI·CELOTEX
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Sound Conditioning

PRODUCTS FOR EVERY SOUND CONDITIONING PROBLEM

agencies which are in the business of creating and selling power. The Army Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation build and run most of our great government power plants. Each would like to do as much of the total job as possible. They have worked together to stop the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority, which like TVA would be under the control of neither, but their jealousy is more often directed against each other.

In California each of the agencies is trying to keep the other from building and operating Folsom Dam. At present, the Engineers are out in front, though qualified experts say the dam logically belongs in the framework of the big Central Valley Project run by the Bureau of Reclamation.

The same experts say that Army control of the dam will cause duplication and uneconomical operation.

Whoever and whatever is responsible, whether fires, drought or war, whether private operators or public agencies, it is obvious it will be a long time before we catch up with our present needs. There are only three generator manufacturers in the entire country and they are sold up for years to come. It takes three years and sometimes more to make one of the big generating machines. And shortages of copper, poles and transformers plague everybody.

Europe's Needs an Added Problem

On top of these handicaps there is ERP, better known as the Marshall Plan, which may well be "Operation Rathole" unless it results in setting Europe's productive capacity on its feet. That cannot be done without generators. The famous Krug Report, which inventories our natural resources with Europe's needs in mind, suggests that government allocation in this field may once more become necessary.

William E. Knox, president of the gigantic Westinghouse Electric International Company, which supplies power equipment to foreign countries, takes a pessimistic view of the effects of what he calls the international "woeful shortage of basic electric power." He says, "The estimates of the amounts of electric equipment requested from Europe are very large, and the studies of these estimates made by official American groups have so far not tended to reduce them." The Marshall Plan, as Mr. Knox sees it, will have an undeniable impact "on our domestic economy and our capacity to produce even our basic domestic needs."

However, if everything works in our favor and if, in addition, there is no oil, coal or water shortage, this nation will, in five or ten years, be where we ought to be now—supplying the existing demand without undue strain. Only after that will come the job of freeing and flexing the economic muscles of the country, and we will arrive there only if every possible source of electrical energy, public and private, is developed meanwhile.

Industries Need Cheap Power

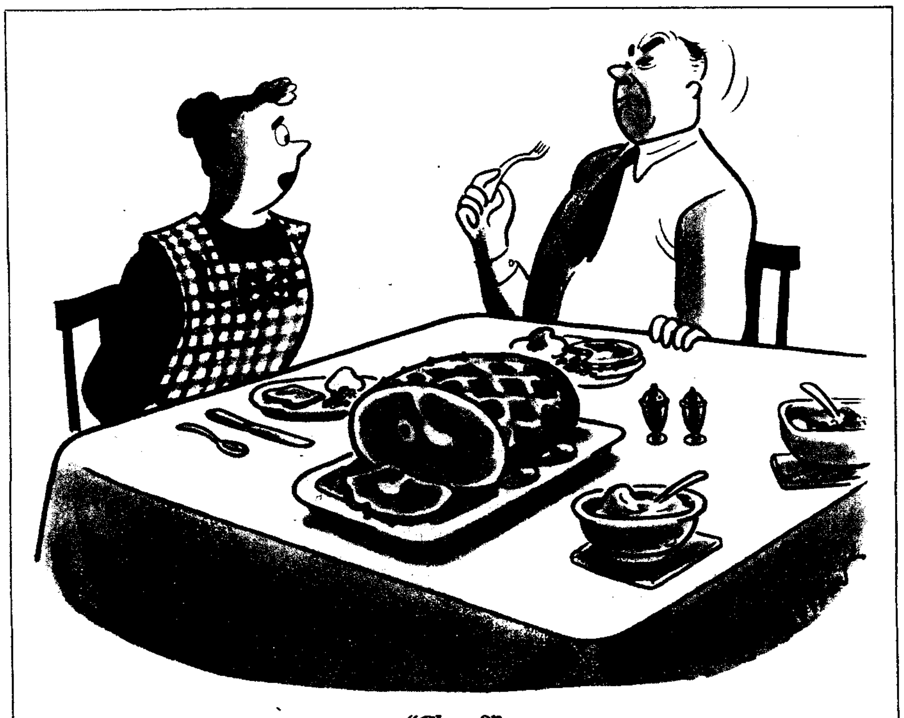
Manufacturers such as the Reynolds Metals and the Aluminum Company of America will then be able to find sources of cheap power, the lack of which now keeps them from expanding and making more products and more jobs. The great power-using chemical and metallurgical industries which emerged during the war now constitute but one half of one per cent of industry, yet already they are using 50 per cent of all the power consumed in manufacturing. Given more power that infant will really grow.

Highway and street lighting, badly needed across the country, will be undertaken. Businesses will proceed with long-deferred expansion. Farmers will get the power they are demanding, and the people of the cities will taste some of that postwar-world stuff they heard so much about a while back.

Meanwhile, we will all save electricity in little ways and hope—hope that the private power systems will set up more interconnecting lines so they can borrow from one another when one or another has a power surplus; hope also that the three manufacturers of generators will expand and that more manufacturers will start making the big machines. We can wish that private utility executives will keep their eyes on our potential and that the public government agencies will quit quarreling. For it will take everybody in the power business, whether using steam, hydro or Diesel, whether co-operative, private or public, to get behind the stalled power wagon and shove if we are to get really on our way.

Until that dream comes true the dark shadow will hang over us and strange things will continue to happen. Letters will come to the Navy, as one recently did from a co-operative in Florida, asking them to send a battleship to Miami to supplement their supplier's needs. And in your house and mine the lights may blink three times, the way they do now in Iowa, a signal that the load is getting too heavy and that somebody better get around pronto and flip the switches before all the lights go off.

THE END



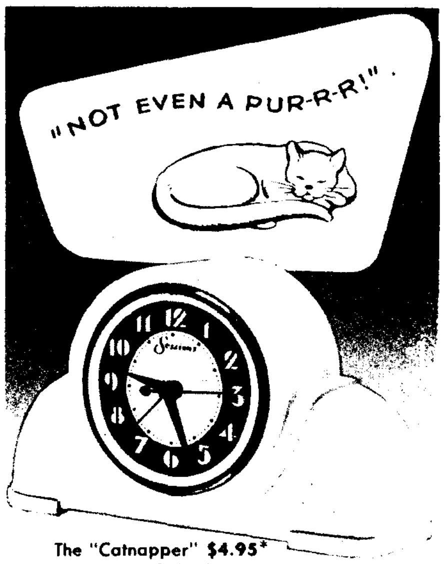
COLLIER'S "Clove?" DON TOBIN

MR. RICHARD C. KETTLES, JR., DISTINGUISHED LEADER IN THE PAPER INDUSTRY, OWNER OF THE CHAMPION BOXER, WARLORD

Lord Calvert...so *rare*, so *smooth*, so *mellow*...is a truly distinguished whiskey, intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. To enjoy Lord Calvert's full, rich flavor try it in your next highball and discover how genuinely pleasant this distinguished whiskey tastes. Yes, next time you order...speak the name Lord Calvert!

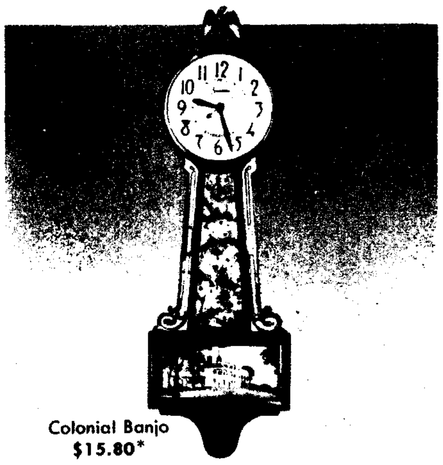
For Men of Distinction...LORD CALVERT

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY



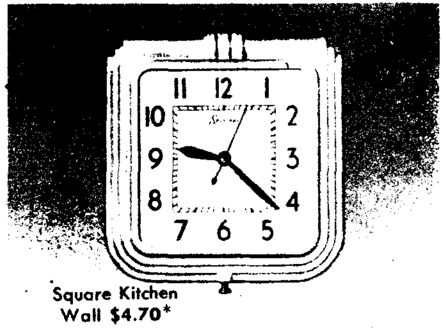
The "Catnapper" $4.95*
Pleasant Bell Alarm

Sessions electric clocks are quieter, more dependable...



Colonial Banjo
$15.80*

because they contain only half the number of moving parts....



Square Kitchen
Wall $4.70*

found in ordinary clocks This means a better, longer-lasting clock for you....

Choose from many models at your dealers, all lovely, inexpensive.

Send for free literature describing the complete line of Sessions clocks, today. To: The Sessions Clock Co., Dept. A, Forestville, Conn.

Approximate prices subject to Fed. Excise Tax.

REPLACEMENT OR ★ REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sessions Clocks

SELF-STARTING · ELECTRIC

HOW TO BEAT THE COMMUNISTS

Continued from page 11

union had slipped a resolution condemning the "imperialist war" past a sparsely attended local membership meeting and had forwarded it to the council for endorsement, after releasing it to the press. The Nazi attack followed. The Communists maneuvered a special meeting at the same local and quickly passed another resolution reflecting the new, superpatriotic line. The imperialist blood bath had now become a holy crusade.

This resolution was also given to the press as the official position of the local and sent to the council for action. When the council met, the two conflicting resolutions from the same local were read—and a motion was made to refer both of them back to their source, with the recommendation that the local union make up its mind.

A Mistake That Must Be Avoided

Progressives must expose Stalinist duplicity without qualms. To outlaw their party and drive them underground is not the answer. Such action would enable them to drape themselves in the cloak of martyrdom and would make more difficult the task of detecting their activities.

Exposure, not repression, must be our goal. We must get the Communists out of the political back alleys and walk them up Main Street in the full light of informed opinion. No sober public examination of their unadorned doctrine and purposes can fail to reveal them as frauds.

While the American Stalinists may quote democratic scripture for their purposes, they are neither good democrats nor good Americans.

Yet many genuine liberals who understand that the Communists have only a *provisional interest in the democratic* process are immobilized by fear of Communist character assassination and abuse—and they are disgusted by the stupid and indiscriminate Dies-Rankin-Thomas brand of Red-baiting. Such indiscriminate lumping of the Communists and the non-Communists gives to the Stalinists the protective coloration which is their most effective means of defense. The hysteria engendered by the new "Republican Dies Committee" is creating the same confusion, hitting the very witch-hunt pitch required by Communist strategists. The Communists know how to exploit this confusion, how to intensify it. Witch hunts rather than legitimate and sober exposure, moreover, lend an aura of righteousness to the Stalinists' own technique of abuse and slander.

We in the UAW took the Communists on without illusions. We were determined not to be diverted from our program by any amount of Communist invective or distortion.

We understood that the alternative to a finish fight was Communist control of our union. Such an understanding comes painfully; nobody enjoys the daily diet of vulgar insult in the Communist press which is the lot of those who challenge the party. Morris Muster, former president of the C.I.O. Furniture Workers' Union, for example, resigned under the incessant hammering of the Communists, after releasing a bitter statement exposing the extent of their infiltration in his union. But he should have considered the fact that when decent unionists lose stomach for the struggle, they surrender the field to the Communists.

Honest progressives in the UAW had ample cause for disgust as the CP machine slipped into high gear in the preconvention struggle. The Stalinist bloc in the Auto Workers was responsible for publishing and distributing to the membership more than 2,000,000 pieces of literature.

In addition to a weekly propaganda paper, they prepared and circulated nationally a 35-page magazine called The Bosses' Boy, replete with distortion, fabrication and forgery, which sought to prove that I was a clever servant of General Motors and the National Association of Manufacturers. Responding to a full report which I had issued to the membership, which had minced no words in describing the conflict within our ranks, the left-wing majority on the International Executive Board adopted a resolution reflecting the Communist view that I was a traitor and an agent of Wall Street.

"Fulfillment of Reuther's program," the resolution charged, "would put him in such distinguished company that the Labor Management Relations Act of 1947 might well be called the 'Taft-Hartley-Reuther' Act."

This association of my name with Taft was a prelude to the more ambitious maneuver executed shortly thereafter by a press agent hired by the opposition. It soon developed that I was being boomed for Vice-President as a running mate with none other than Senator Taft. This big-lie technique was perhaps brilliant as a public-relations maneuver, but we exposed it, as a repeat performance of a campaign by the Communists during the war, when they advocated a return to piecework and speed-up in the auto plants.

To those who are just beginning to face the unpleasant necessity of combating Communists in their local unions, veteran groups and other organizations, we can offer only the simple recommendation: Names can't hurt you. We must have the courage to speak up.

Once committed to the struggle against Communists, honest liberals must guard against the temptation to join forces with or accept help from those whose only badge of fraternity is their anti-Communism. It is fatal to resist Communism by courting reaction. The chief weakness of American foreign policy is the predilection of our State Department for dealing with anybody who will promise to hate Communism. And the most dangerous error into which any domestic offensive against Stalinism can fall is that of assuming that *every foe of Communists is a friend of democracy.*

The Governor Wasn't Helpful

We did not make that mistake in the UAW. At the height of our campaign against CP infiltration in our union, Michigan's Governor Sigler descended upon Washington as an expert witness in the Red probe. Mr. Sigler's authority on the subject of Communism derived from a few easy victories won on Michigan campuses over the American Youth for Democracy, latter-day name for the Young Communist League.

The governor, however, identified as subversive several groups which were nonexistent or highly respectable, and one organization whose members included Detroit's chief of police and a score more of that city's more prominent residents. Mr. Sigler's stock as an expert on Communist-front organizations fell suddenly, but not until he had made highly damaging allusions to Communism in the Auto Workers. The anti-Communist forces in the UAW, however, did not make the fatal mistake of regarding Sigler as a potential ally in our fight.

Anti-Communism is not sufficient. Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, Perón, Rankin, Bilbo and Gerald L. K. Smith—all could pass that test. The fight against Communism can be transformed from a self-defeating clash by night into an honest

NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD... for
FALSE TEETH WEARERS!
8 OUT OF 10 SCREEN PLAYERS WHO TESTED NEW COLEO PREFER IT!

NEW COLEO CLEANS FALSE TEETH *Really Clean!*

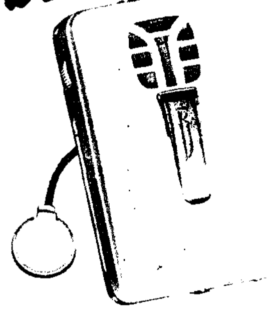
Million-dollar Hollywood smiles often mean costly plates and dentures. Coleo's exclusive ingredient that "fizzes" away film and surface stain in minutes made a big hit! No brushing! False teeth *gleam*. The taste is fresh, delightful. No danger of offensive breath from dentures. Nor does it fade them. Try Colgate-Palmolive-Peet's new Coleo for *cleaner* plates and dentures.

Coleo
COLGATE'S CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH

NEW "FIZZ" TYPE CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH

Read Below an Important Announcement to the Hard-of-Hearing... their Friends, Relatives, or Employers

DEAF NOW HEAR with WORLD'S Smallest HEARING AID JUST OUT!



NEW 1948 MODEL

With The Amazing "MAGIC SILVER CIRCUIT"

- Sensational tiny size—so small the entire unit can slip into the watch pocket of a man's trousers—yet, with a special receiver so powerful, it transmits 2 to 6 times more sound intensity than any other aids! Midget size made possible at last by great war-discovered secret—"The Magic Silver Circuit!" Try it, and you'll agree... *there's no finer hearing aid!*

SMALLER • LIGHTER • MORE POWER!

FREE BOOKLET—*Just off the Press!* Write today for Free booklet containing latest scientific information on Deafness and how it can be overcome. Write for yourself, or friend, relative, or employee.

Beltone Hearing Aid Co., Dept. C-2
1450 West 19th Street, Chicago 8, Ill.

The New 1948
Beltone MONO-PAC HEARING AID

engagement in which decent people can participate without embarrassment only by a passionate belief in democratic values and the will to give those values practical currency in the lives of the people.

The next step in any democratic move to combat Communism must be an awareness of how the Stalinist parties and their adherents function. Communist tactics in relation to the labor movement have shifted many times since 1917, but the central design has never altered. In 1921, the Third World Congress of the Communist International, legislating on the "duties of Communist activity," laid down the following imperatives:

"Communist nuclei must be formed for the daily work in the different branches of the party activities. . . .

"These Communist units are the nuclei for the daily Communist work in military units, trade unions, etc. . . . If there are a greater number of party members in the same factory or in the same union, etc., then the nucleus is enlarged into a faction, and its work is directed by the nucleus."

The same Comintern directive contained clear instructions for Communist action in the unions: "In those capitalist countries where a large majority of the proletariat has not yet reached revolutionary consciousness, the Communist agitators must be constantly on the lookout for new forms of propaganda.

"The factions must carefully prepare the participation of the Communists in conferences and meetings of the trade-union organizations. For instance, they must elaborate proposals, select lectures and counsel and put up as candidates for election capable, experienced and energetic comrades."

The Daily Worker stated on July 16, 1928: "Communism is a revolutionary tendency in the labor movement and the only representative of revolutionary Marxism-Leninism; as such it is opposed to all other tendencies within the labor movement."

This fanatical preoccupation with conquest of organized labor, this elaborate apparatus of propaganda and disruption, the Stalinists, over the past several years, have brought to bear on the United Automobile Workers, which they regard as the strategic union of the C.I.O.

We have beaten them. The story of how we did it reads almost like the report of an experiment in creative democracy, and provides a demonstration of techniques which can be applied in the larger struggle to save democracy in the world.

Communists have never had much success in converting workers in any industry to their dogmas. But where the Stalinists had not been able to convert, they succeeded in exerting an influence far out of proportion to their numerical strength by exploiting the innocence and ambition of men and women in positions of leadership.

The Communists have a complete political valet service which they offer to those in public life and in the unions who, for whatever reason, accept their current policies and fail to challenge their motives. Henry Wallace is the most familiar contemporary example of a man who has accepted this service. This CP service provides its customers with ready-made thoughts on all subjects, ghost-writes speeches, arranges meetings, engineers applause, and inflates egos as required.

Recipients of the service ultimately discover, however, that they have become boxed in, thoroughly dependent, and pliable instruments of the party linemen.

Few Reach High Union Posts

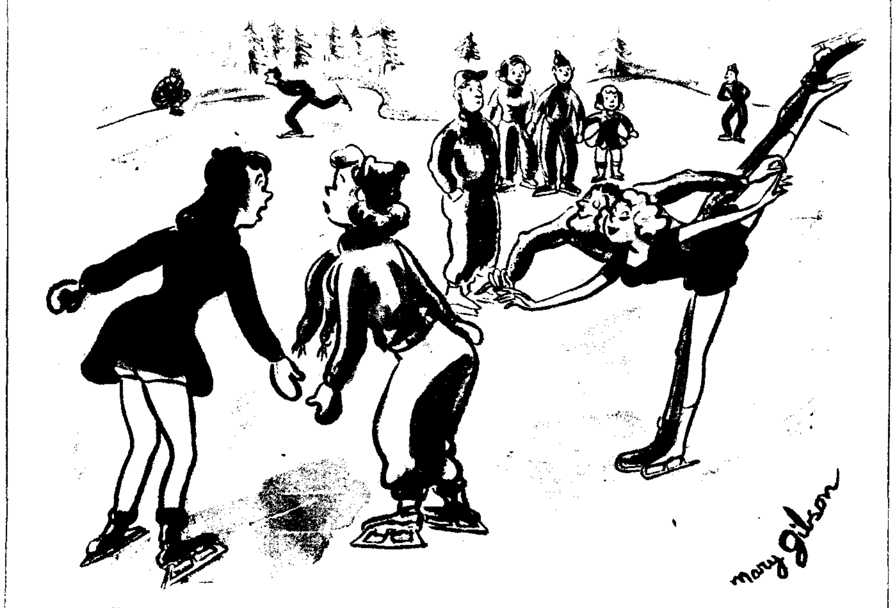
During the twelve years the UAW-C.I.O. has existed as an international union, the Communists have placed only one party member in the top leadership and only two of the faithful on our International Executive Board. Yet they have prospered in our midst until recently, because they so skillfully cultivated persons who could be made, in some degree, to serve their purposes. It was through clever manipulation of such people that the Stalinists acquired an influence in the UAW vastly disproportionate to the numbers of their convinced adherents.

Working through such strategically placed victims, the Communists captured the leadership of a number of local unions and could count on assistance from certain members on the regional and international union staffs. Machine-made resolutions promoting the Communist line would pop up at union meetings, and Communist adeptness at parliamentary maneuver would get them by an unalerted membership.

The Communists are highly skillful in using the forms of democracy to subvert democracy. But in local after local union, non-Communist members, gradually and after many painful experiences, awoke to the party's contempt for the rank and file, to its methods of discouraging attendance at meetings, to its whole strategy of spreading conflict and sowing confusion.

The Stalinists suffered their first crucial preconvention defeat when their proposal to merge the Communist-dominated Farm Equipment Workers with the UAW was rejected by UAW local unions.

In the summer of 1947, a committee of UAW opposition board members had been meeting secretly with officials of the FE-C.I.O. Without prior notice, they presented to a UAW Executive Board meeting a plan for merging the two



"Sure she looks better than us with somebody holding her up"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

HER HUSBAND MAKES $100,000 A YEAR...

...*but* he's heading for *failure*

Her husband is president of his company. He looks far ahead in business, but *not* in his personal affairs. His big income goes fast... yet he has made no plans for the future. Without him, his family's security would disappear. He need not risk this failure.

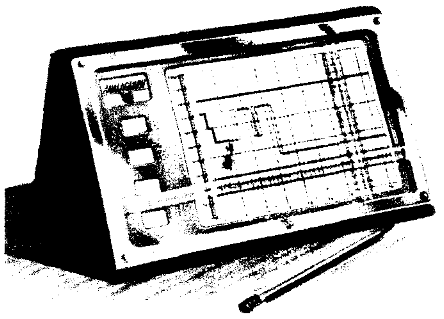
HER HUSBAND MAKES $100 A WEEK...

...*and* he's heading for *success*

She and her husband face tomorrow with confidence. Their modest assets...life insurance, war bonds, savings, Social Security...are the basis of a plan for the future. A debt-free home, college for their children, his retirement, are clearly charted the *Analagraph** way.

Don't guess about your future...
Analagraph it!

■The Mutual Benefit created the *Analagraph* to help you plan your future today. It helps you to see how much income your property, including life insurance, will bring . . . for your family's protection if you die... for your retirement if you live.



■To *Analagraph* your family's future is a fascinating and enlightening experience. It costs nothing. There's no obligation to buy insurance. To get the *Analagraph* service, call your local Mutual Benefit agent. Or write today for the new booklet, "The Analagraph—What It Can Do For You."

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

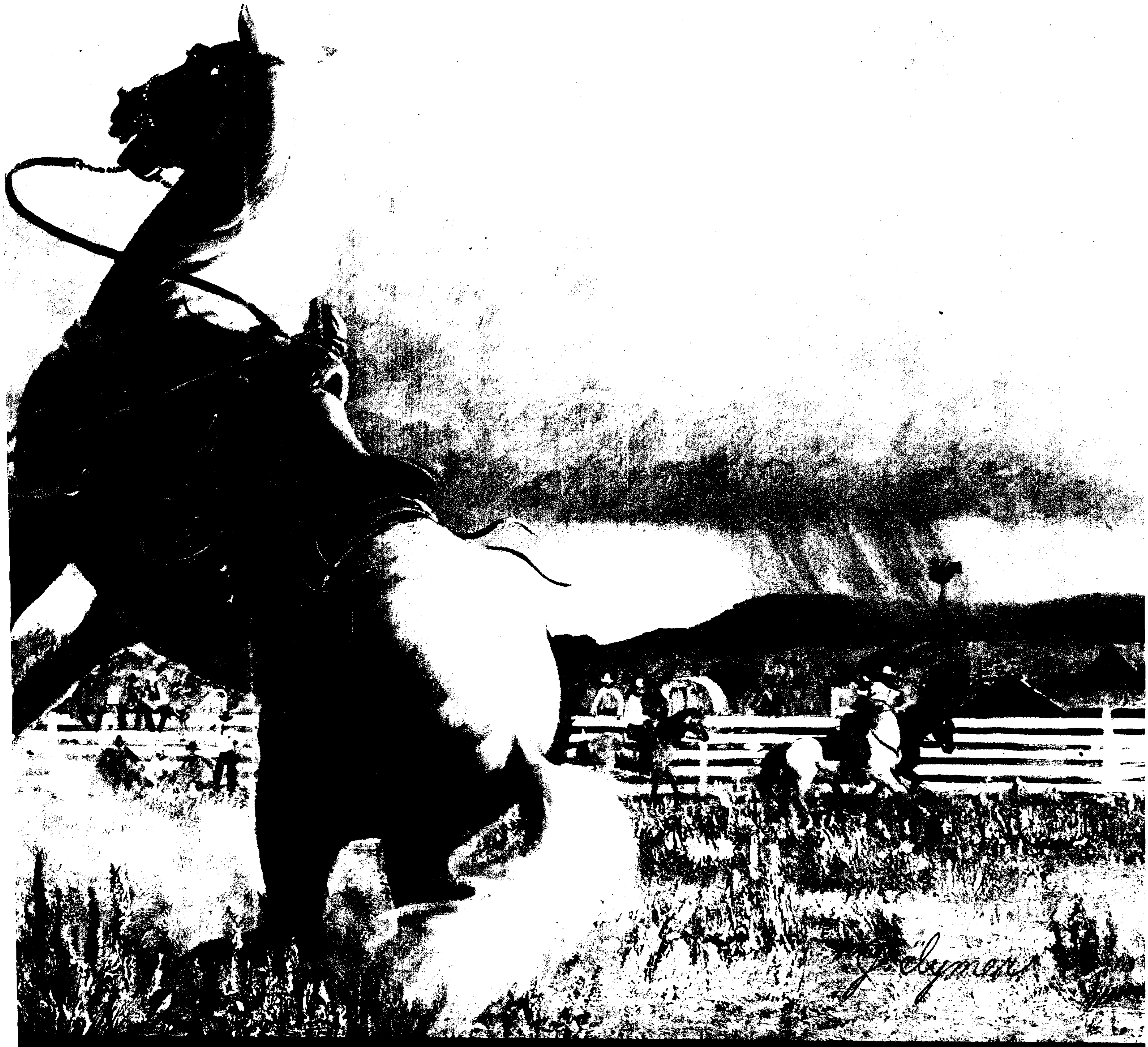
ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

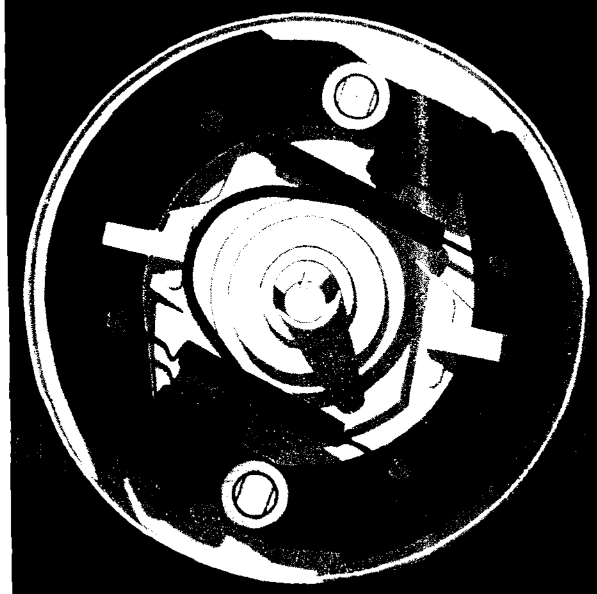
*TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

brake power...

A cowboy's work on the range calls for teamwork from his horse. Here "stopping" teamwork is illustrated . . . the same swift, sure stopping power that's yours in your Chrysler. The revolutionary Safe-Guard hydraulic brakes are an advance in safety which ranks with Chrysler's introduction of the first hydraulic brakes 24 years ago. Twin hydraulic cylinders on front wheels are balanced by single units in the rear in a lock-proof system that both creates and controls its own split-second brake power! Gives you more braking power with 30% less foot pressure! Makes it safer to enjoy your beautiful Chrysler.

From Coast to Coast, see a Chrysler-Plymouth dealer for the finest service!





the Beautiful Chrysler

WITH HYDRAULICALLY
OPERATED TRANSMISSION
AND gyrol FLUID DRIVE

© 1948, CHRYSLER CORP.

1948

It's a MEEKER Billfold Year!

Need a new billfold? MEEKER-MADE Billfolds, famous for a third of a century, give you (1) Established Quality, (2) Smart Styling, (3) Expert Craftsmanship, (4) Latest Features. Get a MEEKER Billfold! Various prices—at Dealers Everywhere.

THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Mo.
New York: 347 Fifth Ave.—Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

organizations, both of which have jurisdiction in the agricultural implement industry. What followed might be regarded as a controlled experiment in the technique of fighting Communists without succumbing to the Communists' own vicious habit of generalized abuse.

The FE merger proposal was a complete fraud. Its sponsors had only one objective: to bring 500 additional left-wing votes to bear in the UAW convention, then less than 5 months away. It did not provide for a true merger at all, but rather for the temporary establishment of a union within a union. Grant Oakes, FE president, admitted to a Daily Worker correspondent that the plan, if carried out, would set up a "powerful and autonomous FE Division of the UAW-C.I.O., throughout the U.S. and Canada."

For Left-Wing Control of UAW

The FE was to enter the UAW with its staff intact; FE members, together with UAW members in the farm implement industry, were to be given special membership cards in an "FE Division" of the UAW; the whole plan was in violation of the UAW constitution and organizationally unsound. It would have meant a retreat from industrial unionism to craftlike autonomy at a time when the industrial form of organization was under attack from Congress. But the Communists didn't care. They were making a bid for control of the nation's biggest union. This was the showdown.

The plan was approved by the left-wing majority of the UAW Executive Board. UAW locals were given less than a month to debate the issues and set up a poll in which no alternative set of proposals would be available. Those of us in the leadership and ranks who favored real merger but opposed the provisions of the left-wing plan were placed in the uncomfortable position of blocking "unity."

We went into the local unions with copies of the merger plan. Every time advocates of the measure waxed eloquent and general, we dragged them down out of the stratosphere by talking about the plan itself.

They railed at the Taft-Hartley Act. We insisted that all generalities be brought down to earth and measured against the specific provisions of the merger proposal. We were not against merger. We favored merger. But we objected to merger on the basis proposed. We knew that the FE merger maneuver was Communist-inspired.. But to base our opposition to it on that ground would have confused the membership by involving them in a vague debate on the merits of Communism.

The Communists would have cried, "Red-baiting," and they would have succeeded in pushing the plan through on the basis of their general appeal to unity. When left-wing rhetoric had subsided and we had placed the facts before the membership, the proposal was rejected by a vote of better than 2 to 1.

A spokesman for the left-wing group, interviewed by a reporter for the Detroit Free Press (July 20, 1947) after the vote, had this to say: "We give Reuther credit. His workers covered the country from coast to coast and down to the Gulf."

His credit should have gone to the workers he mentioned rather than to me, but the point is clear. We had beaten the Stalinists on the merits of the issue—but the issues were rescued from the fog of double-talk and presented to the membership by hard work. That is the way to beat the Communists.

Since the UAW Convention, we have offered the FE a sound unity proposal which their leadership has rejected. They have lost their zeal for unity.

An equally significant Communist defeat occurred at the last C.I.O. convention. Here again, during debate on the foreign policy resolution, the progressive forces won an important victory for democratic unionism which has implications wider than the C.I.O.—and we won it by hitting hard at the issue.

The resolution on foreign policy was among the most important adopted by the C.I.O. convention, for it contained a clearly implied endorsement of the Marshall Plan. To the Communists, it was all-important, since they are always most sensitive in those areas where the interests of the Soviet Union are directly affected.

They recognized that the resolution itself was not so important as the interpretation it would be given by delegates and by the press. We, too, were fully aware of the importance of the setting. Secretary of State Marshall had been invited to address the convention.

What Marshall said before the C.I.O. National Convention was important, but more significant was the fact that he had been invited to address the C.I.O. For in its work of dispensing confusion to the hungry and troubled peoples of Europe, the Cominform would find it difficult to explain how the chief "agent of American imperialism and Wall Street capitalism" could be invited to address the delegates of millions of industrial workers.

The Stalinists attempted to maneuver convention action on the foreign policy resolution in advance of Secretary Marshall's speech. We blocked such a move. Marshall spoke first and debate followed. The democratic bloc was ready. Van Bittner of the Steel Workers took the floor. Anticipating the tenor of left-wing remarks, he gave the lie to Communist charges that Marshall was a "warmonger." Other similar speeches followed, attacking Communist hypocrisy.

Kehoe of the American Communications Association was the first speaker to echo the CP line. He had just finished attacking American policy in Korea and was in the middle of a free-speech peroration when Philip Murray interrupted him to inquire, "I assume that you also believe the heroes of Stalingrad are entitled to take the rostrum and the public platform in Russia to expound their views?" Kehoe replied lamely that he believed in free speech everywhere, even in Russia. The Communists were in full retreat.

Victory for Democratic Unionism

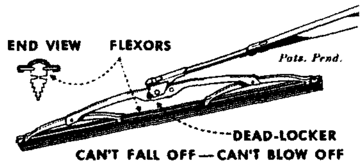
The "secret battalion" had been licked before an international audience. Hundreds of thousands of decent unionists, watching from local union offices throughout the land, had won new heart. They knew now that it could be done; they had just seen it done. And democratic trade unionists throughout Europe, who suffered the horrors of Nazi concentration camps, knew they had friends and allies in the ranks of American labor in their struggle against the new totalitarianism of the left.

As delegate elections preceding our 1947 convention were held and the campaign got under way, the results soon proved the effectiveness and soundness of our policy of fighting the Communists on the basis of principles and program. We entered the delegate elections with a militant union program. It was printed on every piece of our campaign literature.

We made specific recommendations for strengthening the internal structure of our union. We emphasized a broad program for union members acting not as producers alone but as consumers and politically conscious citizens. We developed a concept of unionism as an integral part of the community, alert to all aspects of the community's life and sensitive to the relationship of its own function and the general good. We pulled no punches on the issues of Communism and Fascism, for we had no ulterior motives to hide. Whenever we could, we talked program, not personalities, in contrast to a left-wing campaign limited to personal slander and abuse.

It was our concern with program that

TRY THIS AMAZING NEW
ANCO® CLEAR-FLEX
Trade Mark
WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

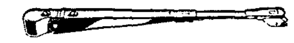


CAN'T FALL OFF—CAN'T BLOW OFF

FLEXES TO CLEAR THE LOW SPOTS
Know CLEAR-FLEX . . . the first Wiper Blade to conform fully to all windshield surface irregularities. Even wipes uniformly all types of curved windshields. Keeps clear those annoying hard-to-reach low spots common to all FLAT windshield glass. Clears quickly blinding road muck . . slapped against your windshield from sloppy pavements . . by passing cars. CLEAR-FLEX already has engineering approval for original equipment on coming models of high-grade cars.

THRILL WITH CLEAR-FLEX AS OUR "GUEST"
Deposit with your dealer only the regular retail price. Use CLEAR-FLEX through the next storm. Then IF you are willing, dealer is authorized to remove CLEAR-FLEX and refund all your money.

ANCO DEAD-LOCKER®



WIPER ARM
ANCO Arm fits quickly any wiper shaft. Suits any good wiper motor. Holds Blade true . . . at correct pressure. If not now on your car, ask serviceman to install a PAIR quickly for you. More than 250,000 good gas stations and service stores sell ANCO BETTER Blades and Arms.

Made by the makers of long-famous ANCO RAIN-MASTER® Blades and Arms . . . original equipment for years on DeLuxe models of high-grade cars. Your dealer knows ANCO.

Get yours next time you buy gas.
May save you a costly smashup.

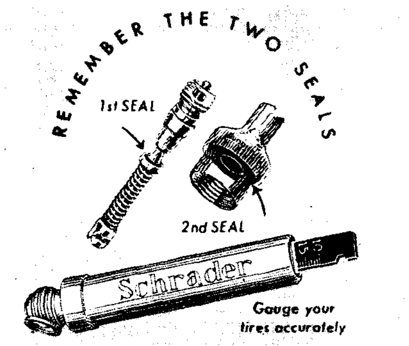
Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products - Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1918 • GARY, INDIANA

TIRE LIFE
INSURANCE "POLICY"
(to give you longer, safer tire mileage)

1. Inspect your Valve Cores and replace those which are worn out, with new ones.
2. Be sure that every valve mouth is protected by an air-tight Valve Cap. Schrader Caps are guaranteed to seal the valve up to 250 lbs. pressure.
3. Carry your own Schrader Tire Gauge in your glove compartment for an accurate check of tire pressure—anytime—anywhere.

(Check all three for low cost Tire Life Insurance)



A. SCHRADER'S SON • BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.
Division of
Scovill Manufacturing Company, Incorporated

provided our margin of victory in the UAW. Around our program we mobilized the energies of our people, the democratic unionist bloc. In every area where we clashed, militant democracy won out over Stalinist maneuvers.

In the Motor Building of the vast Ford Rouge plant, the leadership of the unit opposed our program. They fixed delegate elections for Sunday between 11:00 A.M. and 1:00 P.M., thinking that the inconvenient hour would discourage rank-and-file attendance and enable a disciplined minority to capture the delegates. It was a technique which had succeeded many times; this time it failed. We worked harder than the opposition. We filled the hall and we elected 9 out of 10 delegates. The election was thrown out on a technicality by the leadership, and another election was scheduled. We went to work again. The results this time were perfect; we mobilized an even heavier vote and we carried 10 out of 10 delegates by better than 3 to 1. Hard hitting on the issues; hard work on the double. There is no easier or surer way for democracy to win.

The Communists made a particularly ambitious play for the allegiance of our Negro members. They had in the past had undeniable success in exploiting the legitimate grievances of Negroes, both as citizens and as unionists. But here, as in other areas, the Communists have been more interested in playing upon misery and exploiting legitimate grievances for their own purposes than in making a principled and consistent attack on the evils of prejudice and discrimination. The cleverness of the Stalinist appeal to race emotions cost the UAW democratic bloc the Buffalo convention in 1943, when we opposed election of a Negro board member-at-large on the basis of race alone.

We persisted, however, in efforts to obtain equality of treatment and opportunity for Negro members. Our stand was not so spectacular as the Communist approach. We appealed to Negroes, not as racial nationalists but as unionists and fellow Americans. We could, moreover, afford to be steadfast in our actions. Throughout the war period, for example, we continued to press for fair play in the plants and local unions, at a time when the CP members preferred to look the other way, regarding a prosecution of Negro grievances (or any legitimate unionist grievance) as an offense against their newly acquired superpatriotic line.

At the latest convention of the UAW, the vast majority of Negro delegates joined the democratic bloc. Not only had we been more consistent; we had not waited for Communist-front organizations to champion the cause of civil rights.

The lesson is clear; it can be applied elsewhere. An honest but inactive liberal is no match for a devious but aggressive totalitarian in any engagement where democratic values are at stake. Democracy needs more get-up-and-go.

The lessons we learned in the UAW can fortify free men everywhere who stand at the crossroads today. We mobilized a third force, resisting the interference and blandishments of democracy's enemies on the right and the left. We talked program, and acted to implement program. The challenge to make democracy work is particularly acute in America, where our great productive potential gives us the prime responsibility to provide leadership and sustenance to a world in crisis.

Double Standard Must Go

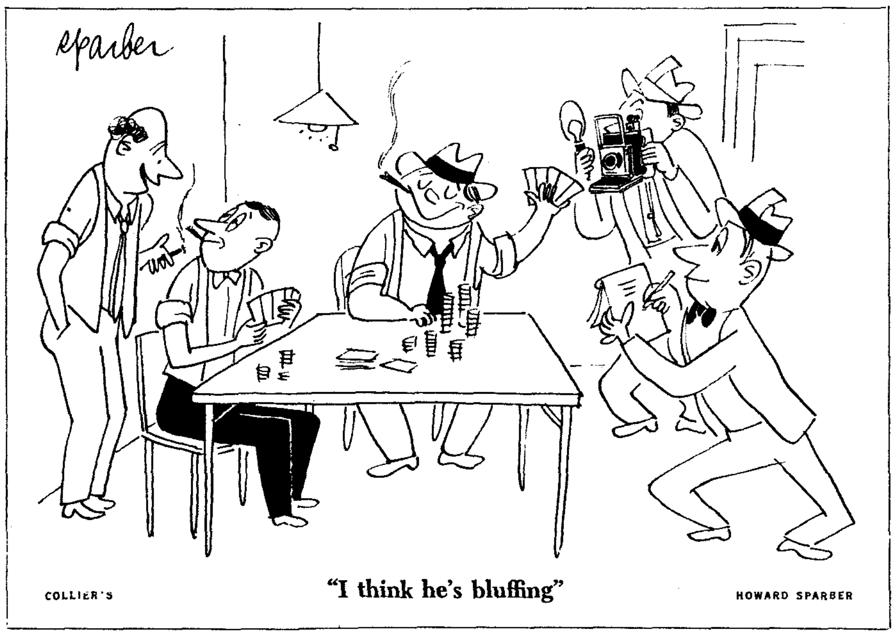
Communism is in perpetual war with what democracy preaches, for it cannot abide the sanctity of the individual or the interplay of honest differences. But Communism breeds on what democracy too often practices; it exploits the lapses of the democratic conscience and thrives on the shortcomings of democratic action. It is the task of democrats to bridge the gap between preachment and practice; we must wipe out the double standard in America, and in the world, which divides the masses of people from the minority that controls the preponderance of economic power. It is this double standard which embitters our society.

Democracy's heart is in the right place. It is grounded on the firm base of confidence in the intrinsic soundness and rightness of the ordinary person. Democracy affirms that the individual is more than a hired hand, more than a clock-card number, more than a servant of the authoritarian state. It rejects the Fascist and Stalinist notion that men must be herded and bullied through history's dialectic by vanguards and elites.

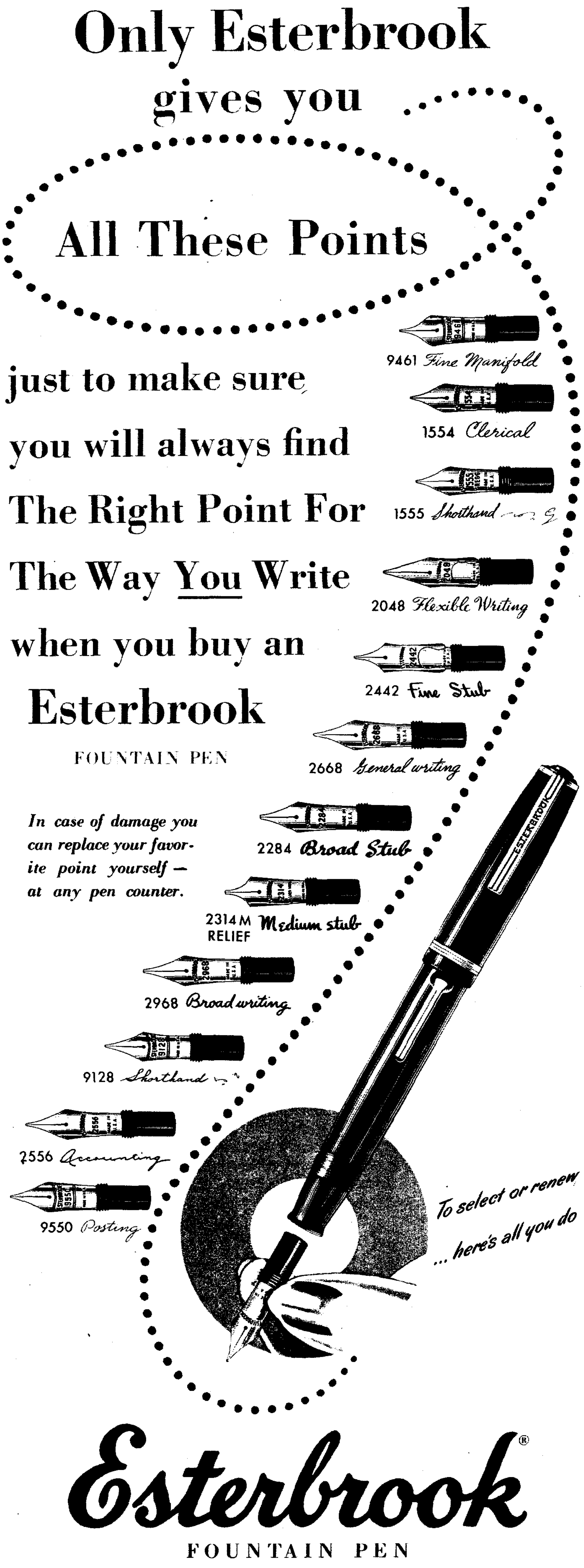
But you can't beat Communism by throwing embarrassing questions at witnesses in a Congressional hearing. You can't slug it to death with a club or a slogan. You can't burn it at the stake. You have to show it up in the market place of ideas, expose it by honest dealing. Communism breeds on hunger, poverty, human insecurity. The Catholic peasants of Italy have never read Marx or Lenin. But in desperation they will vote Communist for land and bread if Italian democrats fail them. Desperation knows and needs no ideology.

Whether in some small local union in some small American town or in the vast power vacuums of Europe and Asia, democracy needs program and the will to get up early and stay late in the running fight with totalitarianism of every stamp. Democracy needs less noise from the Thomas Committee and more quiet labor in the vineyards Franklin Roosevelt had only begun to cultivate when he died.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I think he's bluffing" HOWARD SPARBER


Only Esterbrook gives you All These Points just to make sure you will always find The Right Point For The Way You Write when you buy an Esterbrook FOUNTAIN PEN

In case of damage you can replace your favorite point yourself — at any pen counter.

9461 Fine Manifold
1554 Clerical
1555 Shorthand
2048 Flexible Writing
2442 Fine Stub
2668 General writing
2284 Broad Stub
2314 M RELIEF Medium stub
2968 Broad writing
9128 Shorthand
2556 Accounting
9550 Posting

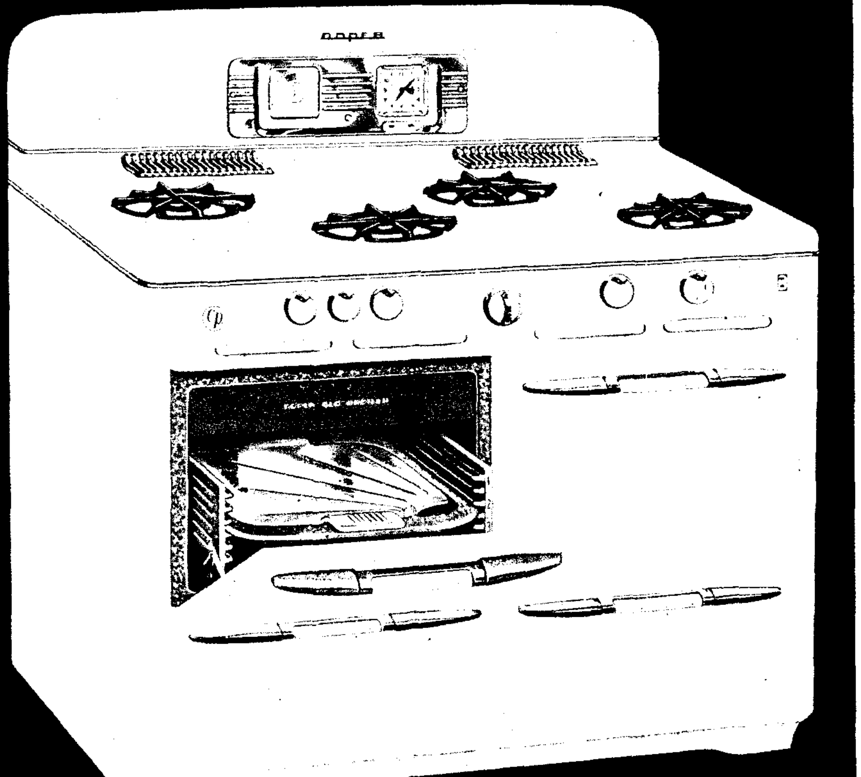
To select or renew ... here's all you do

Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

what you *want*... the new gas ranges *have!*

- ✓ *Automatic lighting*
- ✓ *Automatic heat control*
- ✓ *Automatic clock control*
- ✓ Instant *high-heat*
- ✓ Instant *shut-off*
- ✓ *Smokeless broiling*
- ✓ *Non-clog burners*
- ✓ *Streamlined design*
- ✓ *Full-size separate broiler*
- ✓ *Extra-insulated oven*
- ✓ *Thrifty-simmer burners*

ROPER Automatic Gas range



For faster, cleaner, cooler cooking . . . pick one of the new automatic Gas ranges built to "CP" standards. Then to make sure you're getting one of these *completely* modern cooking appliances, look for the "CP" seal. This new ROPER Gas range carries it—and so do dozens of other models. Choose the one that's just right for *your own* "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"* from the many "makes" and models now available at your Gas company or appliance dealer's.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION • 420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

**Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.*

GAS—*now first for modern automatic cooking*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

More than sixty years ago Mother, a wise and good woman, told me to pay no attention to the bad language of naughty little boys who did not know what they were talking about, whose conclusions were usually erroneous opinions of no weight. Sorry—really do not need you. With love,

CLARE (HOFFMAN),
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

When Representative Hoffman arbitrarily summoned two newspapermen before his Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments to "answer" for critical comments on him. Collier's stated his high-handed action was unfair and disreputable tampering with the freedom of the press, with intent to smear, while hiding behind Congressional immunity. The editors offered voluntarily to appear before the congressman and repeat the charges.

BANG, BANG—AND JIM MARSHALL BITES THE DUST

DEAR SIR: In Mr. Marshall's A Night At the Uproar (Jan. 10th) I note the following: "The first time in history that a pistol was fired as a note of music was in Hollywood in 1942, the selection being Red Wing." Back in the '90s, George Attwater composed The Indian, a feature of which, repeated several times, was a war whoop immediately followed by a pistol shot. I played the drums and traps, including the .32 which, on one occasion, with the audience keyed up, missed fire.

C. BERTRAM FRENCH,
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

. . . Mrs. George Patton, who wrote the March of the Tankers for her late illustrious husband's division, employed pistol shots. . . . FRED BALK, Bronx, N. Y.

. . . Do you remember the popular tune Get Out and Get Under? No? In the drummer's score there was an off-the-staff note—diamond shape as some notes of percussion were—and this signified a pistol shot for the effect of a tire blowout. How do I know? Played the number mentioned back in 1914 or 1915. Spike was kicking the slats off his cradle; I was trouping.

WM. HALL, Ithaca, N. Y.

UNSLIDE, KELLY, UNSLIDE!

DEAR SIR: After reading The Third Monkey, I believe Adela Rogers St. Johns needs to talk things over with her film-fogging friends before writing about their racket.

As a news photog for twenty-five years covering baseball, I have yet to see a ballplayer slide into first base (from home plate), or a picture of same. Adela also has her girl photog standing up at first base, then kneeling to make pix. One does not stand up at first base while play is on for two reasons: (1) You may catch a line drive in the noggin from the batter. (2) You may catch a pop bottle from the grandstand or cuss words from the players' bench for obscuring the view.

Otherwise Adela has a swell story.

RICHARD J. FRY, Bridgeville, Cal.

Pepper Martin often slud into first, as did Frankie Frisch. Last year Reiser, Robinson, and presumably many other players did too. Where've you bean, Dick?

NO SOAP, LUCKMAN!

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Man and boy, I have read a lot of tripe in the past sixty years but I can recall none to equal the article Civil Rights Mean Good Business by Charles Luckman (Jan. 17th).

I yield to no man in my veneration for civil rights, and Mr. Luckman has added something new: He has put them on a dollar-and-cents basis. I had thought of them rather as a spiritual thing; but Mr. Luckman has seen something that I never saw: He sees the Bill of Rights as a means of selling more soap. Says I: "No soap!"

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

SOAK THE WHICH?

SIR: Enjoyed Martha Sawyers' cover (Dec. 20th) of the young lady skier soaking her feet very much. However, after a rigorous day of skiing at Mt. Rainier it isn't my feet I soak! JEAN MORGAN GASTINEAU,
Tacoma, Wash.

49-0

WEEK'S MAIL COLUMN: Hannibal Coons (Strife Among the Roses, Jan. 3d) will stir up some more strife with his remark, "Next year, with both Michigan and Illinois ineligible, it is entirely possible that the Big Nine will be left with a third-string team so wan that the lads will have to be transported to the Coast on a hospital train."

With both Illinois and Michigan winning the last two years by such lopsided scores maybe a "third-string" team could make more of a game of this classic.

WILFRED N. ROBERTSON,
Little Falls, Minn.

ACORNINESS

DEAR W. D.: After reading in Any Week (Glad you're back), Jan. 17th, the wonderful plan of Mr. Loan Hillequest of Moscow, Idaho, to feed Europe on acorns, it occurred to me that if this diet is all that Mr. Hillequest claims it to be, a great many people in this country who are talking about how expensive it is for us to feed Europe might just send the food we would be buying for ourselves to the hungry people abroad, and keep the acorns here and eat them ourselves; think of all the money it would save us.

D. YOUNG MAYNARD, Compton, Cal.

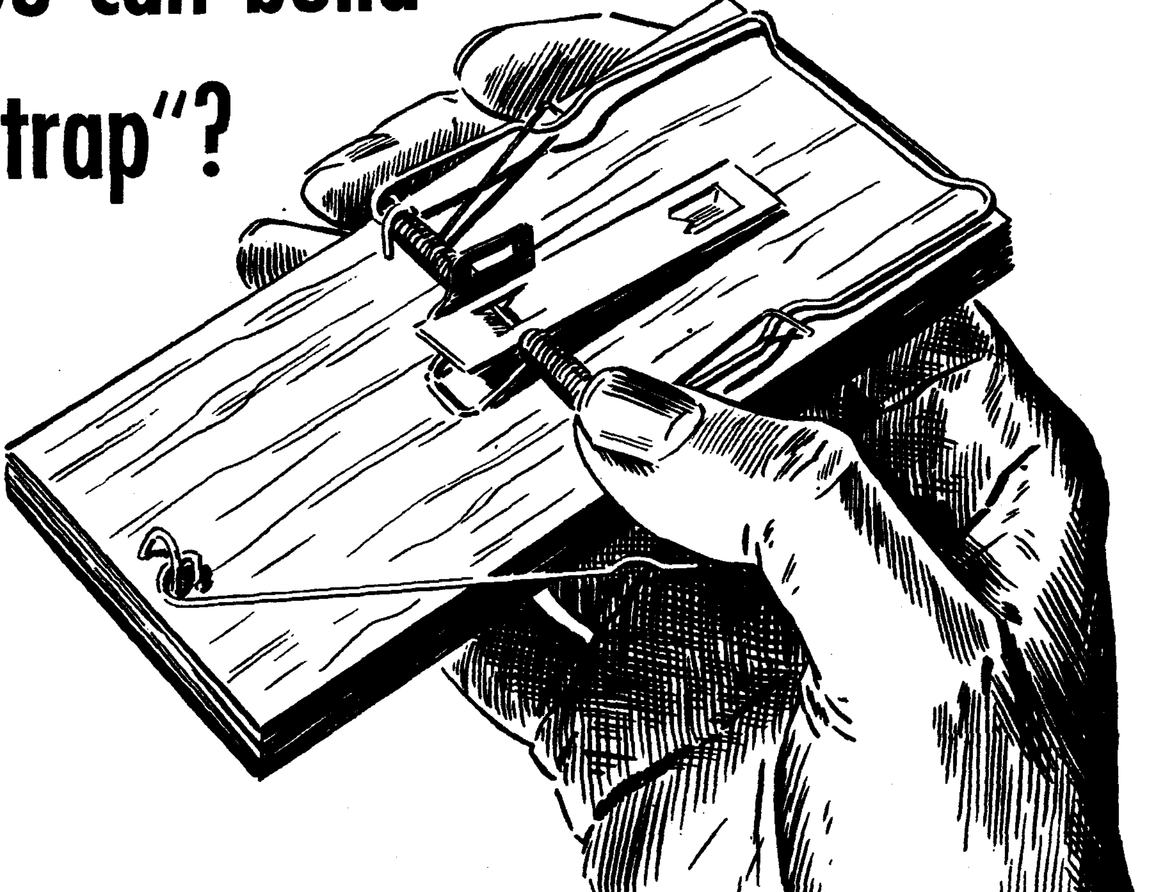
CARDINAL REDS

COLLIER'S: That's a picture after my own heart—the cover for January 17th (two little girls in red). Is not scarlet a gorgeous color—the color of the Power that motivates our star, the sun, of which the earth is a daughter, also red as fire in her mighty belly on the deck of which we live, mothered of her wisdom. Men wonder why women love to redden our nails and cheeks—it is instinctive just as is the love of man for red gowns—the cardinal color. Our sun is 80 per cent hydrogen which chemical in the cool state is red—of it we are the coolees—ones worked out of its center power into life by way of its daughter the Earth—the Pala stone—which holds the gem of creation mankind in its clasp. We are pure, pure spirits of power alive—red and white, blood and spirit in one column or kernel or colonel of bone and flesh as these children make the sign—the chi or mystery, the X, alive, as are we all.

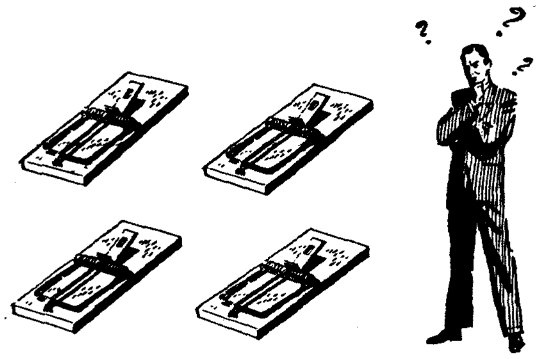
MRS. N. P. SLOAN, La Jolla, Cal.

Yes, we liked the cover too, but how's that about Pala, again?

Do you think you can build a better "mousetrap"?



1. Suppose you felt sure you could make a better mousetrap—or any other product—and you began to think about risking your savings to start up a business of your own.



2. First, you'd want to make certain you could turn out this product at a price that would enable you to meet or beat your competition.

3. Next, you'd check very carefully to be sure there was a "market" for your type of product. In other words, would *enough* people want to buy it to give you the volume you'd need to keep going?

4. And, of course, good management would be another "must." You'd have to know how to *run* the business, or be able to hire someone to do it for you. For only with good management could you keep on meeting your material costs, your payroll, your rent, your taxes, and all the other costs of doing business.

5. Finally, you'd have to see an opportunity to make a fair profit. The firm that *can't* earn a profit soon folds up! And, like other progressive firms, you'd want to put part of your profits back into the business. For, a large share of the reasonable profits earned by industry pays for the development and expansion that bring more goods, more jobs—and greater security for all.

***Most Americans** say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. Government figures show that industry averages less than half that much profit.*

And about half of that is plowed back by industry to pay for the progress and development that give Americans more good things than any other people on earth!

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS

Composed of 16,500 large and small manufacturing companies.

THE FEMALE CIRCUMSTANCE

Continued from page 19

"Wrong flank," Constance said. She helped him to his feet, and they stood close for a moment, face to face. Jeff felt the stirring warmth again, but warmer. The woods were very quiet.

"Constance," he said. The cow spotted a particularly attractive clump of grass just past Jeff's left foot. Reaching for it, she brushed heavily against his back, pushing him directly into Constance's arms. It was an accident, but it is unlikely that it was necessary in any case.

Jeff found himself kissing Constance warmly, while the small part of his brain still active marveled at the softness of her lips.

IT WAS some time before they stepped apart and sat side by side on a fallen log. Jeff took a deep breath, his first in minutes. "Constance," he said, "I didn't intend that to happen."

"Happy accident," she said.

He wiped his brow. "Constance," he said, "despite my best efforts, I have become very fond of you."

"I know, Jeff."

"You know my unhappy history. My former wife ran away with a traveling book salesman when Jan was just an infant. She was bookish. Jan takes after her that way."

Constance took his hand. "That's all over now, darling," she said.

"I resolved then I would never marry again."

"How little we know the future!"

"I underestimated your attraction."

"Darling!"

"You must help me to be strong, Constance," Jeff said. "Please."

She dropped his hand. "Just a minute, now," she said. "Are you asking me not to marry you?"

"Well, yes," Jeff said. "Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Not marry me."

She looked at him quietly for a long while. Finally she said, "I had a character like you in one of my early novels, East of the Id. He sought escape from life and love because his ego had been severely introverted by an earlier affair."

"I wish," Jeff said, "you wouldn't speak of your characters as if they were patients."

"In the novel of today," Constance said severely, "there is no difference. But I suppose this is useless." She stood up. "All right, darling. I won't marry you."

"That's very kind of you, Constance."

"I'll always be very fond of you and Jan. That's all right, isn't it, Jeff?"

She walked away quickly. Jeff sat a moment, savoring his escape. It tasted strangely sour. The cow seemed to sense the atmosphere of the moment and followed Jeff moodily home.

"I'm going into my study, Mrs. Blodgett," Jeff said when he got back home. "I'm not to be disturbed."

Mrs. Blodgett looked up from her novel and said, "Retreat is no solution. Either you face life, or zap!—a complex."

"Leave us not get technical," Jeff said.

"Aaaaah," said Mrs. Blodgett.

In the hall, Jan stopped him and said, "What did you say to Miss Pryor and what did she say to you?"

"How do you know we said anything?"

"I could see you from the upstairs window," she said.

"Oh," Jeff said.

"Wasn't it nice of Miss Pryor?" Jan said. "It's probably just what I need for my love interest." She had her notebook out.

"Now, now," Jeff said and escaped into his study.

The dogged urge to restore old farmhouses was deep-rooted in Stardale residents. It had made a decent living for Jeff as an architect, but he found it difficult now to concentrate on the plans of the old Roberts place. Mrs. Blodgett solved things about fifteen minutes later with the news that the cow had worked her magic on the bars again and was gone. Jeff trailed her to the Cabots', settled quickly for the damage and returned to have his lunch.

Back at work, it was almost impossible for Jeff to stay awake, and just as difficult to separate sleep from wakefulness. At one point when he was certain he was hard at work on the Roberts' dormers, he clearly heard Jan addressing the cow as "Mother," and woke in a cold sweat. . . .

Sleep finally took over, with Jeff's head resting uncomfortably on a T square. He had a remarkably vivid dream, in which Constance seemed to be running away with a book salesman, and he was calling her back. She came willingly enough and said, "Why would I run away with a book salesman? I'm in the book-selling business myself."

"That's true, isn't it?" Jeff said. "I had never thought of it in quite that way."

The dream had lapsed into incoherence when a ringing noise woke him. Jeff lifted his head from his desk in time to see Jan walking out of the room, notebook in hand.

He called, "Jan!"

"Yes, Daddy? I think the phone is ringing."

"Mrs. Blodgett will answer it," Jeff said. "What could you possibly find to write about a sleeping man?"

"When he talks in his sleep?" Jan said, and left the room.

"Jan!" Jeff called sternly, but the phone was still ringing and he ran to answer it. It was Joshua Condeman, the real-estate man in Stardale.

"Thought I'd give you first crack at a property just come on the market," Condeman said. His voice sounded as if it were coming from around a fat cigar.

"I have a property," Jeff said.

"People sometimes like to acquire some adjacent land. Spread out," Condeman said. "Might split the Pryor place, if the price was right."

"The Pryor place?" Jeff said. "You mean Constance is selling out?"

"She was just in here," Condeman said. "Said the place hadn't lived up to her expectations. What did she expect?"

"I'm sure I have no idea, Condeman," Jeff said. "Goodby."

"Your cow just went by the office, in case you're interested," Condeman said.

"What? Which way did she go?"

"That-a-way," Condeman said. He laughed immoderately and hung up.

JEFF found the cow at a supermarket, settling a small endowment on the alert manager. He led her back home, his mind a whirling mass of discontent.

"It wouldn't be quite so bad," Jeff said crossly, "if you had at least given us some milk."

The cow glared at him resentfully. Jeff locked her firmly in the garage.

At dinner, Mrs. Blodgett said, "I hear she's leaving us."

"Not again," Jeff said. "I locked her in the garage."

"The lady next door, I'm referring to," Mrs. Blodgett said patiently.

"Yes, that's too bad, isn't it?" Jeff said.

"Too bad, he says," Jan muttered.

"If you want my opinion, you got rocks in your head," Mrs. Blodgett said.

"Yeah, rocks," Jan said.

"Whose side are you on, anyway?" Jeff said. "You don't ask for a human sacrifice, do you?" He smiled and paused. "Don't you want to write that down, Jan? I thought it was rather good."

"Good, he says," Jan said. "I'm going out to see the cow."

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!

WILDROOT
CREAM-O
HAIR TO
GROOMS
RELIEVES
LOOSE D
WILDROO

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN . . . 2 *Network Shows!*
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

A hit with the Mrs.

This careful housewife simply doesn't worry any more . . . not about toilet bowl sanitation nor about injury to the septic tank system. Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls thoroughly without scrubbing — and is absolutely safe in toilet systems having septic tanks. Write for scientific report that proves this statement.

Effective in hard or soft water. Get it at your grocer's. Two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 511 Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

Sani-Flush
FOR CLEANING TOILET BOWLS
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

YOU CAN'T MISS the CASCO VIS-O-LITE IN THE DARK!
NOW!

NEW CASCO POP-OUT
Illuminated Cigarette Lighter
FOR SAFER NIGHT DRIVING

No need to take your eyes from the road while "lighting up" your cigarette. Casco's automatic pop-out lighter—in 9 out of 10 cars—now comes with an "illuminated well" to guide your hand in the dark in replacing your lighter unerringly . . . instantly.

- ***Bring your Casco-made lighter up-to-date with the illuminated well alone for $1.50.***
- ***Or—install a complete new Casco Vis-O-Lite automatic pop-out lighter for only $2.75.***

At auto supply stores, service stations, garages.
CASCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

"Splendid, splendid," Jeff said. "You do that."

It was shortly after this that Jeff and Mrs. Blodgett heard the screams.

"Jan!" Jeff said and took off, Mrs. Blodgett close behind. They found Jan stretched out in front of the garage, yelling her little head off.

"Jan! Darling! What happened?" Jeff said.

"Waaaah!" Jan said.

"Waaaah, she says," Mrs. Blodgett said impatiently. "What happened? Tell us!"

It was clear enough. The garage door was open, the cow was gone. Jan had found herself in the path of an irresistible force.

Jeff picked her up carefully and carried her into the house. "Mrs. Blodgett, for heaven's sake, do something!" he said.

"What am I, Florence Nightingale?" Mrs. Blodgett asked reasonably. "It's probably internal injuries."

"My God!" Jeff said. "Where does it hurt, dear?"

"*Waaaaah!*" Jan said. It was a piercing sound. Jan had lost a good deal of her literary polish, and looked very much like a bedraggled ten-year-old with blond hair and freckles.

"Calm her, Mrs. Blodgett," Jeff said. "She's hysterical. I'm going for a doctor."

The last sounds he heard as he went through the door were Mrs. Blodgett saying, hopelessly, "Calm yourself, honey," and Jan saying, "Waaaah!" a little louder.

Jeff drove in frantic haste to the doctor's. He didn't remember much about the trip. later. At one point he thought he saw a huge black figure, like a cow, looming in front of his headlights, but when he opened his eyes again, it was gone.

Jeff broke up the doctor's bridge game, bundled him into his car and sped for home.

"If anything has happened, I will never forgive myself," Jeff said.

"You said that before," the doctor said. "That was your house we just passed."

An ominous silence was heavy in the house as Jeff and the doctor came through the front door. Mrs. Blodgett greeted them in the lower hall.

"Jan," Jeff breathed. "Is she . . . ?"

"Everything's under control," Mrs. Blodgett said. "She went upstairs to see her."

"The cow?" Jeff said wildly.

"The lady next door. I don't know how she done it."

Jan was resting quietly in Constance Pryor's arms when they came into the bedroom. Jan smiled at Jeff and said, "Miss Pryor is helping me with my book. Isn't she swell?"

"Yes, indeed," Jeff said. "It was kind of you to come over, Constance."

The doctor fussed over Jan for a minute, and said, "This doesn't seem serious. Scared, mostly. I'll never bold another bridge hand like that. Never."

Constance had a sheaf of notes in her hand. She was looking fixedly at Jeff. Jeff was thinking how wonderful they looked together. Jan and Constance.

"If you'll leave us alone a moment, I think we can get things fixed nicely," the doctor said. "Six spades, redoubled, and I wouldn't have dropped a trick."

"If you will just step into the next room, Jeff," Constance said sternly.

"If you think it's wise, Constance," Jeff said.

THEY stepped into the next room. "Now, then," Constance said. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to change my mind, Jeff."

"Change your mind?"

"I have been reading some of Jan's notes. She is very thorough. Would you like to hear some of them?"

"Not particularly, Constance, but . . ."

"I quote. 'You are my only love, Constance. Marry me, marry me, marry me.' Three times. That is your subconscious speaking, of course."

"You can't always rely on what it says," Jeff said nervously. "You were wonderful with Jan, Constance. Like a mother."

"If I don't marry you, Jeff, you'd only end up a mass of complexes. Or I would. So I'm going to."

Jeff felt a sudden inner warmth, like sirup flowing over hot pancakes.

"That's fine, Constance," he said. "That's just fine."

"Then hadn't you better kiss me?" she said.

It was like the time in the woods, but with a character of permanence that made it more intoxicating. Jeff sat in a rosy haze.

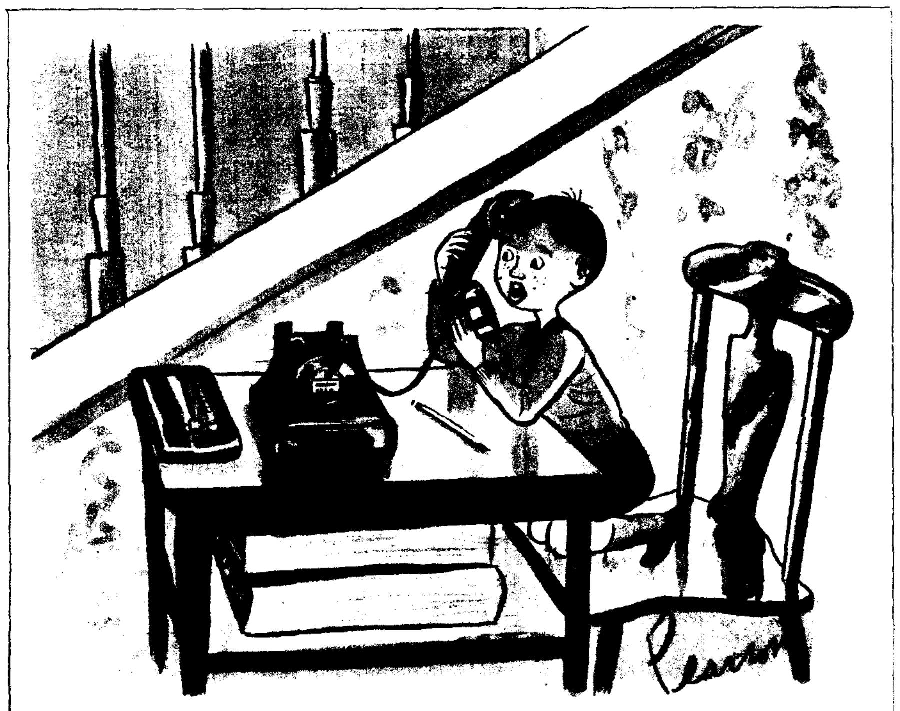
He said, "I guess this is the way it was always meant to be, darling."

When she didn't answer, he opened his eyes. She was busily writing in a notebook.

"I can't remember without notes, either," she said.

You will hear people say that Jeff's second, or happy, marriage was brought about by a combination of circumstances. There are those who claim, however, that it just happened.

THE END



"I'm taking a nap. What are you supposed to be doing?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

New FRIENDLY KING
now better than ever
. . . for Friendly flavor

Here's why KING is today's best buy

1. Blended by the distillers of famous Old Forester!
2. New, improved formula for extra smoothness, friendly taste!
*3. King Black Label contains 40% Straight Whiskies 6 years or more old—blended with the finest grain neutral spirits!
4. Fine Kentucky blending, backed by one family, one tradition for quality for 78 years.

Try it straight, today . . . enjoy the friendly flavor of King. New and improved formula gives you new satisfying flavor, extra smoothness. Makes your drinks taste *better than ever.*

KING-BLENDED BY THE DISTILLERS
OF FAMOUS OLD FORESTER
KING
KING

King is now available in both Black and Red Label.

BROWN-FORMAN
DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

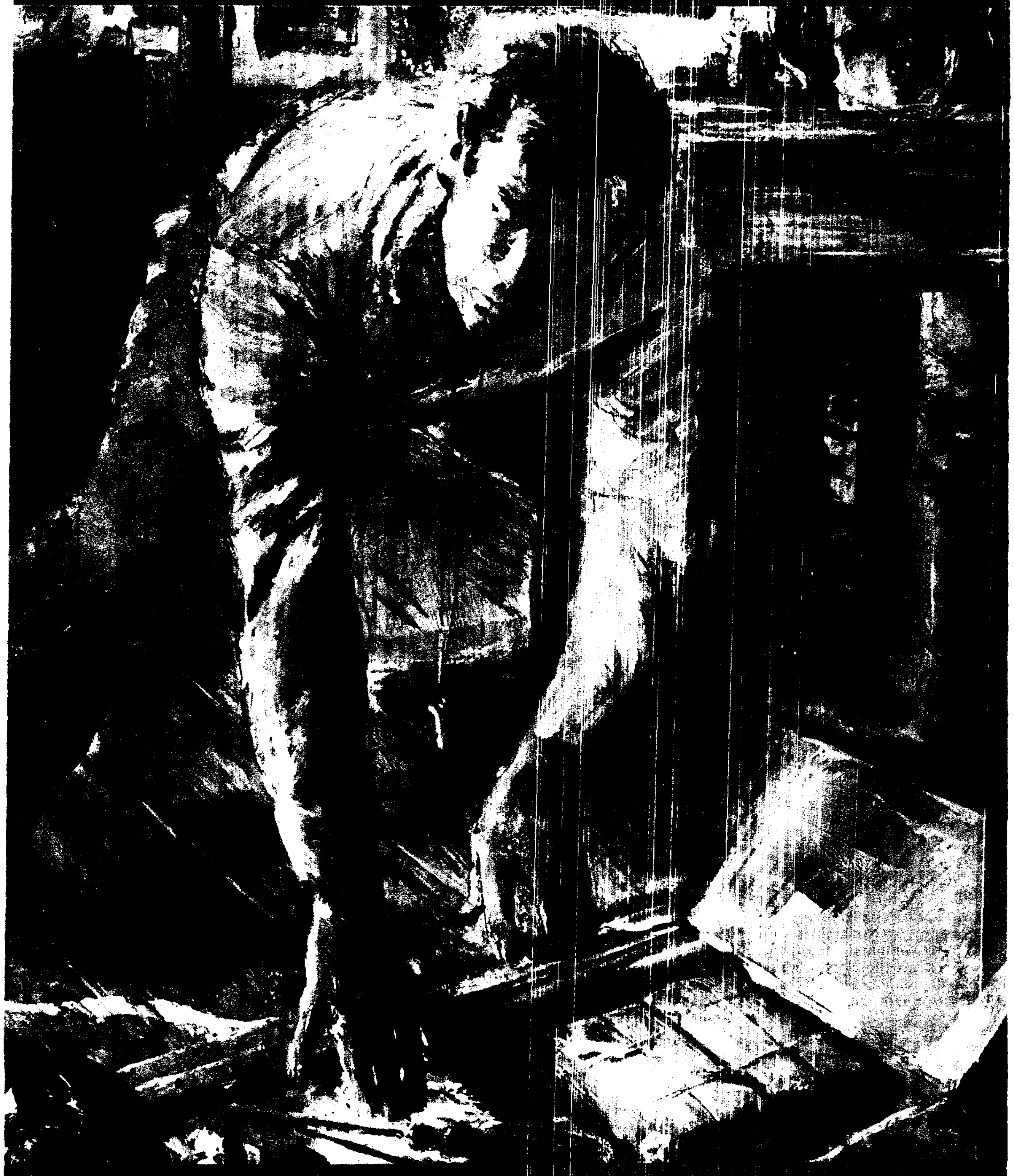
OLD FORESTER. 100 Proof. Bottled in Bond. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. ***KING BLACK LABEL.** Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. **KING RED LABEL.** Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 30% straight whiskies; 70% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

•

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



He looked cautiously about the room as if unseen eyes were watching him. Nobody could know of this cache, unless . . .

The Story:
Jackson Whitetop really has his hands full. His grandfather, old Moroni Skinner, had come down from heaven and told him to marry Katie Jensen, the Bishop's pretty daughter. But Katie was all set to marry Henry Brown, who had taken over Jackson's sheep during the war and had been defrauding him ever since; and when Jackson announced that he was going to marry her, everyone laughed at him—except old Milo Ferguson, an apostate, who was Henry's helper in the store, to whom Moroni had also appeared. Katie's mother, Beryl Jensen, *tricked the bishop into believing* he had received a heavenly message telling him Jackson couldn't marry Katie unless he settled the Trouble, an old feud between the inhabitants of the south end of the valley led by Young Merrill Littlewall, and those of the north end, led by Reed Carter, which centered around the building of a new meetinghouse and had started when Apostle Black came to dedicate the site, and old Nephi Smith, another apostate, wouldn't give the land.

Jackson was in debt to both Henry and the bishop, and he'd made things worse by leading the bishop into the sin of drinking coffee by letting him believe it was a substitute called Coffee-Near—which the bishop wanted to market.

At a dance, Beulah Hess—a girl whom both Jackson and Ned Holt, Henry's sheepherder and unwilling partner in crime, had been courting—took part in a plot to sabotage Jackson's courtship of Katie. Beulah said Jackson had tried to attack her, and the men got ready to ride him out of the valley on a rail. Anita Smith, Nephi's daughter, saved him by intimating that he was the father of her illegitimate child, who was really Henry's. So old Nephi scheduled a shotgun wedding for the next day.

IV

EVEN the merciful oblivion of sleep was denied Jackson that night. He tossed and turned. Once, in the night, he fancied the kitchen door screaked open and cautious footsteps sounded in the house. But, listening, breathlessly, he finally decided it was imagination. Or the mice. As dawn came he fell asleep finally, and was almost immediately awakened by a hammering at the door.

"Jack! Hey, Jack!" Ned Holt's face was at the bedroom window. "Hey, Jack! Wake up!"

"Go away. Go a long ways away."

"I got to see you, Jack."

"You're looking at me. What the hell do you want?"

"Jack, you can't lay there in bed. You got a big day ahead."

"You're telling me." Jackson got up, pulled on his pants, and met the sheepherder in the kitchen.

"You better fix breakfast while we talk," Ned Holt suggested.

Jackson began making a fire. "What'll you have, eggs or hot cakes?"

"Both. Jack, I want you to understand the whole thing. I'm sorry about last night. I didn't know. You can see how it looked to me."

"Forget it."

"Jack, Beulah's the only girl I ever wanted in my life. I'm older'n she is. I was earning a man's wages when she was born. She was the cutest baby I even seen in my born life and she growed up pretty as a picture. And I got the idea, 'way back I don't know when, that she was going to grow up and be my wife. That's crazy, but it's why I done what I done."

"It's over with now." Jackson put on the coffeepot.

"I don't mean last night, Jack. What I done was for a nest egg for Beulah and me. No coffee for me."

"It's Coffee-Near," Jackson said bitterly. "Just wholesome grains and fruits and berries. What did you do?"

"Well, I'll try a cup. Never mind what I done, but it was something I shouldn't have. A sheepherder don't cut much ice with a girl. I wanted to get ahead. Jack, I ain't never wasted much love on you. About the time Beulah was old enough, you was there."

"Why don't you save it, Ned?"

"But I got to tell you this. And then last night after the fracas I asked Beulah to marry me and she said first she'd have to tell me. So she told me how it happened last night. And so then I had to tell her about me and what I'd done. And she said she didn't want no part of no money got that way, so I better give it back. We want to start off fresh. I never did like what I done. I just got started and one thing led to another. I and Beulah, we figure on going through the Temple after I've worked up and lived good enough for a recommend. And I couldn't do that without trying to make things right and—here, Jack."

Ned Holt drew a wad of bills from his pocket and set them on the backless chair.

"What's that?" Jackson said.

"It's my share for what I done. I always kept it separate. Never spent a dime of it. Take it, Jack."

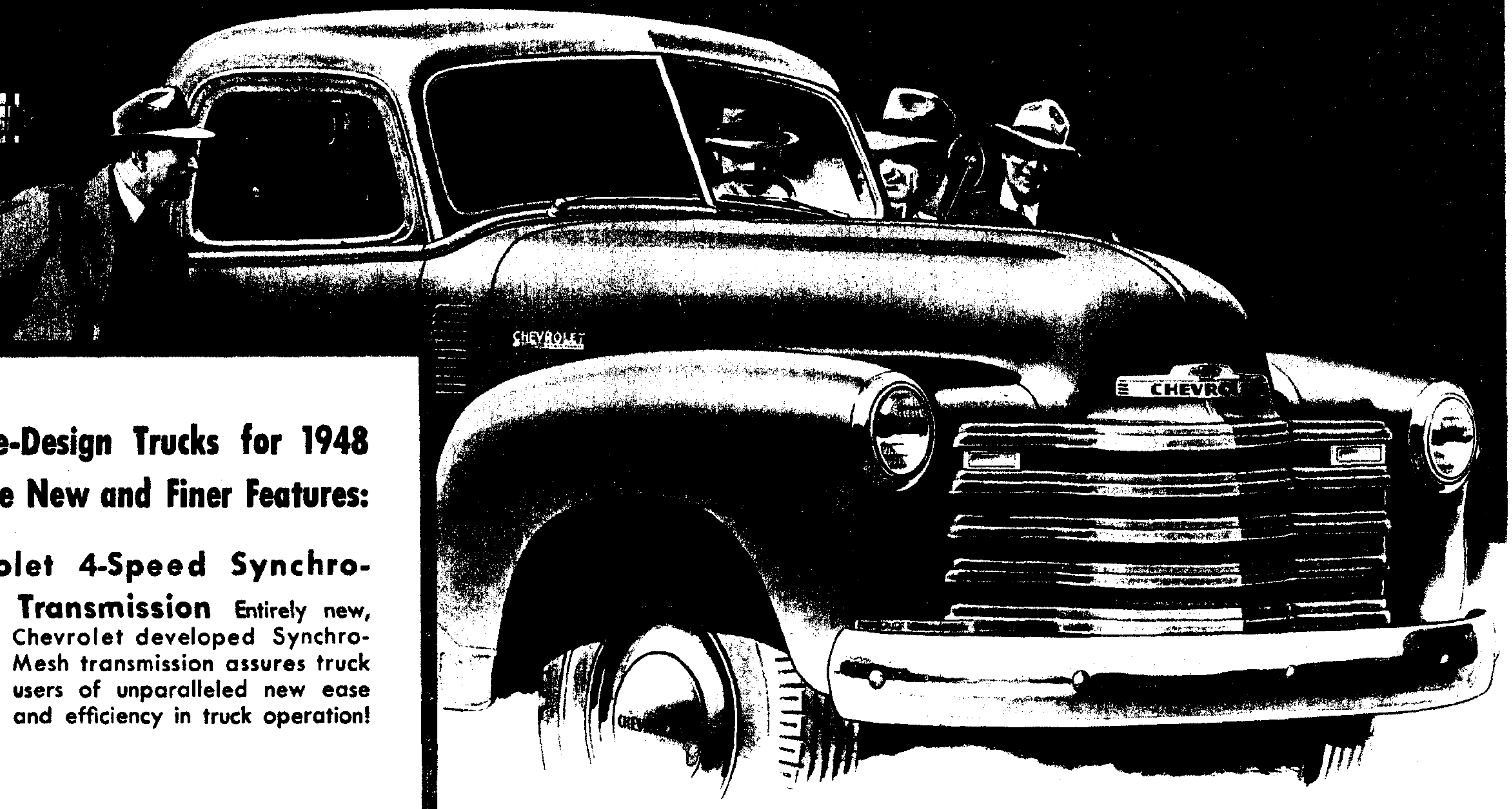
"Why give it to me?"

"Jack, you never would have said what you did about settling the Trouble, except your granddad he told you to. I and Beulah, we figure it's a sign. You don't know how good I feel, Jack, getting shut of it. Use it for a start in building the church in the valley here."

Jackson went into the other room

NEW CHEVROLET

Advance-Design Trucks for 1948

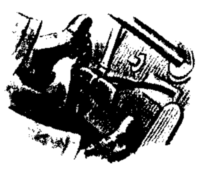


Only Advance-Design Trucks for 1948 Have All These New and Finer Features:

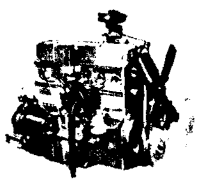
★ **New Chevrolet 4-Speed Synchro-Mesh Truck Transmission** Entirely new, Chevrolet developed Synchro-Mesh transmission assures truck users of unparalleled new ease and efficiency in truck operation!

★ **New Chevrolet Advance-Design Gearshift Control** Unrivaled new convenience and ease of operation in Advance-Design models with 3-speed transmission. Gearshift is mounted on the steering column to provide new efficiency on every hauling job!

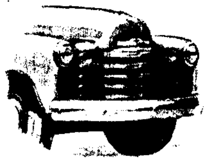
★ **New Foot-Operated Parking Brake** Here's a revolutionary new feature of Advance-Design Models with 3-speed transmission. The new Chevrolet foot-operated parking brake provides safer, more efficient braking, plus new, clear, floor area!



★ **New Improved Chevrolet Valve-in-Head Engine** The world's most economical engine for its size—Chevrolet's power-packed valve-in-head engine is now even *finer*, with vital new features that assure greater durability and operating efficiency!



★ **New Multiple-Feature Developments** Chevrolet Advance-Design provides new splined rear axle shaft attachment to wheel hubs for greater strength and durability in heavy-duty models . . . New heavier, more durable springs . . . New propeller shaft bearing-seal design . . .



The Newest Line . . . The Greatest Features . . . The Biggest Values!

Here are the nation's biggest truck values—with the *latest* and *greatest* features of advance-engineering! They're new Advance-Design Chevrolet trucks for 1948—107 models on eight wheelbases—built to deliver *Transportation Unlimited!* See them at your Chevrolet dealer's.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

CHEVROLET

. . . PLUS THESE FAMOUS *PROVED* ADVANCE-DESIGN FEATURES:

The Cab that "breathes"* • Flexi-Mounted cab • Uniweld all-steel cab construction • Large, durable, fully adjustable seat • All-round visibility with rear-corner windows* • Extra-durable frames • Full-floating hypoid rear axles • Specially designed hydraulic truck brakes • Thorough cab sealing, insulation • Standard cab-to-axle-length dimensions permitting interchange of bodies . . . and MANY other fine features.

**Fresh air heating and ventilating system and rear-corner windows optional at extra cost.*

CHOOSE CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR TRANSPORTATION UNLIMITED!

"BOTANY"* BRAND 500
Tailored by Daroff
THE FABRIC IS THE SOUL OF THE SUIT . . .

"Botany" Brand two-ply worsted gabardine and superb Daroff tailoring combine to bring you this magnificent topcoat value. As an added feature, it's water-repellent. "Botany" Brand Suits and Topcoats . . . $60 . . . at good dealers everywhere.

Copyright 1948 by Botany Mills, Inc., Passaic, New Jersey. *"Botany" is a trade-mark of Botany Mills, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Fabric by BOTANY MILLS INC. PASSAIC N.J.
Tailored by DAROFF · PHILADELPHIA

and found an old notebook. He went back to the kitchen and got a pencil. "Okay, I'll put it down. Donations. Ned Holt—how much?"

"Jack, you can't tell nobody where it come from. Me, I'm not supposed to have that kind of money. I'm only a sheepherder."

"I'm only lazy trash. Everybody knows I'm broke. Where'll I say *I* got it?"

"Just say you found it. Old house like this, you might find anything. Everybody says your Granddad Skinner was well fixed, but your ma and pa never had nothing. Folks wonder if he tucked some away somewheres."

"He didn't have as much as folks thought, and my folks went through what he did have. And anyhow, them bills of yours has got dates on 'em."

THE sheepherder sighed. "Well, Jack, I don't give a damn what you say about it. But I'm shut of that money. Sure good to get rid of that money."

"You can go shuck it onto somebody else," Jackson declared. "You're not palming it off on me. What would happen, me popping up with cash like that? How much is it?"

"Well, it's twenty-eight hundred and sixty dollars. Ain't so much, figuring his cut—"

"Whose cut?"

"All these years, too. That's what Beulah said. She said she couldn't start life out together with me under a cloud when it was only twenty-eight hundred and sixty dollars for all them years of sin. Guess I been a chump, all right. He must have made a fortune."

"Who?"

"Jack, I can't tell you everything. Just take the money."

"Not on your life. I'm in enough trouble now, without flashing money I can't explain. What about the income-tax people?"

"But I'm trying to make up for my past sins. I want to give it for building the church."

"Give it to the bishop."

"I don't want him to know, or how'll I *ever* get a recommend?"

Ned glumly put the money in his pocket. Jackson began stirring up batter for buckwheat cakes. "None for me, Jack," Ned said. "Guess I ain't hungry." He indicated the coffeepot. "Just a cup of that stuff for me. What'll Beulah say? *I got to get rid of this. I felt so good, coming here to donate it.*"

With the coffee done, Ned took a cup and sipped of it critically. "Coffee-Near, you say?"

"Just an old family recipe we got from the Indians."

Ned eyed the few bits of barley, added as camouflage, floating in his cup. "Not bad, Jack. But it ain't got the real taste. It's the barley where you make your mistake. Barley's the wrong thing." He took another sip, brooding; then his eyes came up and his jaw set. "Jack, I owe you something. I done you plenty dirt."

"Me? We always got along, Ned."

"That's the worst of it. You don't know. And I always told myself if I didn't do it for him, somebody else would. But still I done it, and I ought to square myself somehow. Especially since you won't take the money." Ned drew an old billfold from his pocket and extracted a worn piece of paper. "Jack, I like my coffee. I know it's wrong, but I do. We had an old Indian recipe in our family, too. But those old Indian recipes ain't no good. They all use barley. So out in the sheep camp I been trying one thing and another. Must have kept at it eight, nine year afore I got it right. I figured maybe sometime I'd make it up and peddle it around to people who want a good wholesome drink. Here, Jack; I want you to have it. It'll pay back what I done to you."

"Well, if it'll make you feel better," Jackson said, taking the paper. He unfolded it, and saw the entire page filled with ingredients and directions. He'd tasted these weird concoctions before. "Thanks, Ned. I sure appreciate this."

"You'll never drink this stuff again, once you taste that."

"Good morning," a voice said.

Ned started, spilling coffee onto his legs. The bishop's face was at the hole in the door.

"Come in, Bishop," Jackson said. The bishop did so, sniffing the aroma with anticipation.

"Er—I'm just going," Ned Holt said nervously. "Jack—about that matter—er—if it got out—"

"I won't say nothing."

"Don't let me run you off," the bishop said.

"Just going anyhow, Bishop." Ned gulped his coffee and left.

The bishop sat on the box Ned had vacated.

"Coffee-Near, Bishop?"

"Don't care if I do. My! That smells wonderful."

"Any—er—harmful effects?" Jackson asked delicately.

"Why should there be? Wholesome grains and berries. I took a cup last night just before bedtime."

"And slept like a baby?"

"I had a lot on my mind to keep me awake." The bishop accepted a cup and inhaled the fragrance. "Ah! Haven't changed your mind about doing a little business?"

"Can't see my way clear."

"How do you feel this morning? All ready to get married?"

"No, I'm not."

"That's no attitude, Jackson. Nephi and Anita left for Tooele an hour or so ago after the license. They'll be back this afternoon. And I'll perform the ceremony. I'm glad to have the mess cleared up. Though it couldn't be at a worse time, for me. Now I won't be able to start for Salt Lake until after the ceremony, and I hate night driving. Of course, Sister Jensen will go with Henry and Katie. They ought to be on their way by now." The bishop looked into his coffee cup. "I just thought you might have a few words to tell me privately."

"I sure have."

"Fine, Jackson. Clear the air, I always say."

"The whole thing's a frame-up. I was never so much as out with Anita in my life. I don't have nothing to do with that brat of hers."

"That's no attitude. Face it like a man."

"But how am I going to marry Katie if I'm railroaded into this?"

"Jackson, after a thing like this you can never marry Katie. She's on her way right now with Henry and Sister Jensen to Salt Lake. The Lord moves in a mysterious way."

"Et yet?"

"I've been so busy—Katie getting ready and all."

"Eggs or buckwheat cakes?"

"I'll take an egg on the cakes."

JACKSON finished stirring the batter. He greased the top of the stove with a bacon rind, poured six circles of batter and broke four eggs.

"Henry wonders if you could help out at the store," the bishop said. "Milo's getting old. And he skedaddled last night. Just up and went somewhere with Henry's weapons carrier. Henry says it's a steady job for you."

"I don't want nothing out of Henry Brown."

"He's just helping you out. Take the job anyhow until he gets back from the honeymoon. Matter of fact, I suggested it. Of course Milo ought to be back, but nobody knows where he went."

"What about *my* honeymoon?"

The bishop cleared his throat. "Under the circumstances, Jackson—"

"I mean my honeymoon with Katie."

"Jackson, I feel that somewhere there's a mistake in that matter."

"Grandpa Skinner was plain enough. And you said yourself you'd heard a voice saying it was all right, if I settled the Trouble."

"Jackson, we must hold faith. Very often these messages are symbolical. Maybe Katie will be your wife in spirit sometime." The bishop sighed. "I hear Apostle Black is very low." The bishop, truth to tell, was having a harder inward struggle than he cared to admit. For the first time in his life he'd heard a voice from beyond. And things weren't panning out at all as they should have. Instead of settling the Trouble, Jackson had merely picked off the scab.

Jackson dished up the hot cakes and eggs. He got the sirup can from the shelf, setting aside a bricklike package atop the can, opened the can, poured sirup over the hot cakes and eggs, put the can back on the shelf, and then picked up the bricklike package curiously. It was wrapped in brown paper, tied with twine, and the whole thing had been dipped in hot wax.

"What have you got there?" the bishop asked.

"First time I ever seen it."

"Maybe something of your father's."

"The house is in a mess, but I sure know what's on that shelf." Jackson got out his pocketknife, cut the string, slit the wax along the seams of the paper, unwrapped the paper and exposed a thick packet of currency. "Well, look at that."

"I declare," the bishop said.

Jackson leafed through the currency. "All hundreds. Gold certificates."

"I do declare."

Jackson wet a thumb and began counting.

"How much?" the bishop said.

Jackson swallowed. "Two hundred and fifty of 'em."

"That's—let's see—that's twenty-five thousand dollars."

"That's a lot of money," Jackson said. "We'd better eat the hot cakes before they get cold."

Jackson put the currency on the floor and began to eat. "What I can't figure," he said finally, "is how it got there. It wasn't there yesterday."

"You never saw it before? Just sitting there on top of the sirup can all of a sudden?"

"That's right." Jackson waved his fork angrily. "And it's going too far! They can't do this to me! First Ned Holt wants to give me money, and now this!"

"Ned Holt? Why?"

"He didn't say. And there's no note on this package, neither. It ain't that I hate money. But these days you better not pop up suddenly with dough like that, or the old guy with the whiskers will put you away."

"Certainly puts you on the spot," the bishop said dryly.

"I wonder." Jackson cocked an eye at the green canvas ceiling. "Last night I thought maybe I heard somebody come in. Then I thought it must be the mice. But now I guess somebody come in here and left this and snuck out. Well, it's lucky you was here, Bishop. You know I didn't know what was in that package before I unwrapped it."

"I know what you *said*," the bishop amended quietly.

"Bishop, you know very well I didn't have no twenty-five thousand dollars yesterday."

"Jackson, I am not a baby. Nobody in the world is going to creep in here and plant a fortune on you."

"Well, I don't care whether you believe it or not. Somebody planted this on me, and I'm going to find out who or know the reason why. Ready?"

"Aren't you going to finish eating?"

"Appetite's gone."

BISHOP JENSEN shook his head with slow wonder. Assuming that the boy's story was true—with all else Jackson had on his mind, it took a present of twenty-five thousand dollars to upset his appetite.

"I suppose Henry and Katie are halfway to Wendover by now," the bishop said as he drove toward the store. "A fine couple; good match. Popular. You should have seen the crowd on hand to say goodby. I hope Nephi gets back in good shape this afternoon. I hate to drive at night. That old Model T's slow."

"Good of you to stay on my account," Jackson said, feeling some comment was necessary.

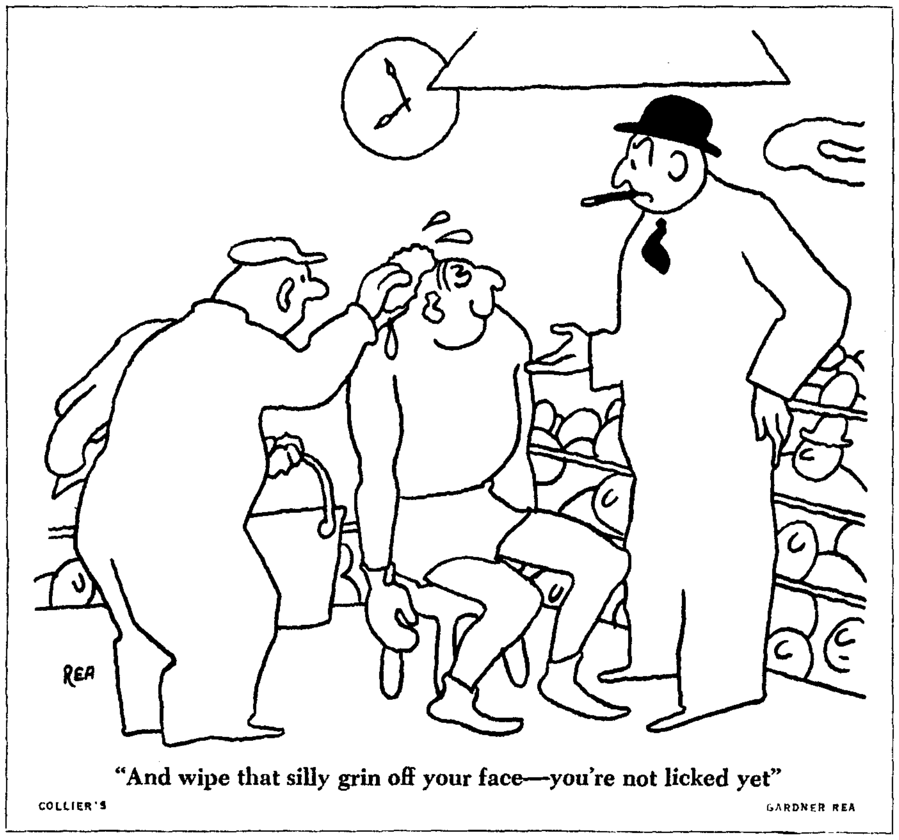
"What are you going to do with the money?"

"I'm going to find the sneak who palmed it off on me if it's the last thing I do."

"One thing about you, once you've got a story you stick to it. What's that?" The bishop peered ahead as he rounded Henry's stack yards. "Is that Henry's car, still there?"

"It sure is," Jackson said, feeling suddenly happy.

A group of men, shivering in the chill morning, were talking together by the



"And wipe that silly grin off your face—you're not licked yet"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

They're all back

Jockey **SHORTS** . . . the style that revolutionized men's underwear by combining masculine support with the finest comfort features; a standard favorite of active men.

Jockey **MIDWAY** . . . the trim mid-length model that gives snug-fitting thigh protection.

Jockey **OVERKNEE** . . . full upper leg protection; saves trouser creases by absorbing perspiration.

Jockey **SINGLETON** . . . buttonless, knit athletic union suit; Y-front offers mild support and no-gap opening.

Jockey **BELLIN** . . . streamlined, double-support model; wide Lastex "restrainer" band; trims sagging waistlines.

Jockey **LONGS** . . . two-piece, ankle-length; heavy or light weight. Jockey contoured shirts to match.

. . . your whole Jockey underwardrobe

For all-weather, all-comfort underwear, remember just one brand—Jockey*! If your entire underwardrobe bears this trade mark, you'll have the famous Y-front support on every garment for every purpose . . . from trim *Jockey shorts* for active sports to heavyweight *Jockey longs* for occasions when exposure calls for extra protection. You no longer have to switch from one unknown brand to another . . . no need to accept substitutes, for *Jockeys* are back.

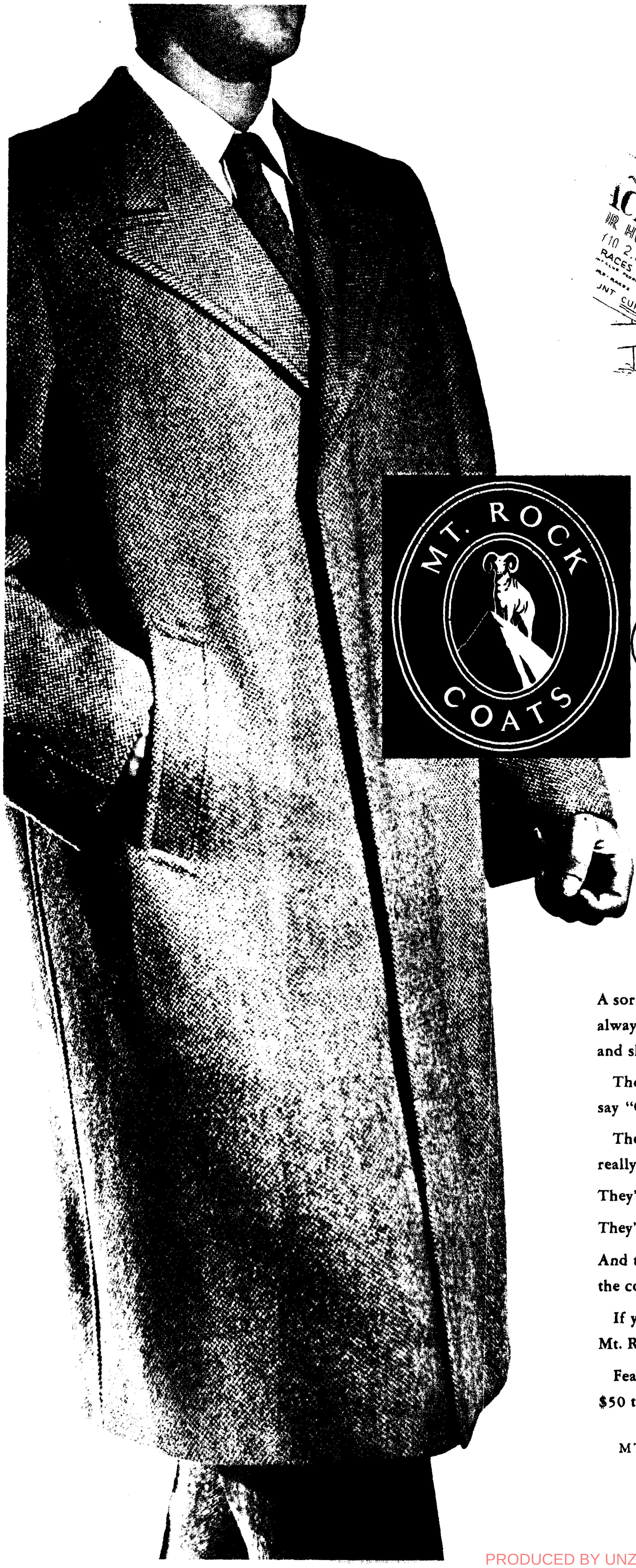
Jockeys give you the scientifically correct comfort features a man needs; the perfect fit and functional design that men who know *Jockeys* prefer. They're knitted, for body ventilation. Once you wear them, you'll always insist on *Jockeys*.

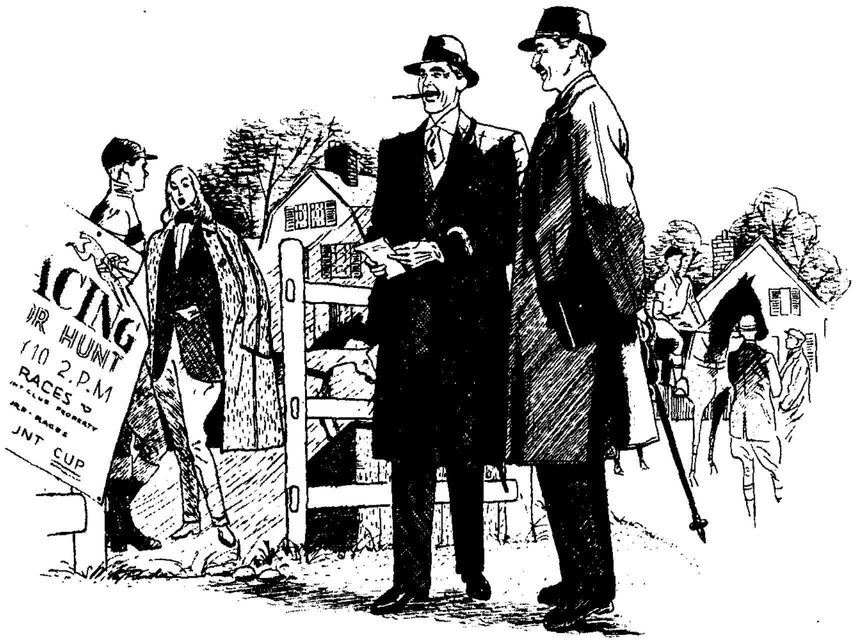
it's a brand . . .
it's a trade mark . . .
it's made by . . .

Cooper's INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Licensees for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller.





Sketched at the races—Mt. Rock's single breasted box coat—in button-through or fly-front treatment with patch or slash pockets . . . and the raglan as shown . . . and also styled with convertible military type collar. **A note to the ladies**—this full swing raglan worn so casually is a Mt. Rock too. There are ten other styles. Write Mt. Rock for your nearest dealer.

MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

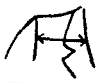
don herold says:

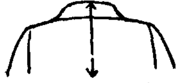
Two Words That Rocked The Men's Wear World

A sore spot in our lives has nearly always been overcoats and topcoats. We've always thought we "had to take" bulging collars and lapels, wrinkly chests, and skirts that ballooned out behind and befront.

The arrival of Mt. Rock coats with the slogan "THEY FIT," first made us say "Oh, yeh?"—until we investigated—and then we bought by the 1000's.

These Mt. Rock people are coat specialists—alive and alert—and they have really applied new ideas in coat design at a dozen points. Examples:

They've increased the width from here to here to defeat lapel bulge. 

They've increased depth from here to here to stop collar bulge. 

And they've put you right in the middle of your coat like a tent pole to give the coat an equal drape in front and behind.

If you've been a victim of topcoat misfits most of your life, at least give a Mt. Rock a test try on; it may change your whole coat life.

Featuring exclusive fabrics by Ardsley, Cerey; Continental, and Worumbo. $50 to $120.

MT. ROCK COATS 15 HAND STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Aberdeen, Wash.—Axland-O'Hare
Akron, Ohio—The Yeager Co.
Albany, N. Y.—C. L. Summer & Co.
Albion, N. Y.—Sammet's Store, Inc.
Albuquerque, N. M.—Kistler-Collister & Co.
Allentown, Pa.—Koch Bros.
Altoona, Pa.—The Westfall Co.
Amarillo, Texas—Harry Holland
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. Switzer, Thomas F. Walsh
Amsterdam, N. Y.—Sochin's
Anderson, S. C.—Scott's, Inc.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Flegel's
Asbury Park, N. J.—Shutts Clothiers
Ashland, Ky.—Youngdale's Men's Shop
Ashtabula, Ohio—Heath & Wood
Atchison, Kansas—George H. Falter Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Parks Chambers, Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.—Algar & Co.
Auburn, N. Y.—Marshall's Clothing Store
Austin, Texas—Hutchins Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Isaac Hamburger & Sons, Warner & Co.
Bangor, Maine—Lyford Woodward Co.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. Rogers Co.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. Beardsley Co.
Bath, N. Y.—M. Cohn & Sons
Battle Creek, Mich.—Paul R. Button
Bay City, Mich.—Walt & Stan
Bayshore, N. Y.—New Men's Shop
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Taylor's
Bellevue, Wash.—Steil-Norquist, Inc.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. Fenton Co.
Bennington, Vt.—The Adams Store
Berkeley, Calif.—Malik
Berwick, Pa.—Men's Quality Shop
Biddeford, Maine—Lewis Polakewich
Billings, Mont.—F. A. Buttrey Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.—Sall-Stearns, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips
Bloomsburg, Pa.—Lee-Pats
Boise, Idaho—Ralph Davis Men's Store, Meffert & Johnson
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Kennedy's, Inc.
Bradford, Pa.—Jas. R. Evans Co.
Brattleboro, Vt.—Goodnow Pearson & Hunt, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.—Davis & Savard
Bristol, Conn.—Savard & McCarthy
Brockton, Mass.—Linehan
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Sam & Mack
Burlingame, Calif.—Forsythe & Simpson
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Kleinhans Co.
Burlington, Vt.—Hayes & Carney
Cambridge, Mass.—Harvard Co-operative Society
Canaan, Conn.—John A. Bianchi
Canandaigua, N. Y.—Shenkman's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio—C. N. Vicary Co.
Carbondale, Pa.—McCann Bros.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Syndicate Clothing Co.
Champaign, Ill.—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Charleroi, Pa.—Wolf's
Charlotte, N. C.—Jack Wood, Ltd.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.—Irving Bogin, Inc., Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Morris B. Sachs, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Wm. B. Taylor Son & Co.
Clinton, Mass.—Clinton System Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Perkins & Shearer, Ltd.
Columbus, Ohio—The Union Co.
Connellsville, Pa.—Gigliotti's
Corning, N. Y.—Farrell's Men's Wear
Cortland, N. Y.—A. Louis
Crawfordsville, Ind.—Steck's
Cumberland, Md.—The Manhattan
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio—The Sport Shop
Dallas, Texas—Neiman-Marcus
Davenport, Iowa—Syndicate Clothing Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Dunhill's
Decatur, Ind.—Cal. E. Peterson
Delaware, Ohio—Leo C. Wilson
Denver, Colo.—Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Frankel Clothing Co., The New Utica Clothing Co.
Detroit, Mich.—F. G. Clayton Co., Crowley Milner Co., Demery & Co., E. J. Hickey Co., Roberts & Co., Schmitz & Shroder
ever, N. H.—Lothrops Farnham Co.
luth, Minn.—McGregor & Soderstrom
Dunkirk, N. Y.—Levy's
East Liverpool, Ohio—Frank Diamond
East Los Angeles, Calif.—Harris & Frank
East Orange, N. J.—Donald Bunce Co.
Easton, Pa.—Jacob Mayer
Elgin, Ill.—Charles M. Danner Co.
Elmira, N. Y.—Burt's, Inc.
Erie, Pa.—P. A. Meyer & Son
Eugene, Ore.—Joe Richards Men's Store
Evansville, Ind.—Strouse & Bro.
Fairmount, W. Va.—Maunz Individual Shops
Fall River, Mass.—Nobby Men's Shop
Fargo, N. D.—Matt Siegel Clothing Co.
Fayetteville, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.—F. H. Lane Co.
Flint, Mich.—Buckingham's
Flushing, L. I., N. Y.—Nusbaum's
Framingham, Mass.—Carpenter's Men's Shop
Franklin, Pa.—Sykes & Kline, Inc.
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Golden's Men's Wear
Ft. Worth, Texas—John L. Ashe, Inc., W. C. Stripling Co.
Gardiner, Maine—Morris Glaser & Son
Glendale, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Wurzburg Co.
Great Barrington, Mass.—Lloyd H. Height, Inc.
Great Falls, Mont.—Kaufman Clothing Co.
Green Bay, Wis.—C. A. Gross Co.
Greenfield, Mass.—H. G. Carson Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—Younts DeBoe Co., Inc.
Greensburg, Ind.—J. M. Woodfill's Sons
Greenville, Miss.—Greenley's
Greenville, N. C.—Frank Wilson
Grove City, Pa.—Shontz & Myers
Hanover, N. H.—James Campion, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Doutrich's
Hartford, Conn.—Stackpole Moore & Tryon Co.
Hastings, Nebr.—J. H. Spotts
Haverhill, Mass.—Macartney's
Hazleton, Pa.—Frumkin Bros.
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.—Harry Wolf
Holyoke, Mass.—E. O'Connor Co.
Hollywood, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Honolulu, Hawaii—The Fair Dept. Store
Hoquiam, Wash.—Tom Finch Men's Store
Hornell, N. Y.—Thomas F. Kinney
Hot Springs, Ark.—Clyde's Man's Shop
Houston, Texas—Norton-Ditto Co.
Hudson, N. Y.—Kritzman-Maskin
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.—Flegerman & Weiss
Huntington, W. Va.—Amsbary & Johnson
Huntington Park, Calif.—Harris & Frank
lion, N. Y.—Fifield's
ndianapolis, Ind.—L. Straus & Co.
owa City, Iowa—Bremer's
thaca, N. Y.—Morris' Men's Store
ackson, Mich.—Harrington's
amaica, N. Y.—B. Gertz, Inc.
eannette, Pa.—Katz's
efferson City, Mo.—Meyerhardt's
ersey City, N. J.—Yeston's
ohnson City, N. Y.—Men's Quality Shop
oliet, Ill.—Al Baskin's
Kansas City, Mo.—Woolf Bros.
Keene, N. H.—Bob DeLancey's
Kingston, N. Y.—Jacobson's
ancaster, Ohio—Hammond's
awrence, Mass.—R. J. Macartney
ee, Mass.—J. T. Owens
eominster, Mass.—Shapley Bros.
e Roy, N. Y.—Heaman Clothing Co.
ewisburg, Pa.—Brough's
ewiston, Maine—Cronin & Root
exington, Ky.—Angelucci & Ringo
incoln, Nebr.—Magee's
ittle Rock, Ark.—Pfeifer Bros.
ockport, N. Y.—M. D. Clapsattle
ong Beach, Calif.—Harris & Frank
os Angeles, Calif.—Harris & Frank
ouisville, Ky.—Loevenhart & Co.
owell, Mass.—Phil McGowan
ubbock, Texas—Walton's Men's Store
yons, N. Y.—D. P. Moran & Co.
Madison, Wis.—F. W. Karstens Co.
Mahanoy City, Pa.—Miles & Timm, Inc.
Malden, Mass.—Benoit Duff Co.
Manchester, N. H.—Larry's Manhattan Shop
Marlboro, Mass.—J. M. Carpenter
Marysville, Ohio—Louis F. Otte
Massena, N. Y.—Friedman & Rosenbaum
McKeesport, Pa.—Kalchstein's
Medina, N. Y.—J. & G. W. Murdock
Melrose, Mass.—Aleck's Clothes Shop
Memphis, Tenn.—Phil A. Halle
Meriden, Conn.—Savard & Smith
Middleboro, Mass.—McQuade's Clothes Shop
Middletown, Conn.—R. W. Camp Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Brenk Bros., Browning King, Toepfer & Bellack
Minneapolis, Minn.—Juster Bros., Inc., Nicolas, Inc., Hubert W. White, Inc.
Mishawaka, Ind.—Fred A. Ullmann
Missoula, Mont.—J. S. Yandt & Sons
Monroe, La.—Fink's Men's Wear
Montpelier, Vt.—A. D. Farwell Co.
Morehead City, N. C.—Leary's Store for Men
Morgantown, W. Va.—Reiner & Core
Morristown, N. J.—Frank Iorio
Moscow, Idaho—Murphy's Men's Apparel
Mt. Vernon, Wash.—The Varsity Shop
Muncie, Ind.—Steck's
Nashua, N. H.—Avard's
Nashville, Tenn.—Mallernee's
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's Dept. Store
Newark, Ohio—Roe Emerson Store
New Bedford, Mass.—M. J. Leahy Co., M. C. Swift & Son
New Britain, Conn.—N. E. Mag & Sons, Inc.
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. Wolfson's Sons
Newburgh, N. Y.—Farrington's
New Castle, Ind.—Goodwin-Pope
New Haven, Conn.—Long's
New Orleans, La.—Keller-Zander Co., Porter Clo. Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.—B. B. B. Clothes, Bloomingdale's, A. Kaplan & Sons, H. A. Ritchie, Sam Rosenthal, Stern Bros., Paul Stuart, Wolf the Clothier, Charles Young
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Amberg & Co.
Niles, Ohio—Phil E. Pritchard
Norfolk, Va.—The Hub, Frank Thomas Co.
Norman, Okla.—Garner's Men's Shop
Northampton, Mass.—Merritt Clarke & Co.
Oakland, Calif.—Smiths
Ogden, Utah—R. M. Hoggan, Inc.
Oil City, Pa.—Michael Potts
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Barth Bros. Co., Inc., Cutchall's
Oldtown, Maine—A. J. Goldsmith
Olean, N. Y.—Carnahan's
Olympia, Wash.—Elmquist Men's Store
Omaha, Nebr.—Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orono, Maine—E. J. Virgie
Oswego, N. Y.—Frank G. Wells
Paris, Ky.—J. W. Davis & Co.
Pasadena, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Passaic, N. J.—Harry Joseph's Men's Shop
Pawtucket, R. I.—Oscar's, Inc.
Perry, N. Y.—King & Scott
Petoskey, Mich.—Welling's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Jacob Reed's Sons, Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield, Mass.—Rosenfeld's
Pittston, Pa.—Corcoran & O'Brien
Pomona, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Pontiac, Mich.—Bird & St. Louis
Port Chester, N. Y.—Siegel's
Port Huron, Mich.—George Innes Men's Wear
Portland, Maine—Hogan Bros.
Portland, Ore.—Collins & Naslund, Mathis, Inc.
Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y.—Garber Bros., Inc.
Portsmouth, N. H.—Clarke's
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—M. Schwartz & Co.
Providence, R. I.—Kennedy's, Outlet Co.
Punxsutawney, Pa.—Swartz's
Racine, Wis.—Joseph Lawrence
Raleigh, N. C.—Lewis'
Reading, Pa.—Croll and Keck
Red Bank, N. J.—J. Kridel
Richmond, Calif.—Jay's Store For Men
Richmond, Va.—Berry Burke & Co., Inc.
Roanoke, Va.—Airheart-Kirk, Rutrough's
Rochester, N. Y.—McFarlin Clothing Co.
Rockland, Maine—J. F. Gregory Sons Co.
Rome, N. Y.—Sam Simpkins, Inc.
Roseburg, Ore.—Joe Richard's Men's Shop
Rossville, Ga.—Hixon's Men's Shop
Rutland, Vt.—Carbine Clothing Co.
Saginaw, Mich.—Mueller Bros.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Townsend & Wall
St. Louis, Mo.—Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn.—Hubert W. White, Inc.
Salamanca, N. Y.—Sam Kohn & Son
Salem, Mass.—Clark & Friend
Salina, Kansas—Smith Clothing Co.
San Angelo, Texas—Hoyt Bros.
San Antonio, Texas—Fomby's, Frank Bros., Hutchins Bros.
San Bernardino, Calif.—Harris & Frank
San Diego, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Sandusky, Ohio—Byer Bros.
Sanford, Maine—Beaudoin & Roberge
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House
San Jose, Calif.—Leon Jacobs
San Marino, Calif.—Charles Ernst
San Mateo, Calif.—The London Shop
Santa Ana, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Barbara, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Monica, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Savannah, Ga.—Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.—Nusbaum's
Scranton, Pa.—Samter Bros.
Seattle, Wash.—Bender & Kohlstadt, Pragers
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Seneca Clothing Co.
Shamokin, Pa.—Leader Hamilton Co.
Sharon, Pa.—Shontz & Myers
Shreveport, La.—Rosenblath's
South Bend, Ind.—Parker-Winterrowd
Springfield, Ill.—Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.—Haynes & Co., Albert Steiger Co.
Springfield, Mo.—Marx Clothing Co.
Springfield, Ohio—The Harvard
Stamford, Conn.—Frank Martin & Sons
Sunbury, Pa.—Markley-Altvater
Superior, Wis.—Siegel Bros.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tacoma, Wash.—Baker's Men's Shop
Tarrytown, N. Y.—Levitans
Taunton, Mass.—The Seeley Co.
Titusville, Pa.—Ralph Cohen
Toledo, Ohio—H. O. Nichols Co.
Topeka, Kansas—Ray Beers Clo. Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Jahos Bros.
Troy, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tulsa, Okla.—The Palace Clothiers, Woolf Bros.
Tupper Lake, N. Y.—Ginsberg Dept. Store
Twin Falls, Idaho—Idaho Dept. Store, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.—Henry Martin Co.
Virginia, Minn.—Palace Clothing Co.
Waltham, Mass.—Collins & Rooney
Washington, D. C.—Raleigh Haberdasher, Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, Pa.—C. H. Jones & Sons
Waterbury, Conn.—Jones Morgan & Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—J. Lebovsky
Waterville, Maine—Stevens Men's Shop
Waukegan, Ill.—The Globe Dept. Store
Wellesley, Mass.—ARA
Westfield, Mass.—H. S. Eaton Clothing Co.
West New York, N. J.—Schlesinger's
Wheeling, W. Va.—Max Crone & Co.
Wichita, Kansas—Woolf Bros.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The Hub
Williamsport, Pa.—Hoover & Gehron
Williamstown, Mass.—House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.—Church Reed Co.
Wilmington, Del.—Toadvine's, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Norman Stockton, Inc.
Woonsocket, R. I.—Mousseau's
Wooster, Ohio—Nick Amster
Worcester, Mass.—Ware Pratt Co.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Padow Clothes
York, Pa.—Lehmayer's
Youngstown, Ohio—G. M. McKelvey Co., Men's Fashion Shop

store. "Where's Henry?" the bishop asked.

"Henry?" Young Merrill Littlewall said. "Why, he's in the house, Bishop. And I reckon he'll stay there a while."

The bishop hurried into the house.

"What's up?" Jackson asked.

The men ignored him.

"All right, be snooty. I don't want no more to do with you than you do with me. But I got something to say."

"Keep it to yourself," Reed Carter advised.

"Can't you take a hint?" Young Merrill Littlewall said.

Sid Worth said, "Go off somewheres and talk to yourself!"

Jackson unwrapped the currency. "I just want to say this. I got twenty-five thousand dollars here. Found it in my house this morning."

THE men's aloofness melted like snow on the desert. They were all attention. "Found it?" Young Merrill Littlewall said. "Found it, you say, Jack?"

"On top my sirup can on the kitchen shelf." Jackson ran a thumb along the edge of the currency. "All hundreds. The old-style bills. Gold certificates."

"Let me see," Reed Carter said.

"No, you don't. Nobody gets a close look at these bills to memorize a couple of serial numbers or notice some mark on one of 'em. I guess the man who put 'em there will be able to tell me enough when he claims 'em."

"Put 'em there?" Sid Worth asked.

"Some sneak snuck in last night and planted this money on me."

The men exchanged glances. Sid said, "Just crept in and left all that money there and run like hell, huh?"

"That's right."

"Just slipped it there on the shelf while you was asleep. Valley ain't what it used to be. In the old days nobody locked a door. Now you don't trust nobody. Liable to creep in and leave a fortune while a man's helpless."

"An outrage," Young Merrill Littlewall said.

"To think somebody in the valley would do a thing like that," Reed Carter said. "Maybe somebody we've knowed and trusted all our lives."

"What's the matter with you guys?" Jackson demanded. "You know I don't own this kind of money."

"Them's gold certificates," Young Merrill said. "You should of turned 'em in years ago, Jack."

"How could I, you knotheads!"

"Hear you're fixing your place up some," Reed Carter observed casually.

"Wouldn't be tearing off that old canvas lining, getting the house in shape for the new wife?" Young Merrill said. "Always figured old Moroni Skinner must of stashed some away somewheres."

"Didn't take you long to find it after he appeared," Reed Carter pointed out.

"Oh, go to hell, the pack of you!" Jackson snapped. "I'll get Henry to keep it in the store safe. Whoever planted it on me can come ask for it. And if he shows up pretty soon, I won't make trouble."

"Serious business," Sid Worth agreed, "planting a fortune on a man. Sure glad nobody pulls dirty tricks like that on me."

Jackson turned away, partly from frustration and partly because he saw Katie behind Henry's house, drifting toward the line of willows along the creek. Jackson found her sitting on a rustic bench behind the willows. She was all dressed up for travel—and cute.

"Why don't you go off somewhere and die?" she said.

"What's wrong now, darling?"

"One more pet word and I'll bop you with this bench, so help me!"

He squatted on his heels beside her and his hand felt unconsciously for tobacco in his shirt pocket. He drew the hand away. "You've got me wrong. Wait and see. It'll all work out somehow."

"You're like the plague. You just walk by and people never recover. You were disgusting last night."

"You don't understand—"

"And if it wasn't for you I'd be on my way right now to Salt Lake."

"You can't blame me for that, whatever it is."

"Oh, I can't blame you for that! In the first place, if it wasn't for last night, Dad wouldn't have had to stay behind so that he can marry you and Anita. You had nothing to do with that, did you?"

"No, I didn't. And you'll find out sometime."

"Then Milo disappeared."

"Hell, I'm not Milo's keeper!"

"It's something to do with you; I'm sure of it. And I guess you had nothing to do with that disgusting business with Beulah Hess last night, either? Oh, I know you never attacked her!" Katie cried furiously.

"What? You know I didn't?" Jackson beamed.

"Don't squat there grinning like a Cheshire cat. It would have been much better if you *had*."

"I don't think you feel well," Jackson said, puzzled.

"How do you think I feel, you fool? All ready to go. Mother in the back seat. Shaking hands. Saying goodby. Somebody tying tin cans to the back of the car. Henry started the motor and put the car in gear. And then Beulah's father came storming in. I never was so humiliated in my born life!"

"Where do I come in?"

"What do you suppose made Ross Hess wild, anyhow? You know what a temper he's got. When Beulah got home from the dance her father was going to kill you for attacking her. So she broke down and said Henry put her up to it."

"Well, that makes it *my* fault."

"It's only natural that Henry should do something, the way you acted. You and Milo tricking him with a trumped-up story of a visitation, poor dear."

"Did Ross hurt him bad?"

"It's his back. He's got that trick sacroiliac. Ross Hess drove up roaring mad. It was horrible. Poor Henry trying to keep him off. And then they fell down in the dust, and then Henry was suddenly still and white, and Ross got off him. It scared Ross. Henry just lying there quietly. And nobody could help him. It must be terrible to have a trick back. And now it's three weeks. Two, anyhow. It would kill him to ride in a car. And I don't thank you for any part of this!"

TWO weeks! Jackson felt that anything could happen in two weeks. If yesterday was any criterion, a lot would. Come to think about it, if Beulah Hess hadn't made the fuss last night, Henry and Katie would be a good leg on the way to Salt Lake right now. Remarkable how things were working out.

"And don't sit there grinning!" Katie said. "Don't forget you're getting married this afternoon!"

"Why remind me of that when I'm happy?"

"Jack, I never was so mortified. A fellow like you mixed up in such a mess. Yesterday—well, it was crazy, you talking about cutting Henry out and all. But it was sort of thrilling in a way. I knew it couldn't ever be, but still— You're a handsome devil, you know, even though you're utterly worthless. And then to find you mixed up in a mess like that."

"Anita wasn't herself last night."

"What girl would be, seeing the father of her child on a rail?"

"I was overseas when the brat was born."

"Get somebody to tell you about the birds and the bees sometime. She had the baby six months after you'd sailed. And to think you came back here, Jack, on your furlough before you went overseas, and stepped out with me! No wonder she doesn't want you."

"Katie!" The bishop was on the rear

Men's socks by **HOLEPROOF***

WOOL SOCKS

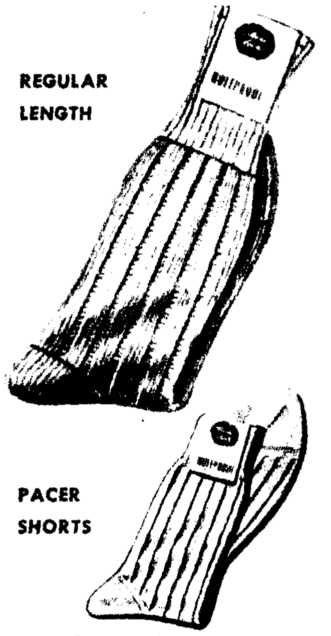
GUARANTEED SHRINK-CONTROLLED

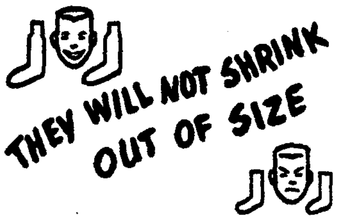
- SIZE-PRUF TREATED
- RETARDS SHRINKAGE

Famed for comfort . . . hailed for wear—these wonderful Wool and Nylon socks are guaranteed not to shrink out of fit. In 6x3 or 9x6 ribs . . . smart new colors—regular length or Pacer Shorts. One of the finest among World Famous Holeproof socks at all-star stores everywhere.

All wool and wool content (50% or more) socks by Holeproof are Size-Pruf Treated.

WOOL and NYLON
The best for wear and comfort




THEY WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF SIZE

Men's socks by **HOLEPROOF** *for every occasion*

*® *Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin • In Canada: London, Ontario*

WORLD FAMOUS MEN'S SOCKS ☆ WOMEN'S PROPORTIONED STOCKINGS ☆ LUXITE UNDERTHINGS, SLEEPWEAR AND GIRDLES

NEW!

10 Vitamins

including the amazing new stimulant for the growth of

RED BLOOD *cells*—

Folic Acid

Now at a Price Within Reach of All

Again VITAMIN-QUOTA leads the way in supplying the vitamin needs of millions at amazing savings. Here, combined in one small capsule, you get 10 vitamins, including the sensational new vitamin, Folic Acid, which has stirred the medical world and marks the greatest advance in blood building since liver. Heretofore this remarkable vitamin has been *very expensive, but it is now available in the* VITAMIN-QUOTA capsule as a nutritional supplement, at no extra cost. Compare the potencies in this capsule—and don't forget that potency is the one factor which determines value — with other brands, particularly those offering Folic Acid in the formula. Nowhere in America will you find such unitage in a single capsule, so reasonably priced. No matter which vitamins you have used, and how much you have paid for them, you should test the value of this truly fine capsule now.

Each VITAMIN-QUOTA 10-Vitamin Capsule Contains:

5000 USP units	Vitamin A
1000 USP units	Vitamin D
3.5 Mg.	Vitamin B_1
3.5 Mg.	Vitamin G (B_2)
60 Mg.	Vitamin C
0.5 Mg.	Vitamin B_6
5 Mg.	*Calcium Pantothenate*
30 Mg.	Niacin Amide
0.25 Mg.	Folic Acid
3 Mg.	Tocopherols (Vit. E)

100 Capsules—$2.75
250—$5.75 500—$11.00 1,000—$21.50

All VITAMIN-QUOTA products are sold only from the Main Depots at addresses below. Order C.O.D. or save all charges by sending check or money order. Money back if not satisfied.

VITAMIN-QUOTA

Dept. 457, 880-88 B'way, New York 3, N.Y.
Dept. 457, 2594 15 Av., San Francisco 16, Cal.

Tailored like a Jacket

For men who want
the best. Comfort
and fit never before
experienced in shirts
. . . truly your form
in fabric.

Excello SHIRTS

EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc. • A Division Of
F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, N.Y.

porch. "I guess we'd better go home," he said. "There's nothing we can do now but wait. He's all right except when he tries to move."

"Dad, we ought to get a doctor."

"He says a doctor would put him in a cast for six weeks, and if he just lets nature takes its course he'll get better by himself in three."

They went out to the bishop's car. Sister Jensen glared at Jackson from the rear seat. A streamer of dust was coming; the bishop waited.

ROSS HESS drove in. His temper gone, the little man had a hangdog contriteness. He was always sorry after an outburst. An old Indian was beside him in the front seat.

"I went up to the reservation and got Charlie Littleface here," Ross Hess said. "I'm sorry about what happened. They say Charlie Littleface is good with things like that."

"What can you do, Charlie?" the bishop asked.

"Two dollar," the Indian said.

"Cheap enough," Ross Hess said. "They say he's wonderful."

"I'm going to have the elders in."

"Charlie's a bonesetter. What can we lose at two dollars?"

"Can you fix it, Charlie?"

The Indian nodded. "Two dollar."

"We're not getting anyplace," the bishop said. "Let's go in and see."

Henry was in his east bedroom, lying on a piece of plywood set over the bed. Ross Hess said, "Henry, Charlie Littleface here is a bonesetter."

"Don't touch me!" Henry yelled.

The Indian surveyed Henry impassively. He put his hand on his own back at the juncture of shirt and sagging pants. "Huh?"

"You know what it is, pal," Henry admitted.

Charlie Littleface squatted on his heels and rolled a cigarette. He smoked it slowly and deliberately, then rose. "Two dollar," he said.

"You'll get your money," the bishop said.

With a flip of the hand the Indian motioned Henry to turn over. "All right, but keep your hands off me!" Henry cried. "You, too!" he screamed, as Katie tried to help him. It was painful, watching Henry turn over. He moved with a terribly exquisite delicacy, conscious of the play of every muscle. It took him two full minutes to turn over. He carefully relaxed on his stomach, gasping. "If you hurt me I'll kill you," he said.

The Indian began probing gently at Henry's spine, not down where it hurt, but above, up the spine and to the neck and shoulders.

"He's a phony," Henry said. "Look, Charlie, it hurts lower down. But go easy."

The Indian kept working on the upper spine, fingers clawing at nerve centers. It was almost an hour later when with a flip of the hand he motioned Henry to turn onto his back. This time Henry turned carefully but easily. The Indian brought Henry's legs up one at a time, bent them at the knees, twisted slightly, bore down, and there was a tiny click.

"Two dollar."

"You mean that's all?" Henry said. "You didn't do nothing."

"Two dollar."

"Okay. He's a phony but he didn't do any harm. I'll pay him." Henry raised onto an elbow and felt in a pocket. Then he realized what he'd done. Carefully, he got to a sitting position. Then he got off the bed. "Well, I'll be doggoned!" he cried. "Charlie, you're wonderful! I'm all right! What did you do?"

"Two dollar," Charlie Littleface said.

Henry paid him.

"I'm glad you're all right, Henry," Ross Hess said. "I feel terrible about what happened."

"Travel?" the bishop asked Charlie Littleface, making motions of steering a car. "Him okay? Ride automobile? Bump, bump, bump okay, Charlie?"

"He's all right," the Indian said, his palm and tongue having, apparently, some connection. "Good as new. Let's go, Ross." He and Ross went out.

"These Indians," Sister Jensen said. "Why, he can talk as good as I can." She beamed. "I'm certainly glad you're all right, Henry. I'm thankful I don't have to waste this hair-do."

"You can still make good time, Henry," the bishop said. "It's early yet."

"Henry, are you sure you're all right?" Katie said dubiously.

Henry was bending, twisting, feeling. "I'm as good as new. And only two dollars. I'd give a hundred any time. You don't know what hell it is. Why didn't somebody tell me about Charlie Littleface before?"

"There's some heathen trick to it," Sister Jensen said darkly.

"Now, Ma," the bishop reproved. "Don't talk that way about our Lamanite brethren. Time's wasting. Jackson, you'll tend the store while they're away."

Jackson felt that something had to be done and in a hurry. "Well, I—I guess I'll be pretty busy," he said.

"Doing what?"

"Well, Dad, that's his business," Katie said. "And, anyhow, I don't think Henry's as well as he thinks he is."

"I'm fit as a fiddle," Henry said.

"But what if your back went out in the middle of the desert?" Katie said.

"You don't seem to be too anxious," Jackson observed.

It was the wrong thing to say. "Of course I'm anxious! Henry, if you really feel all right, let's go!"

"Good!" Henry cried. "Jack, it's a steady job at the store, and you'll need that."

"But I—I got to find out who belongs to this," Jackson said, dragging the currency from a hind pocket. It was an inane thing to do, but it was an excuse of sorts and he certainly wasn't going to expedite Henry's marriage in any way.

HENRY was staring at the money. "Where did you get that?" His voice was flat.

"Somebody planted it in my house. I was making hot cakes, and I got the sirup—"

"Jackson," the bishop said, "please don't start that again. If you're going to tend the store, say so, and if you're not—"

"Let me talk to him, Bishop," Henry said in that curiously flat voice. He led Jackson to the kitchen, closed the door and indicated a chair. Jackson sat down. Henry walked back and forth a number of times. "Okay, Jack. What's the deal?"

"Deal?" Jackson was all innocence. "I just want to find out who belongs to this money."

"You don't know?"

"I'd sure like to. I'm in enough trouble without this. It wasn't there yesterday."

"You're a smooth one," Henry said. "How did you get wise?"

"The bishop was down and I was cooking buckwheat cakes. I got the sirup can and—"

"Okay, play dumb!" Henry paced again. "Well, what's your proposition?"

"Well, I figure to find out who belongs to it. Is it yours?"

Henry paused, smiling thinly. "It's not that easy, Jack. I'm admitting nothing."

"People trying to force money onto me," Jackson complained. "First Ned Holt, and then this—"

"Ned Holt! Ned saw you?"

"Early this morning. Woke me up, trying to give me money."

"Damn his dirty hide!" Henry said. Then he studied Jackson's face closely. "But you got this before that. You didn't have a chance afterwards."

"Huh? It was in the night. I thought I heard somebody come in at night."

"What do you want?"

"I want to find the man who owns this money."

"Playful, huh? Don't shove me too far." Henry opened the door and strode into the bedroom where Katie and her parents were waiting. "My back's hurting a little again," he said. "I think we'd better wait. A day or two anyhow."

"Oh, goodness!" Sister Jensen said. "And all the reservations made!"

Katie confronted Jackson, and cried, "It's you! It's always you! He was all right before he talked with you!"

ALONE, Henry Brown bolted the doors and drew the shades. He pushed the heavy table from the center of the living room and threw back the rug. The floor was of planking, originally held with wooden dowels which, in places, had been replaced with heavy screws. With a screw driver he gave two of the screws a half twist, put the tool between a crack, and with a lifting pry swung a hinged section of planking open, revealing the lid of a steel strongbox embedded in concrete below. With his own hands, behind locked doors and drawn shades, Henry Brown had fixed this place for his valuables. He would have bet his life that nobody else knew about it. And tied around his neck by a rawhide thong was the one and only key. The lock couldn't be picked.

The box showed no signs of having been tampered with, and as he unlocked it he wondered if he'd been wrong. Of course nobody could get into this strongbox, even if its whereabouts were known. His hidden cache was a source of great satisfaction to Henry Brown. It was tangible evidence that he was a very smart hombre. It stood as a symbol of his resentment against the outrage of government controls and the income tax, which penalized a man of industry and initiative unless he was smart enough to get around things.

He raised the steel lid. Inside was a tin box, beside it a small sack of calcium chloride to absorb any vagrant trace of moisture, and beside the sack were two bricklike packages wrapped in brown paper, tied with string, and dipped in melted wax.

Yesterday afternoon there had been three packages.

He studied the lid and the lock of the strongbox again. The lid hadn't been forced. The pin-tumbler lock couldn't be picked, and there was no sign of tampering.

It was impossible. Except the one packet was gone and he'd seen it with his own eyes in Jackson's hand.

And now Jackson had the gall to flaunt the money in Henry's face and dare him to claim it!

"That crook! That miserable sneak thief!" Henry cried.

Then, suddenly breathless, he looked cautiously about the room as if unseen eyes were watching him. Nobody could know of this cache, unless . . . His stomach had tightened with the average man's terror of the unknown. His duplicity, his hypocrisy—this visitation business of the Saints—spirits appearing from beyond with messages—Sister Ormand stuff. Was there something in it? Even Milo, an apostate, had claimed to have had a visitation yesterday. Jackson Whitetop, a shiftless ne'er-do-well like his father before him, suddenly had announced that he'd marry Katie. One thing after another had happened since then. Henry had had a quarrel with Katie and she'd ridden to the store in Jackson's buckboard.. Jackson had taken her to the dance. Henry had put a bug in Beulah's ear and that had backfired; because of that Henry had thrown his back out instead of taking Katie to Salt Lake. And then Jackson had flashed the money, when Henry was on the verge of going again.

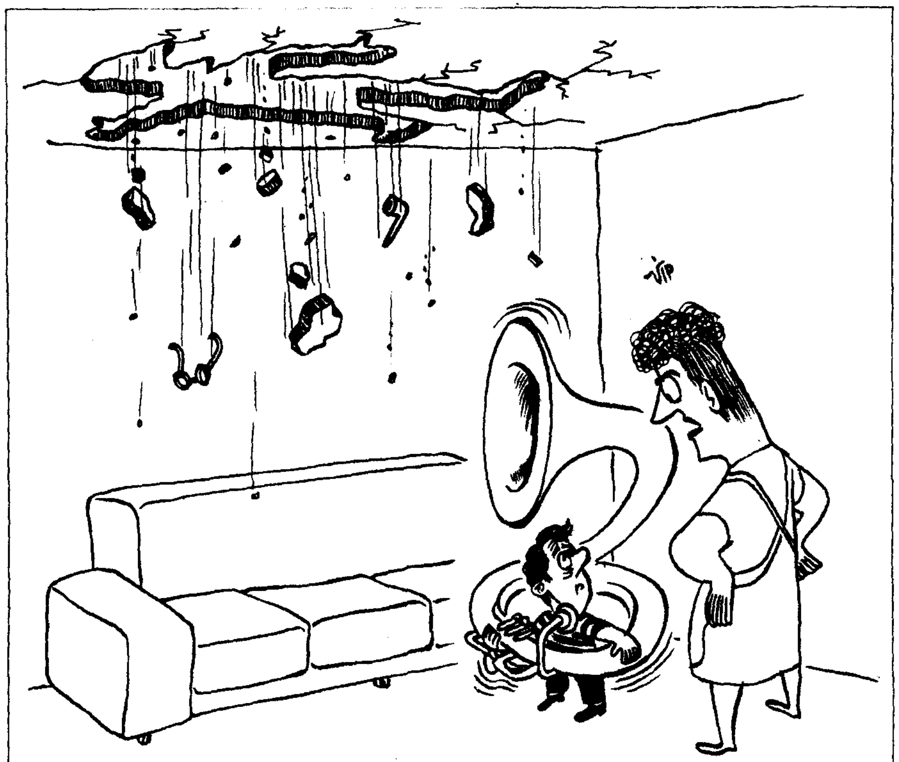
True, Jackson would have to marry Anita. But would he? Would something again turn up? What, Henry wondered, was he up against? How else could Jackson have got that money, except through the fiendish help of spirits? Were beings—unseen eyes—watching him this very second?

Henry felt helpless in the grip of an implacable fate. His luck had turned. But he wouldn't go down without a fight. There was always a way with a man who wouldn't give up.

THE bishop had driven off in too big a huff to remember that Jackson had no means of transportation. Jackson didn't relish the prospect of a two-mile hike. He hung around the store a while, but nobody showed up. He improved his time with a stub pencil and a scrap of paper, printing a little notice which he impaled on a splinter of a porch post:

FOUND
$25,000
Owner Please Apply to Jackson Whitetop
and Collect

The prospect of a ride seemed remote. Jackson considered the matter at some



"You know Daddy hates Tiger Rag, especially during his nap"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

The Alert
Style 2320
Brown Highland
Stout Welt
Leather Heel

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

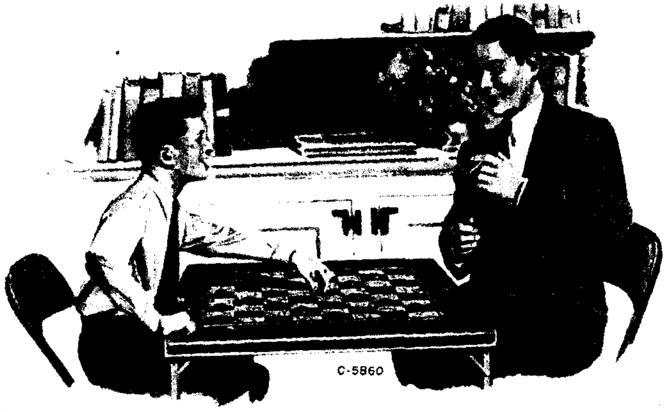
Choose between Good and *Good*

The chances are you would never regret the purchase of any one of several fine makes of quality shoes. But we doubt whether any maker can surpass the earnestness with which Nunn-Bush strives to build the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men. This serious search for perfection has given you Ankle-Fashioning—the ingenious Nunn-Bush development which surprisingly improves comfort and rewards you with added miles of smartness.

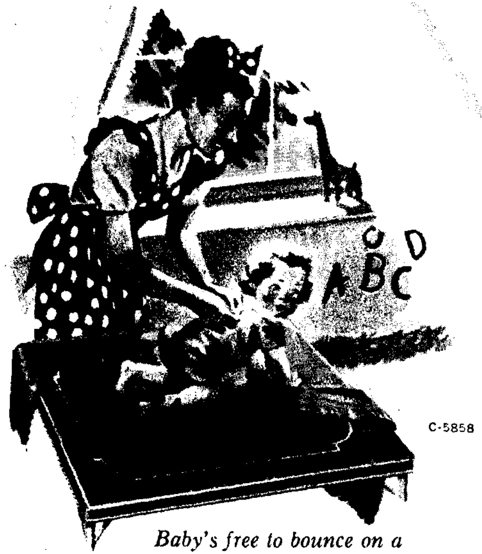
See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY . *Manufacturers* . MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

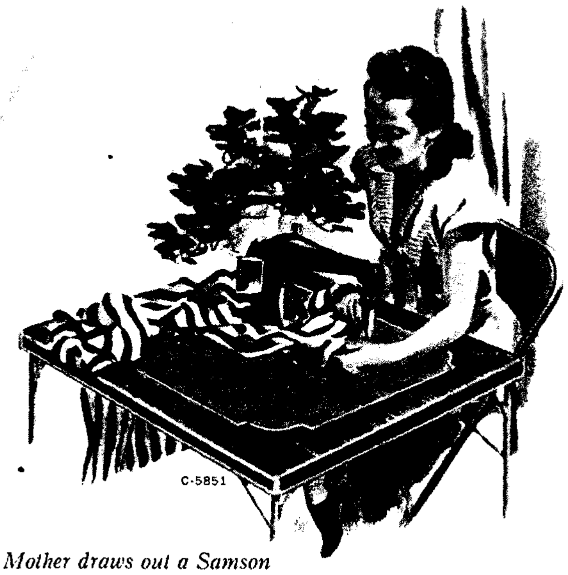
All America is drawing up to Samson tables



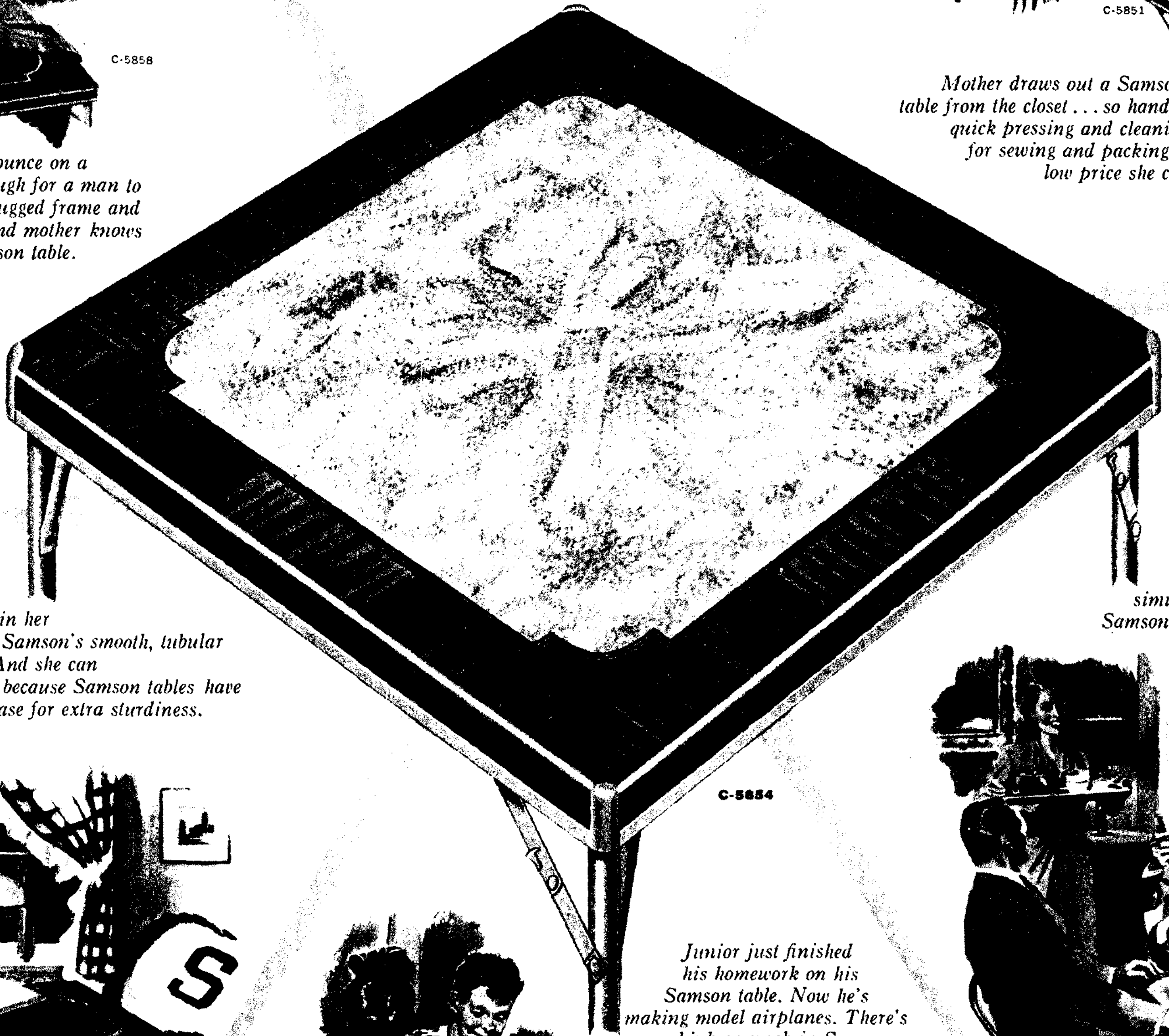
Dad and Junior draw up to a Samson table for a game of checkers. Samson's regulation checker-board top model, like all other styles, is strongly supported by electrically welded, tubular steel legs.



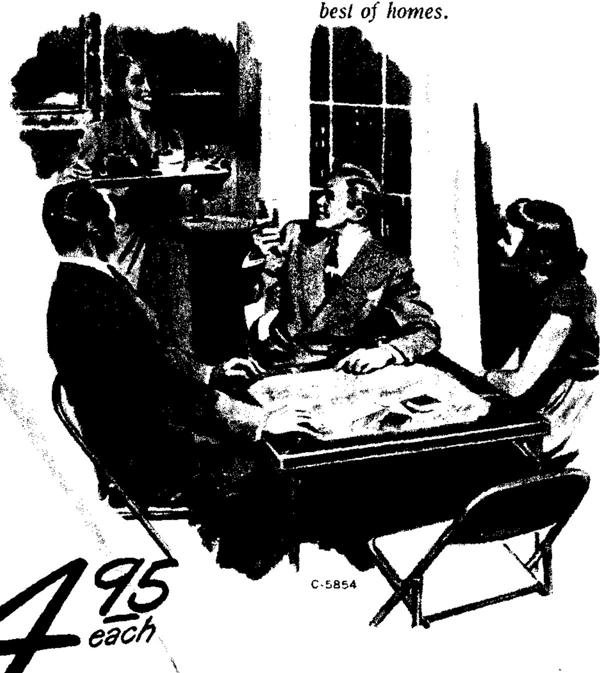
Baby's free to bounce on a Samson table . . . It's strong enough for a man to stand on, because it has a rugged frame and sturdy, steel cross-bracing. And mother knows that stains won't harm a Samson table.



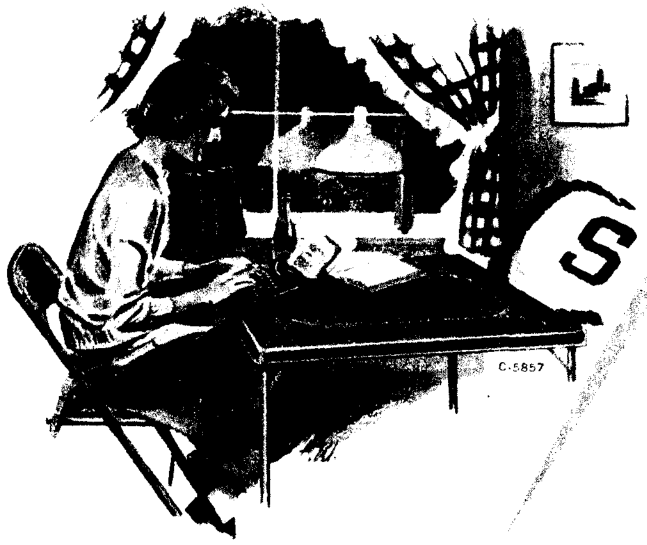
Mother draws out a Samson table from the closet . . . so handy for quick pressing and cleaning jobs; for sewing and packing. And at this amazingly low price she can afford several.



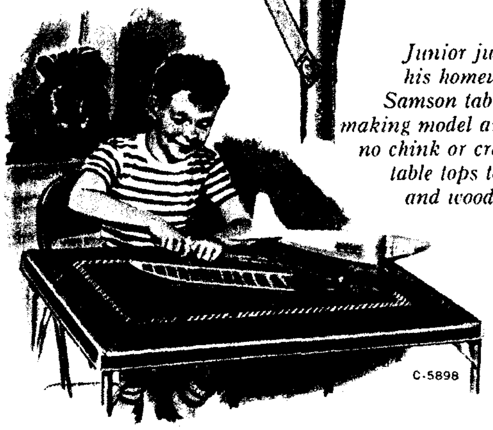
Guests draw up to a Samson table for cards and snacks. They admire Samson's smooth one-piece surface of smart, simulated wood design. Samson's "company best" in the best of homes.



Sis draws up to a Samson in her best nylons. She knows Samson's smooth, tubular steel legs can't snag her hose. And she can type better, faster because Samson tables have reinforced steel under base for extra sturdiness.



Junior just finished his homework on his Samson table. Now he's making model airplanes. There's no chink or crack in Samson table tops to catch dust and wood shavings.



Only $4.95 each

P. S. *And don't forget to draw up a set of matching Samson folding chairs! They're only $7.95 each.*

Samson

ALL-PURPOSE FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS

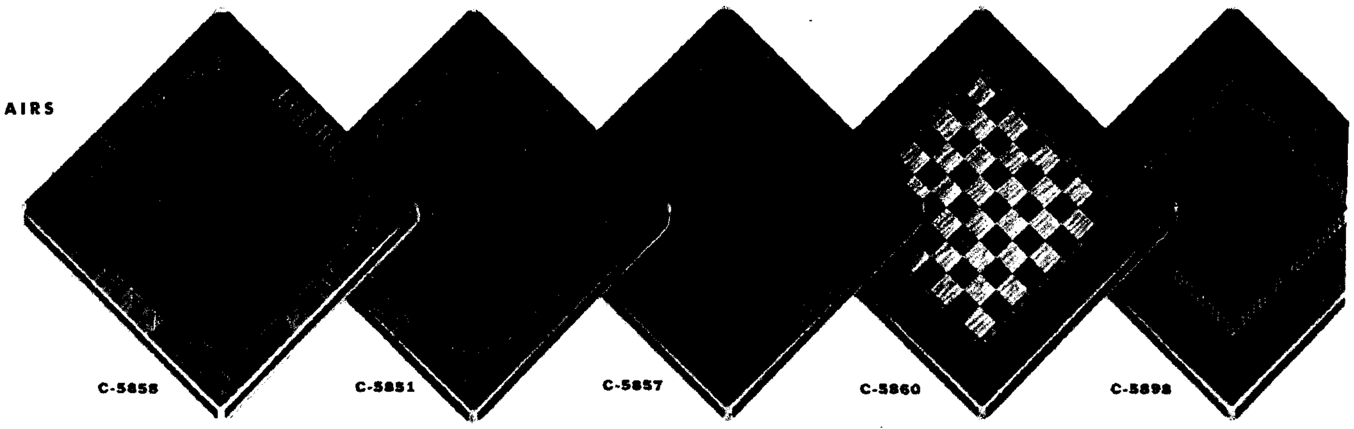
Strong enough to stand on!

To get your copy of "Room Service", an exciting, new color booklet of decorating ideas, send 10¢ to Dept. C.

★

DENVER • **SHWAYDER BROS., INC.** • DETROIT

Makers of Samson all-purpose Tables
Samson Folding Chairs • Samsonite Luggage



length and then reluctantly began walking down the dusty road. By the time he'd walked half a mile his feet were hurting, and he sat down to consider things. A streamer of dust appeared from the south and he waited hopefully. Katie drove up.

"Dad forgot you'd have to walk."

He got in and relaxed. "Whew!"

"You act like you're half killed. What would happen if you did a day's work?"

"I hate to think," he admitted.

"Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am," he agreed. "I should have borrowed a horse from Henry. Even if he didn't seem in a good mood."

"Why can't you ever talk sense?"

"You mean Anita? I told you I never had anything to do with her brat."

"It's this visitation business. You had no right to impose on Dad's faith with a story like that."

"Oh. He told you?"

"I know all about it. Mother told me when we got home. She's worried about Dad. He's all mixed up. Mother doesn't know what to do. She knows you never did have any visitation from your grandfather."

"What do you think?"

"I certainly can't see why he'd appear to an apostate. And you're certainly not worthy yourself. If Milo *had* had a visitation he certainly wouldn't go around smoking those horrible cigars afterwards. Mother says you cooked up the whole thing with Milo. And if your grandfather *did* appear to you, he certainly wouldn't tell you to marry *me*. That's the silliest thing I ever heard of in my born life."

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

Today I'll loaf before I work.
My chores I'll diligently shirk,
Because I've found that when I do
My duty first, I'm never through
In time for fun, and that's no way
For anyone to spend the day.

—Margaret Fishback

"I can think of a lot of things sillier."

"You've gone ahead and got Dad all worked up. You played on his faith. It isn't fair. If you *did* have a visitation you could have kept it to yourself."

"I didn't talk about it. It just got around. Milo shot off his face."

"Very clever, too. You remaining silent while Milo spreads the word. Jack, I want you to do the right thing."

"I'm trying to."

"I want you to go to Dad and tell him you cooked the whole thing up."

JACKSON considered. She evidently didn't know that her father had heard a voice, himself. "I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be true."

"Jack, what do you think of me?"

"Honey, ever since I was—"

"See?" she broke in. "You claim you do like me, and yet you do this to Dad. I'm terribly humiliated, Jack. I'm supposed to be on my way right now to Salt Lake to get married. And it's all your fault I'm not. Go to Dad, for my sake."

"You're not making it easy for me."

"What difference would it make, anyhow? If you *did* have a visitation, nothing you can say will change it. And Dad will be relieved."

He didn't answer, and she cried, "Can't you see how impossible the whole thing is? You'll be married to Anita this afternoon anyhow. You could at least relieve Dad's worries."

He said nothing.

"All right, go to hell!" she snapped. She turned into his lane. "Poor Anita. No wonder she didn't want to marry you. How can you support a wife? Do you expect her to live in that dump?"

"That's a good house, fundamentally."

"And you're a good man, fundamentally. But neither you nor the house will ever amount to a hill of beans."

"Built solid. Don't make 'em that way no more. All it needs is a little fixing up."

"And just who's going to come along to do it for you? Maybe your Grandpa will send some angels down to fix it up."

Jackson sighed. Katie was sure ornery this morning. But cute as a button.

She slammed on the brakes, and Reed Carter rose into view from behind the woodpile. "Hello, Jack. Been waiting for you."

"Walk?" Jackson looked around for Reed's car.

"Nothing like a little hike in the morning, Jack."

THE kitchen door opened and the iron-gray hair of Young Merrill Littlewall came into view. "Well," he said to Carter, "why you sneaking around here?"

"How'd *you* git here?"

"I was here first. A man's got a right to take a horseback ride, ain't he?"

"On what?"

"Come up the back way and left the horse in the willows. Cooler down there. I always take care of my horseflesh."

Reed Carter squinted at the rim of the sun rising on the chill valley. "Considerate. It might get sunburned."

"I was here first. . . . Jack, I want to see you."

"I'm already talking with him."

"Jack," Young Merrill said, "what I want to do is fix up your house for you."

"Don't you listen to him, Jack!" Carter cried. "*I'm* going to fix your house up!"

"It beats me," Katie murmured, shaking her head. "Jack, it beats me."

"Angels," Jackson said.

Young Merrill strolled over to the car. "Yep, Jack, you getting married and all—you know how us south valley folks are. We want to pitch in and give you a good send-off."

"Just a minute, Merrill," Reed Carter bristled. "Us north valley folks can take care of our own affairs without no butting in by the south. . . . Jack, don't you have no truck with them south valley people. Let me tell you what I been figuring on for your house."

"If some people don't have the common ordinary decency to wait their turn, well, something can maybe be done about it," Young Merrill said.

"Wait a minute before you make a ruckus," Jackson said placatingly. "It's awful fine of both you men. In fact I'm overwhelmed." Which was putting it mildly. "But I figure on doing it myself."

"Jack, you wouldn't want to do that," Young Merrill Littlewall said, injured. "You got to let me do *something* for you. Some little thing like fixing your house over real nice."

"Us north valley folks always pitches in for a young couple," Reed Carter said. "You just go on your honeymoon, you and Anita. Let me take care of everything."

"I can't afford to have it done. I'll be scratching to dig up materials."

Young Merrill laughed. "Money? Why, Jack, it'll be a wedding present!"

"That's sure swell of you, Merrill."

"Not so fast, Jack!" Reed Carter cried. "You live in the north end, sort of. Deal with me, Jack."

"Let's see if I have this straight," Katie said. There was a twinkle in her eye. "Am I to understand both of you are willing to fix his house up free of charge?"

"Certainly," Young Merrill said.

"Wedding present," Reed Carter said.

"Angels," Katie said.

"Just folks," Reed Carter said.

Young Merrill gazed east across the valley. "Somebody's a-coming!"

"Must be Sid Worth," Jackson said,

Count 3

1 LOOSE IN THE RIGHT PLACES
2 FIRM BUT GENTLE FLEXIBELT
3 CAN'T SHRINK—STAYS SIZE-RIGHT

. . . and you're asleep in Van Heusen Flexibelt* Pajamas

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

$4.95 • $5.95

Count one, two, three, and you've got the perfect answer to real deep-sleep comfort, in Van Heusen Flexibelt Pajamas! One: Cut generously with roomy extra freedom across chest, under arms, around shoulders. Two: Flexibelt waistband gives elastic, gentle control around your waist. No knots, no bunching, no binding. Three: All Sanforized fabrics — can't shrink; stay the size you buy. In patterns you'll be proud of, tailored with all those extra fine details that mark all Van Heusen products.

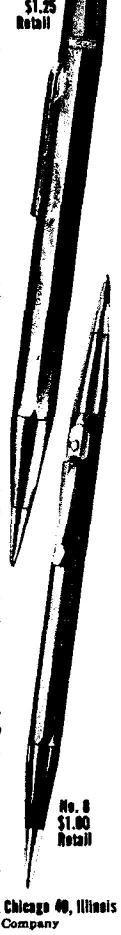
Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y. Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

KEEP PROSPECTS REMINDED
with Autopoint TRADE MARK
BUSINESS GIFTS

GIVE Autopoint TRADE MARK
IMPRINTED PENCILS

These are just a few of the famous "Autopoint" Pencils with "GRIP-TITE" tips that won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out . . . the trouble-free writing tools acknowledged "best" of all mechanical pencils.

With your name or slogan imprinted, they are business gifts your prospects and customers won't soon forget . . . good will *builders* and *constant reminders* of the product or service you offer. Beautifully styled, handsomely finished . . . and there's an "Autopoint" Pencil at a price you can afford to pay. Send coupon for catalog and quantity prices.



Give Instant Action
Autopoint Index

Press just one key and index flips back to alphabetical page on which to enter names, phone numbers, data, etc. 4" x 5" index cards can be withdrawn and replaced easily. 100 extra 3" x 5" memo sheets in base. Beautifully finished in walnut or black. With your name imprinted, it's bound to be a real sales booster.

Business organizations give "Autopoint" Imprinted products to keep prospects reminded—build good will.

Autopoint TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS
Fit any Pocket . . . Every Pocketbook
AUTOPOINT COMPANY, Dept. C-2, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois
"Autopoint" is a trademark of Autopoint Company

AUTOPOINT COMPANY, Dept. C-2
1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send me catalog and quantity prices on:
☐ "Autopoint" IMPRINTED PENCILS
☐ "Autopoint" Instant Action INDEX
☐ Have Salesman call
Name..................................
Company Name..........................
Street Address........................
City...............*Zone*......*State*.........

surveying the dust. "And sure hitting that road."

"Well, damn his hide!" Young Merrill said.

"What business *he* got butting in?" Reed Carter said.

"We ain't going to let them dry farmers mix in ranchers' affairs," Young Merrill said.

"Not on your life."

Reed Carter and Young Merrill met each other's eyes in the sudden realization that they were agreeing on a common course of action. A bit sheepishly, they moved off together for a hurried consultation.

"What gives?" Jackson said.

"I think you've got another prospect," Katie said. "This is marvelous!"

"I don't get it."

"Keep right on playing dumb. I'll handle the clutches."

"Real kind of 'em, ain't it?" Jackson said.

"Very," Katie said.

THE two ranchers shook hands and turned to the car. Young Merrill, speaking in a voice of brotherhood slightly marred by haste as he cocked a worried eye at the rapidly approaching dust from the east, said, "Jack, there's no use of us fighting about this. We both want to do it for you, so why not both of us do it? We'll pitch in and fix your place up between us, free of charge."

"Just what does that mean?" Katie asked. "Just what will you do to the house?"

"Do you mind if we talk to Jack alone?"

"I'm his agent."

"What?"

"She's my agent," Jackson said.

"I never heard of such an arrangement," Young Merrill said.

"Merrill, let me handle this," Reed Carter said. "Jack—I mean, Katie—we'll fix it up any way you want. I guarantee you'll be pleased. Is it a deal?"

"I think," Katie said practically, "we'd better look around inside and decide on things."

"There ain't time!"

"All the time in the world. If you're busy, Reed, maybe you can come back later."

Sid Worth's car was barreling down the lane. Reed Carter smothered an oath. Young Merrill cried, "Remember, Jack—I mean, Katie—remember that negotiations are in progress with us. Don't you go letting no dry farmers in on this!"

"Well!" Sid Worth said, pulling up. "I was watching, and the minute the car come in I started out. And you pair are already here."

"We already got the deal sewed up," Reed Carter said.

"Shook hands on it yet, Jack?" Sid asked.

"We're dealing with Katie," Young Merrill said.

"Well!" Sid exclaimed. "Don't tell me!"

"What's on your mind, Sid?" Katie asked. "Figuring on fixing Jack's house as a wedding present?"

"*We're* going to do that, Katie," Young Merrill protested. "It's practically agreed on."

"Katie," Sid said, "you listen to my proposition before you decide. And why can't we split it up three ways?"

"Let's go inside and look it over," Katie suggested.

Young Merrill surveyed the kitchen and made a sweeping movement of the arm. "Now, take this room. What you need is new linoleum—"

"Over that old floor?" Sid asked scathingly.

Reed Carter glared at him resentfully. "Of course we'll put in a new floor. Won't we, Merrill?"

"Just in the kitchen?" Sid said.

Young Merrill scowled. "Of course not. We'll floor the whole house."

"What kind of floors?" Sid asked nastily.

Reed and Young Merrill exchanged glances. "Pine in here and oak otherwise," the latter said.

"And we'll tear out this old green canvas," Reed Carter said. "Chink the logs and cover 'em up with wallboard."

"I think it might be nicer to leave the log walls showing," Katie said. "Of course it would take a little more work. The logs would have to be cleaned and shellacked, of course."

Reed Carter swallowed. "That's a good idea."

"And," Katie said, "what this place needs is some nice big closets."

"Closets?" Young Merrill echoed barrenly. "What for?"

"You ask a woman what she wants closets for!" Sid scoffed.

"Of course we'll put in closets," Reed Carter agreed. "Who said we wouldn't?" He glared around for something to show his generosity. "And new doors and windows!"

"I think antique iron would fit the style of the house for hardware," Katie said. "The real handmade stuff. It comes a little higher, but the rest of the house will be so nice."

"Certainly," Young Merrill said doggedly. "I was going to suggest it. Well, Katie, what do you say?"

"What's your advice, agent?" Jack asked.

"Well, not so bad, Jack."

"Cheap skates," Sid Worth said. "What about plumbing?"

Young Merrill and Reed Carter exchanged bleak looks. "Didn't we mention plumbing?" Young Merrill asked innocently. "Of course that's included. Put a pump right here in the sink."

"Pump in the sink!" Sid sniffed. "Well, if you're done, I'll tell you what I had in mind. Windmill with a tank. Running water. Nice bathroom with automatic water heater."

"Did I say pump in the sink?" Young Merrill asked. "What I meant, it would beat even a pump in the sink. Windmill, running water, nice bathroom, with automatic water heater—that's what we had in mind all along, ain't it, Reed?"

"We decided on that beforehand," Reed said. "Well, how about it?"

Jackson looked at Katie. Katie looked at Sid Worth. Sid looked innocently at the ceiling.

"Take it," Sid advised.

"Well," Jackson said, "I hardly like to impose on—"

KATIE seized his hand and shoved it into the hand of Reed Carter, then of Young Merrill, to seal the bargain.

"And now that you've made your deal," Sid Worth said, "is it my turn to negotiate?"

The two ranchers chuckled indulgently. "Go ahead, Sid! Go ahead!"

"Okay. I'm not greedy. I'll do the finishing touches. Now, take that dirt roof. It ain't modern—"

"We mentioned shingles, didn't we?" Reed Carter blustered.

"You boys is finished," Sid said.

"That's right," Katie agreed. "It's Sid's turn."

Sid rubbed his hands together. "I'll take off that six inches of dirt on the roof and put on some nice hand-split shakes. And the thing you need in this country, Jack, is a full concrete basement."

The two ranchers emitted yelps of animal pain.

"But that's too much, Sid," Jackson protested.

"Jack, shut up," Katie ordered.

"Forget it; glad to help you out," Sid said. "And there's six of us dry farmers in on the deal. Split our own shakes, get a load of lumber from the old mine for forms—won't cost us nothing but the cement."

Again Katie shoved Jackson's reluctant

The Dash that Makes the Dish
...Because

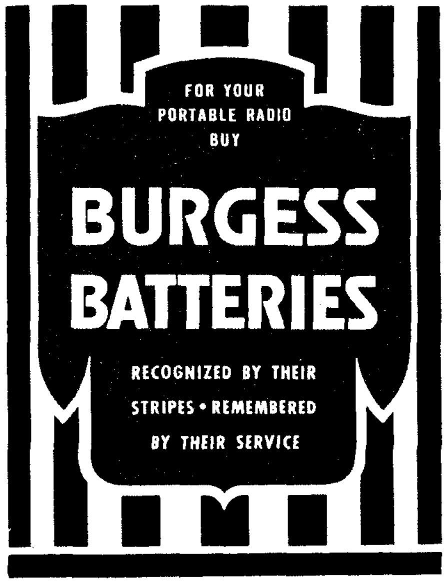
THIS RICH, THICK SAUCE
MAGNIFIES the FLAVOR
OF EVERYTHING YOU SERVE

SHAKE WELL
BRAND'S
THE
A.1.

● Accent flavor! Add a dash to tomato juice, soups, gravies, stews. For chops, steaks, fish, and roasts . . . season with A·1 Sauce before cooking. Keep a bottle on the table at home . . . call for A·1 Sauce in restaurants. Get A·1 Sauce—today. Send for *free* booklet, "Cooking for a Man" — G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Nimrod
PIPELITER
CHIMNEY-ACTION
DOWN-DRAFT
$3.50 AT YOUR DEALER
• WINDPROOF
• LIGHTWEIGHT
• LARGE FLAME
Unconditionally Guaranteed

BURGESS POWER MAKES VACATIONS MORE FUN


FOR YOUR PORTABLE RADIO BUY
BURGESS BATTERIES
RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

hand out to seal the bargain. Sid clung to the hand. "And of course I keep whatever I take out of the place. Get rid of your dirt and everything for you."

"Sure, Sid. That's good of you."

"Hey, the same goes for us!" Reed Carter cried.

"Oh, sure."

Everybody shook hands all around, and the three remodelers left. Watching them go, Katie began laughing. She sat down on a box in the kitchen to enjoy it.

"Jack, if you fell in a lion's den you'd come out with a fur coat."

"Mighty fine fellows," Jackson said. "Didn't realize they liked me so much."

"Sometimes I don't know whether you're deep or just plain stupid. Don't you know what they're after?"

"What?"

"Treasure! Another cache like the one you found!"

"But—but, hell, there ain't any money ditched around here!" Jackson said. "Where'd they get that idea?"

"I wonder. You've got twenty-five thousand dollars sticking out of your hind pocket."

"But—Grandpa Skinner never buried that money around here! I found it!"

"That," Katie pointed out, "is what makes it so funny."

Jackson mulled it over. "But I told 'em somebody planted it on me. I put up a sign at the store about finding it."

"Yes, Jack. But nobody's going to believe you."

"Don't you?"

"Jack, I'll be frank. Since yesterday morning nothing you do or say or have happen to you is going to surprise me in the least. Yes, I believe it."

"I'm glad you're with me."

"I'm just with you that far. Don't leap at conclusions."

"Katie, I can't let those fellows fix up my place under those circumstances. It ain't fair."

"You shook hands on it, and don't try to back out. What's the difference, anyhow? The Carters and the Littlewalls and the dry farmers are all in cahoots. It won't cost any one person much. Say," she said, "what if they *do* find something?"

They both laughed. He felt she was so pretty when she was happy, teeth gleaming between the moist lips. He wanted her to be happy all her life.

"Katie!" Henry Brown's face was at the hole in the door.

"Got to fix that door," Jackson said.

"You're getting new doors," Katie said. "Come in, Henry."

Henry did, remembering to put his hand on his back. "Katie, this hardly looks right, you alone with him here."

"Such trust, Henry."

"It isn't that. It just doesn't look right. If you'll wait outside a minute, I want to talk to Jack. And then I'll talk to you."

"You'll talk to me where you find me," Katie said stiffly. "So long, Jack. See you at the wedding."

"You sure will," Jackson said.

Katie tossed her head and went out.

HENRY sat down on the backless chair. He looked bad. He had done some very tall and some very deep thinking. He was facing disaster. His luck had run out. He had considered the implications of a fall from grace—an object of scorn, cut off from the church, denied Katie and, possibly, confronted with the appalling prospect of prison. He looked every day of his age, plus ten years. "Well?" he said, regarding Jackson with the rapt attention of a trapped animal.

"Must be hell when your back goes out like that," Jackson observed. "You look bad." He opened the drafts and poked some cedar in the stove. "I'll warm up the coffee—Coffee-Near."

"Coffee-Near? Don't you have the real stuff?"

"This is the nearest thing to coffee you ever tasted."

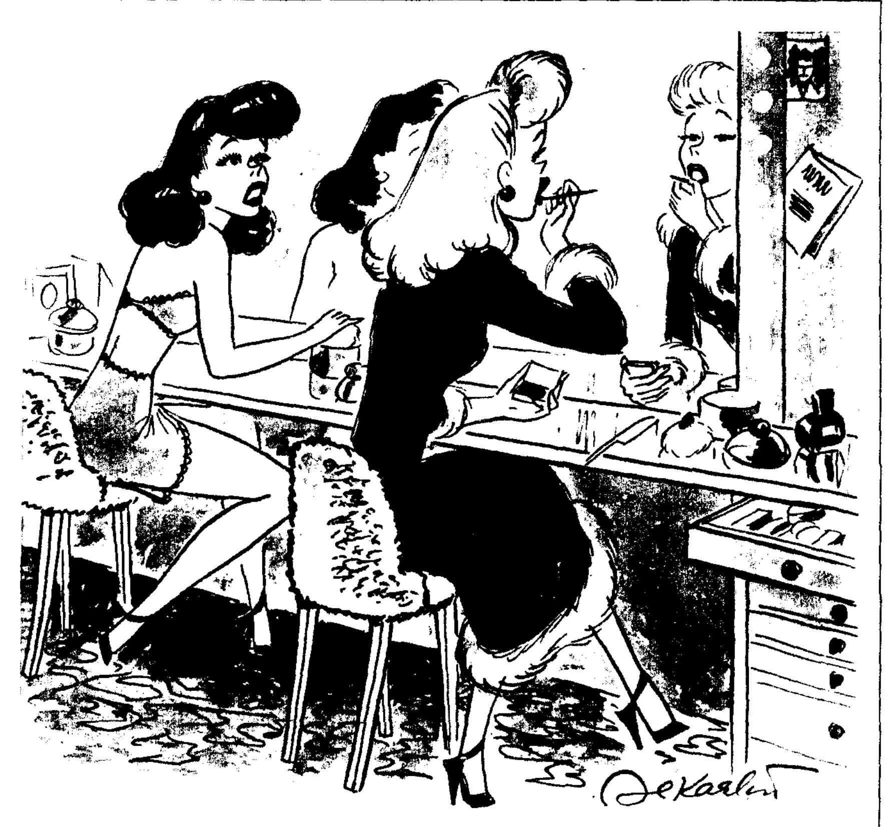
"It's not like that horrible jollop Ned Holt makes?" Henry drew a deep breath and made the plunge: "Jack, the country's in bad shape."

"Always has been, far's I can remember," Jackson agreed. "What I figure, emergency must be the normal state of affairs."

"It's the politicians. We feed 'em, Jack. You and me. And after you've paid all the other taxes, they take away what's left with the income tax. A man takes a risk with his investment and he works his fool head off, and they take it. The dirty robbing politicians!"

"Sure a shame," Jackson admitted. "Me, I ain't had much trouble that way."

"That's what I'm getting at, Jack," Henry said hastily. This Jackson Whitetop was a sharp one. Henry threw back his head and made his great laugh. "Jack,



"I like him but he's still tied to his father's purse strings"

COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

Am I worth $8,500.00?

MAN'S BEST FRIEND is feeling mighty low. An innocent prank of his caused serious injury to a passerby who sued for plenty, and the dog's owner—uninsured—lost years of savings.

Nobody can foresee the little incidents that can lead to heavy damage suit losses. They may happen while you're golfing, hunting, fishing, skiing, or even in your own home!

That is why it pays to protect yourself with Hartford Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. You can get as much as $50,000 coverage for only $13.50* a year—$33.75 if you buy it for three years. Ask your Hartford agent or broker about this important coverage.

*Single homes and apartments.

FOLLOWS FURS AT HOME OR AWAY

Hartford Fur Coat Insurance covers against loss by fire, theft and many kinds of damage.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS

Clear across the country...in Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico . . . Hartford agents are on hand to help you with advice and friendly service.

HARTFORD

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance
Hartford 15, Connecticut

you got a little surprise coming. You see, Jack, you was away to war and I had power of attorney to handle your affairs and I figured: Well, now, here's Jack Whitetop, offering his life to his country, and what do the politicians do? They want to bleed you white while you're gone, with taxes. Jack, I wanted to go to war. But they wouldn't have me. My back, you know."

"That so?" The way Jackson had heard it, Henry had angled frantically for a commission until the draft age was reduced, and then had refused the offer of a commission.

"And what could us civilians do except save fat and paper and drive slow to conserve tires? And then I seen a way to help out. Yes, sir; I seen a way to help at least one of the boys who was fighting for his country."

"Those combat boys had it rough," Jackson admitted.

"You sure did, Jack."

"Oh, me, I had a soft touch in headquarters."

HENRY lowered his voice confidentially. "Jack, you didn't think I was serious yesterday about you owing me all that money?"

"You said it was down on the books."

Henry threw back his head again for a great laugh. "Jack, that's just for the record. We can't be too careful. Actually, Jack"—Henry's voice became a whisper—"actually, you made good money during the war. Couldn't help it on sheep, a man like me running 'em. There were angles, Jack. Sheep are a gold mine if you know the angles."

"I'll be doggoned," Jackson said.

"I wish you hadn't flashed that package of money around, Jack. I know how you felt. You thought I was clipping you. I was just having my little joke and you thought I meant it. If you'd just come to me and had a little private talk, we could have ironed things out between us."

"Oh. Then it's *your* money?"

Henry chuckled. "No, Jack. It's your money. Keep it."

"That's sure good of you, Henry. But what'll I tell folks?"

"Don't tell 'em anything. Or say it was phony money. Or that you found it hidden in the house."

"That wouldn't be honest."

"Of course it's honest. You've got it coming fair and square. If you didn't give it to the politicians, whose business is that? A nest egg will come in handy, Jack, man getting married."

"That's sure true," Jackson admitted. "But I don't see how I got all this coming, if the books show I owe you nine thousand."

Henry chuckled. "Jack, books can show anything. Take hay. Charge a man labor and rent on equipment and so on, and there ain't a sheep in the world worth feeding through a hard winter. Take loss by storm and fire and flood—who can check up on it?"

"They can count the sheep."

Henry winked. "The sheep are gone, Jack. But that don't mean they're lost."

Jackson poured coffee. Henry tasted his and grimaced. "Not bad. But nothing takes the place of real coffee."

"If you faked the books for me, then I guess you done it on your own sheep, too?"

"Well, now, Jack, there's no use going into that. I'm glad we had this little talk. Been going to see you about this ever since you got back. Sort of wanted to feel you out, first. You understand. Technically, it's against the law."

"That's the only trouble, Henry," Jackson said. "I guess I don't love taxes no more than the next one. But somebody's got to kick through and I'll do my share. If I got this money coming, I want it down in black and white on the books."

Henry set his coffee cup on a corner of the stove. "Jack, I can't do that. If I changed the books for your account, what would it do to me?"

"Should have thought about that in the first place."

"All right, Jack," Henry said. "What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing except what's coming to me."

"And then what?"

"Well, if I was a crook like you, I sure wouldn't try to marry a nice girl like Katie and get her tangled up in a mess."

"So that's it."

"That's about it."

"There's just one little thing, Jack. Maybe you know a lot about this, but you'd have a hard time getting a spirit into court to testify."

"Huh?"

"Just what can you prove? My books are in shape. You can't prove where that package of hundred-dollar bills came from. I'm offering you a deal. Take it or leave it."

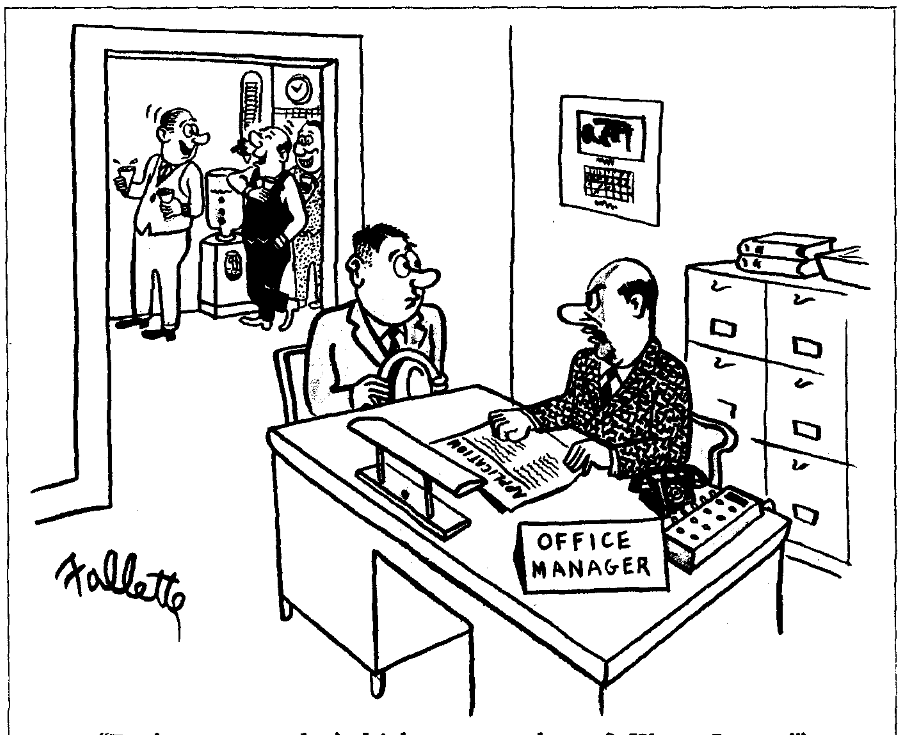
"Be seeing you around, Henry."

"Okay." Henry rose. "If you want it that way."

"Hey, don't forget this." Jackson pulled the big packet of bills from his pocket.

"Oh, no, Jack. I'm not that simple."

"What'll I do with it?"



"By the way, you don't drink to excess, do you? Water, I mean!"

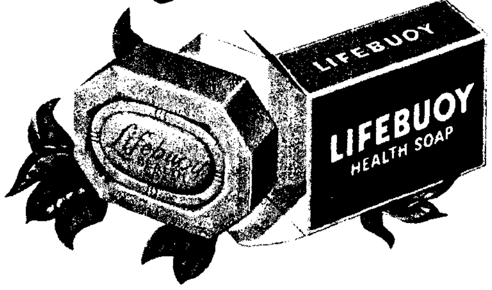
COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

Could people be whispering behind your back?

Lifebuoy Health Soap is the only soap especially made to stop "B.O." (body odor) Remember, LIFEBUOY CONTAINS AN EXCLUSIVE PURIFYING INGREDIENT. A daily Lifebuoy bath gives you lasting all-over protection! Use Lifebuoy for a week and you'll use it for life!

The refreshing bath that gives lasting protection!

Used in the homes of 40 million Americans

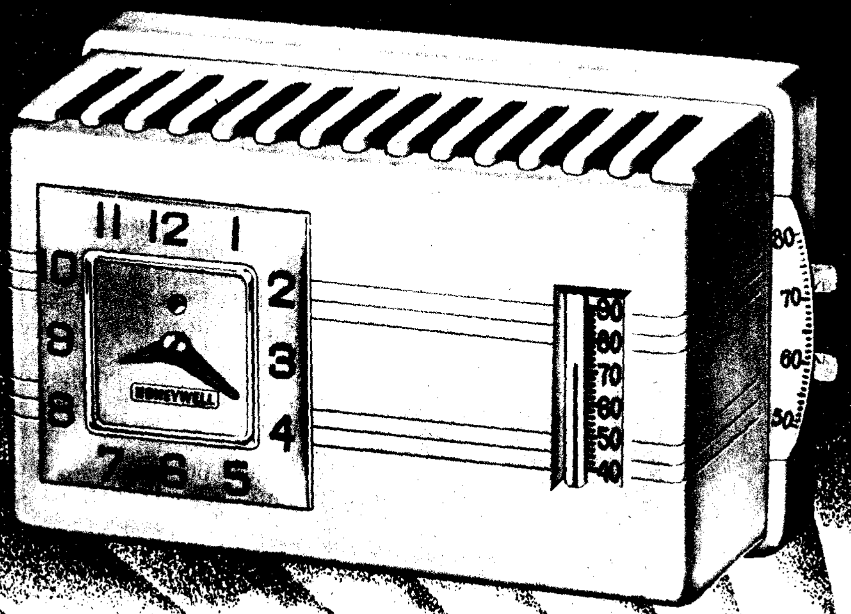


The Soap of Considerate People (Use it daily)

ANOTHER FINE LEVER PRODUCT

PAYS for ITSELF

Over and Over Again



REPLACE YOUR PRESENT THERMOSTAT

with the NEW Chronotherm

CHRONOTHERM, Honeywell's new electric clock thermostat, will pay for itself over and over again by saving fuel. It automatically switches to lower temperature at night and can save at least 10 percent of your fuel, as shown in the adjoining table. In addition to saving fuel, you will sleep in healthful comfort.

In the morning, Chronotherm will automatically return to daytime comfort temperature. No need to get up an hour early to push up the thermostat. Your house will be cheery and warm when you arise—and will stay that way from morning to night. With Chronotherm on the job, you'll never have to give your temperature regulation a thought.

FOR YOUR OLD OR NEW HOME

Chronotherm can quickly be installed in place of the ordinary thermostat on your present heating system. And, of course, if you are planning to build, your new home should have this last word in heating satisfaction and economy. With its modern, compact design and accurate electric clock, Chronotherm will be a welcome addition to any home. It is low in cost and will pay dividends year after year in fuel saving, comfort and convenience.

ORDER CHRONOTHERM FROM YOUR HEATING DEALER TODAY

TABLE OF FUEL SAVINGS BY LOWERING NIGHT TEMPERATURES

City	*Average Winter Temperature*	*Percent of saving by lowering night temperatures 10° for:* 8 hrs.	12 hrs.
ATLANTA	50.1	16.16	24.24
BALTIMORE	45.4	13.12	19.68
BOSTON	42.7	11.84	17.76
BUFFALO	40.1	10.80	16.20
CHICAGO	40.0	10.72	16.08
CLEVELAND	41.9	11.44	17.16
DENVER	43.1	12.00	18.00
DES MOINES	40.2	10.82	16.44
DETROIT	40.9	11.12	16.68
MILWAUKEE	38.8	10.40	15.60
MINNEAPOLIS	36.2	9.60	14.40
NEW YORK CITY	43.8	12.32	18.48
PHILADELPHIA	44.8	12.88	19.32
PITTSBURGH	42.4	11.68	17.52
ST. LOUIS	45.3	12.96	19.44
SALT LAKE CITY	42.5	11.76	17.64
SAN FRANCISCO	55.3	21.92	33.28
SEATTLE	50.9	16.80	25.20

Figures as Released by
FUEL CONSERVATION COUNCIL
U. S. GOVERNMENT

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY
2834 Fourth Avenue South • Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send your new booklet "A Blueprint for Heating Comfort" which tells about Chronotherm and other heating controls.

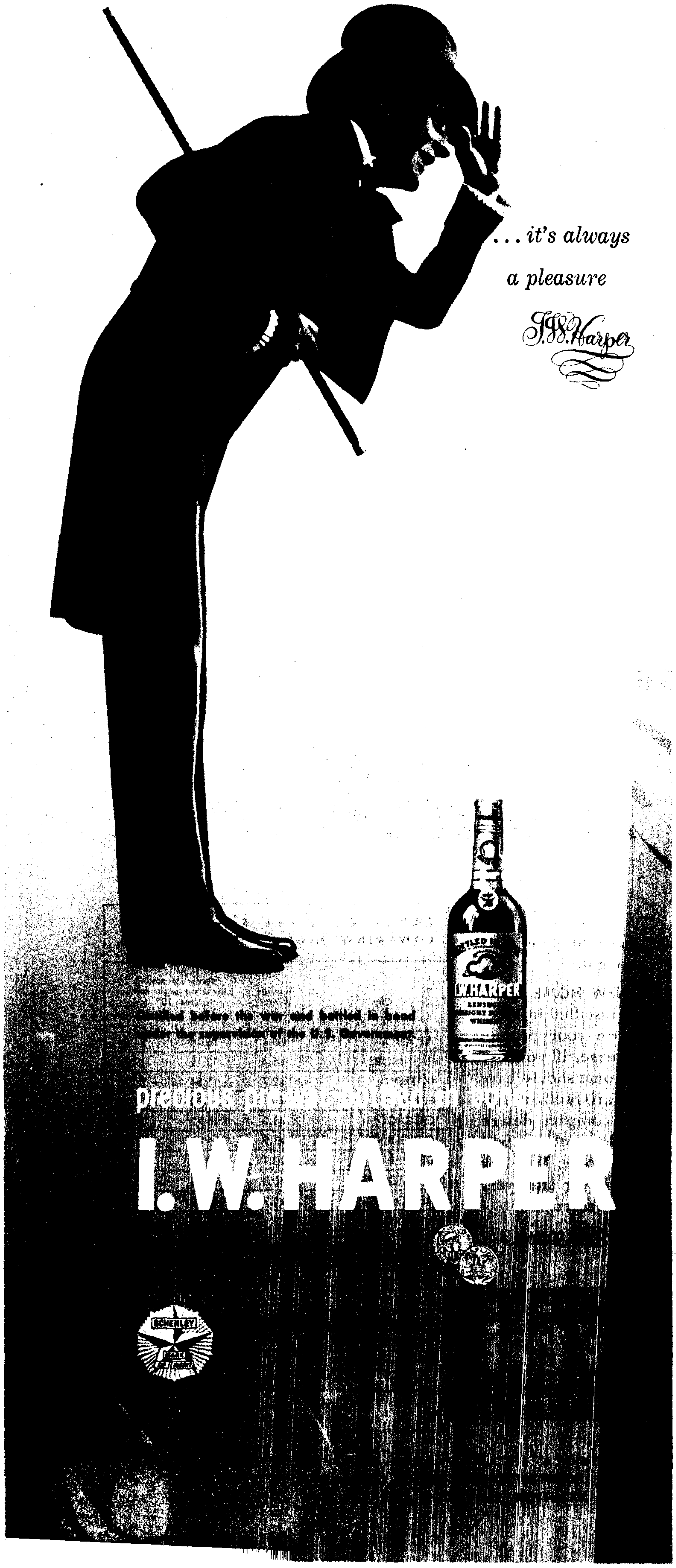
Name________________________________

Address________________________________

City____________________State____________

MINNEAPOLIS
Honeywell
CONTROL SYSTEMS

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY • MINNEAPOLIS 8, MINNESOTA • CANADIAN PLANT • TORONTO 12, ONTARIO


. . . it's always
a pleasure
I.W. Harper
Distilled before the war and bottled in bond
under the supervision of the U.S. Government
I.W. HARPER
precious pre-war bottled in bond
I.W. HARPER
SCHENLEY

"That's your baby, Jack," Henry said, and went out.

Jackson shrugged, and tossed the money on the drainboard. Funniest thing he ever saw, the way people wouldn't take money around here.

Henry drove back feeling some better. At least he knew where he stood, and his position wasn't really as bad as he'd imagined. He had, he felt, been more than generous. He had offered Jackson a cut and a good one. If Jackson wouldn't talk business, if he thought he could put on the squeeze—well, that was just his tough luck. He couldn't prove anything, and Henry Brown hadn't spent a lifetime building a position to let it go without a fight.

But, still—what about this spirit business? To hell with it, Henry told himself. A ghost couldn't scare him. But some mighty strange things had happened.

WHEN he reached the store, a green sedan was parked in front and two men were sitting on the edge of the porch.

One was short and wiry; the other was tall and heavy, but in a way they were curiously alike. They dressed alike and a bit too well, in double-breasted suits and snapbrim hats. Their suits were a trifle snug and a trifle loud, their shoes had an incredible gloss, their socks and ties were slightly wild; but it was the eyes which made them alike—eyes somehow a trifle too openly honest and steady.

"Closing up shop, Henry?" the big man asked.

"Shouldn't go off and leave a store like this," the little man said. "Dishonest men might break in."

The big man laughed as if this were very funny.

"Boys," Henry said, "you don't know how glad I am to see you."

"We just dropped by," the little man said. "We could use a hundred spring lambs."

"Don't want to crowd you, Henry," the big man said, "but we can make it awfully good business."

Henry laughed. "Don't make me laugh."

"Well, okay, Henry," the little man said. "Maybe it is a little too soon, after what we got yesterday."

"Piker stuff," Henry said disdainfully. "How would you like to pick up twenty-five thousand bucks nice and quick on a clean deal?"

The two men exchanged an honest glance. "Quit twisting my arm," the big man said.

"All you've got to do is ask for the money. Simple as that."

Henry had taken Jackson's notice from the store post. He got it from a pocket and handed it over. The two men studied it.

"Twenty-five G's," the big man mused. "He wants to give it away. Is he crazy?"

Henry threw back his head and laughed. "He tried to give it to me, but I wouldn't take it."

"Maybe you're crazy," the little man said.

"What's the deal?" the big man asked suspiciously.

"All you've got to do is pick it up. It's in hundreds. I can give you the serial numbers."

The little man asked, "How hot is this dough?"

"Perfectly good money," Henry assured him. "You ought to know. I got it from you."

"Oh," the little man said. "So that's where he found it."

"And naturally you don't like to claim it," the big man said. "You wouldn't. What's your cut?"

"It's all yours," Henry said. "It's worth that much to get rid of him."

"Oh, no," the little man said. "We don't go in for that, Henry. No rough stuff."

"I don't mean kill him. I wouldn't want that. I wouldn't even want to see him hurt."

"Let's start from scratch, Henry," the big man said.

"You know the old Jonah mine?"

"Sure."

"Say you took him out there on a deal to open it up or something, and he had to walk back. Isn't that worth the money? It's no more than a practical joke, in a way."

"It's too damned easy," the little man said.

"Not when you understand things. This joker got into my private cache and now he's putting on the squeeze. But he's also due for a shotgun wedding this afternoon. If he isn't on deck for that wedding, he might just as well keep right on walking."

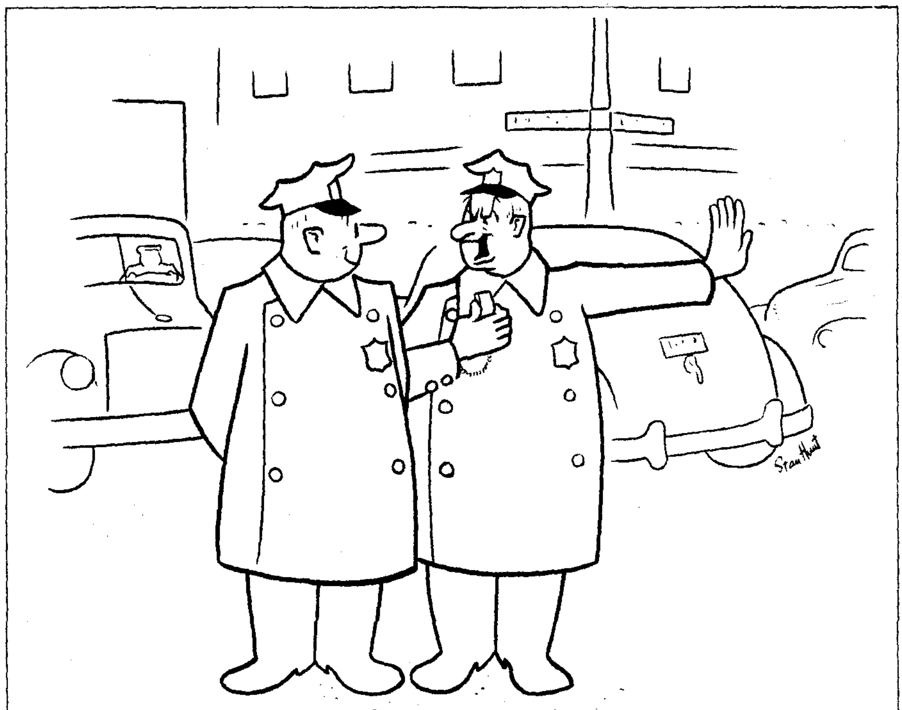
"Why, he wouldn't want to get married anyhow, under the circumstances," the little man said.

"He certainly doesn't," Henry admitted.

"So we'd be doing him a favor," the big man said.

"And he wants to get rid of the money anyhow," the little man said. "I always like to help a nice young fellow out."

(To be continued next week)



"I'm in fine fettle today—got out of the wrong side of the bed"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

THE FARMER'S FACE

Continued from page 26

He had half hypnotized himself with this thought. In New York he had stayed close to his hotel, eating there in the dining room, between meals sitting in his room while Manhattan clacked and clanked and rumbled about him, sleeping little, until it was time for the boat. No one had bothered him on the boat, and the partial coma he had imposed on himself was broken only by the confusions and uncertainties of the customs.

Very probably he had come directly from the Gare St. Lazare to the Graves Registration headquarters, bringing his bags with him. The taxi was ancient and trembly, and as it coughed slowly up the Champs Elysées he had stared out on the swarms of pedestrians squeezing expertly between the oncoming spurts of traffic. His eyes, perhaps, had settled on a pair of window-shopping lovers standing, half embraced, before a store, forcing the flow of pedestrians to spill around them, but joyfully oblivious because the sidewalks and the prejudices of this spring-drenched city were broad enough to permit it. Through the smudged window of the taxi, through the darker window he had drawn over his mind, he had stared at them. And suddenly, seeing their mobile, smiling faces reflected in the shop window, they had seemed so poignantly and painfully alive that it hurt to look at them. And he had turned his face away and blinked to flick out a vision of a boy of his own who had laughed with his arm around a girl. He had arrived, still staring hard, and paid the driver twice over because he did not know or care what he was doing. . . .

That is about the way it must have been, my mind was telling me, when the door in front of the man opened; a small man came out with tense, short steps, and a large female, her hand still on the knob, said, "Next!" in a voice like a drill-field command. Her name, I remembered, was Mrs. Alice Boyden, but the namepiece on her desk still read *Captain A. Boyden, Wac.* That she had kept, no doubt, from days when her duties were less somber. That and the voice.

THE door closed, but I could almost see the farmer take the stiff chair to which she motioned him. I could see his knotty fingers tightening on the wide-brimmed felt.

"Grave location? You'll have to give me the name, serial number and regiment." Her voice cut through the plywood partition—harsh, clear and slightly harassed.

The voice which replied was straight out of Iowa, but it was so low I could only make out "Corporal James Bellows . . . He was with . . ."

"Just a minute and we'll check in the files." There was a sound of dialing and the harassed voice spelled out B-e-l-l-o-w-s, James, gave a serial number and the number of a unit. There was a moment's silence, measured by the nervous fingernail tattoo of Mrs. Boyden's free hands on the glass-topped desk. Then the voice again, repeating, "Saint-Avold, yep, Section D, yep, Line J, yep, Grave 479. Got it." The receiver clicked back into its cradle. "There it is, Mr. Bellows, and here's an information sheet telling you how to get to Saint-Avold. If you go by train, better take a lunch along. Leaves Gare dee l'Est every morning at 9:15. One coming back to Paris leaves there about seven in the evening. No diner, no sleepers. Worst train in France. Well" —I could imagine her tired eyes showing him the door—"I guess that's . . ." Her voice faltered; she must have been looking into that stricken face; you could feel her trying to make her voice soft, but you also knew it was impossible for her, that this wasn't the job for her.

"—Well, I guess that's all. If you have any general questions about the Graves Registration Command, you'll probably find the answers in this booklet." A chair was pushed back. In a moment the door swung in and the farmer emerged, a mimeographed sheet and a thin slip of paper in one hand, an illustrated booklet in the other. He turned to say, "Thank you," to Mrs. Boyden. Her mouth was poised to say, "Next," when she saw the waiting room was empty. She relaxed, took his thanks with a nod and withdrew into her office.

For a full minute after the door clapped shut behind him the farmer stood transfixed, the hewn stone image of lonely helplessness. I tried to imagine what was taking place in that tortured and inarticulate mind. How would it feel to be pulled across half a continent and a week of alien ocean by an aching hunger which one could only try blindly to assuage? How would it feel to come groping after peace in an unknown land, to come fumbling after a distant burial place in the twisted hope of being able to inter one's grief with its cause? How would it feel to be searching for whatever solitary and intimate goal this man was searching for—and to be handed a mimeographed map to it, with the suggestion that you bring your own lunch? I tried, but I could not imagine. The War Department, I knew, did as well as it could with what it had. Still . . .

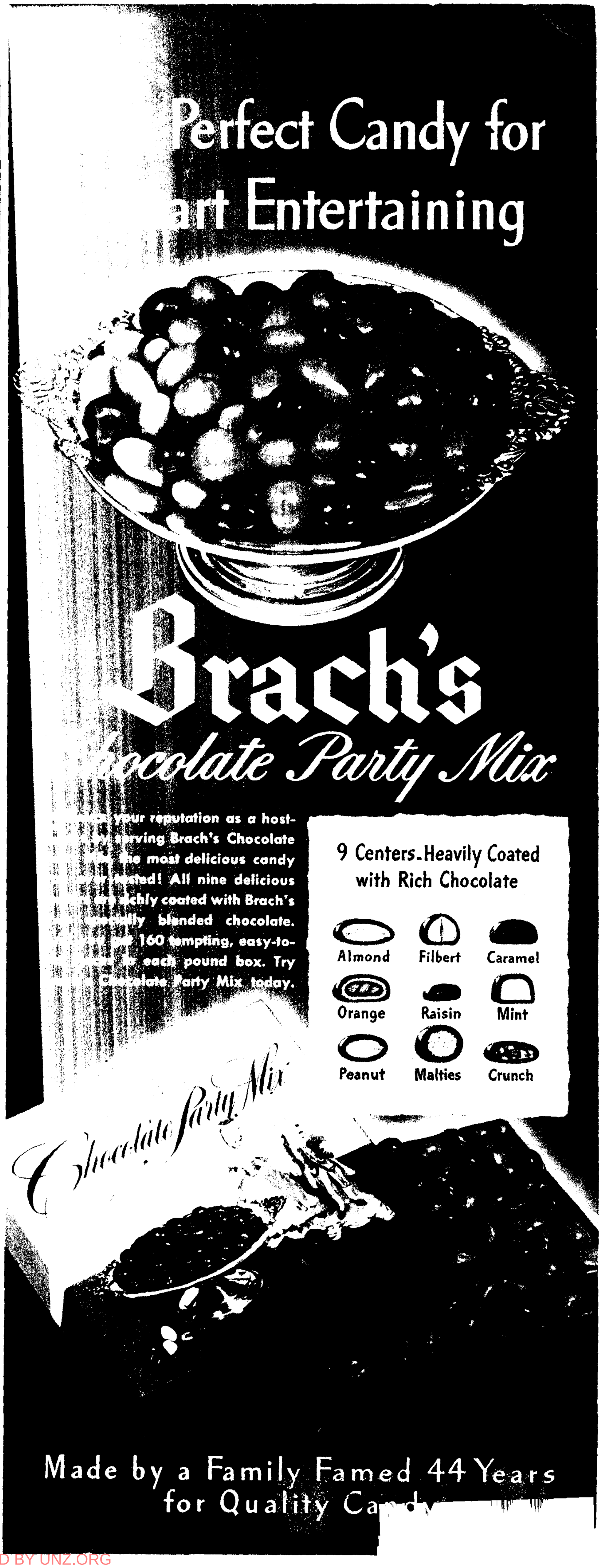
AS I watched the farmer struggling motionlessly against a hidden adversary within him, a lump the size of a baseball kept pushing against my gorge. I crossed the room to him. "I work for the Graves Registration Command in Frankfurt, Mr. Bellows. I happened to overhear Mrs. Boyden. Saint-Avold is on the road to Frankfurt, and I'll be glad to drive you out. I'm leaving early in the morning."

Some of the haze of bewilderment and depression cleared from the gaunt face. "Say, you're sure obliging to a stranger, son." He put out a rocklike hand. "My name's Bellows. From Cedar Hill, Iowa." Then the haze began to gather again. "Look, I don't want to be troubling you to take me out. I guess I could manage—"

I broke in to assure him that it would be no trouble at all, adding that a car would be more comfortable than a continental train and that I would pick him up at his hotel around eight the following morning. I could see by his expression that I had been right about the hotel. He had come straight from the station, not even stopping to think about a place to stay the night, driven on by some wound-up mechanism inside him. So I suggested he put up at the Splendide, not at all splendid but just around the corner. The place had a small restaurant, and the clerks there all spoke a little English. He wouldn't have any trouble at all. I would pick him up in the lobby. There was an American film showing right down the street, in case he didn't want to sit in the hotel all evening.

He received these remarks with a face working to express an overwhelming gratitude, as though I were handing him, in successive parcels of incredible bounty, title after title to the richest lands between the Mississippi and the Rockies. "Say, that's—Well, I don't—Sure is kindly of—" I put a period to his torture by shaking his hand again, and left to go about my business—feeling considerably more pious than my simple instinct to be rid of a baseball in my throat should have warranted. . . .

When I entered the lobby next morning he was ready, his bill paid, his bag beside him, those hard, battered hands clutching the brim of the hat in his lap.



Perfect Candy for
art Entertaining

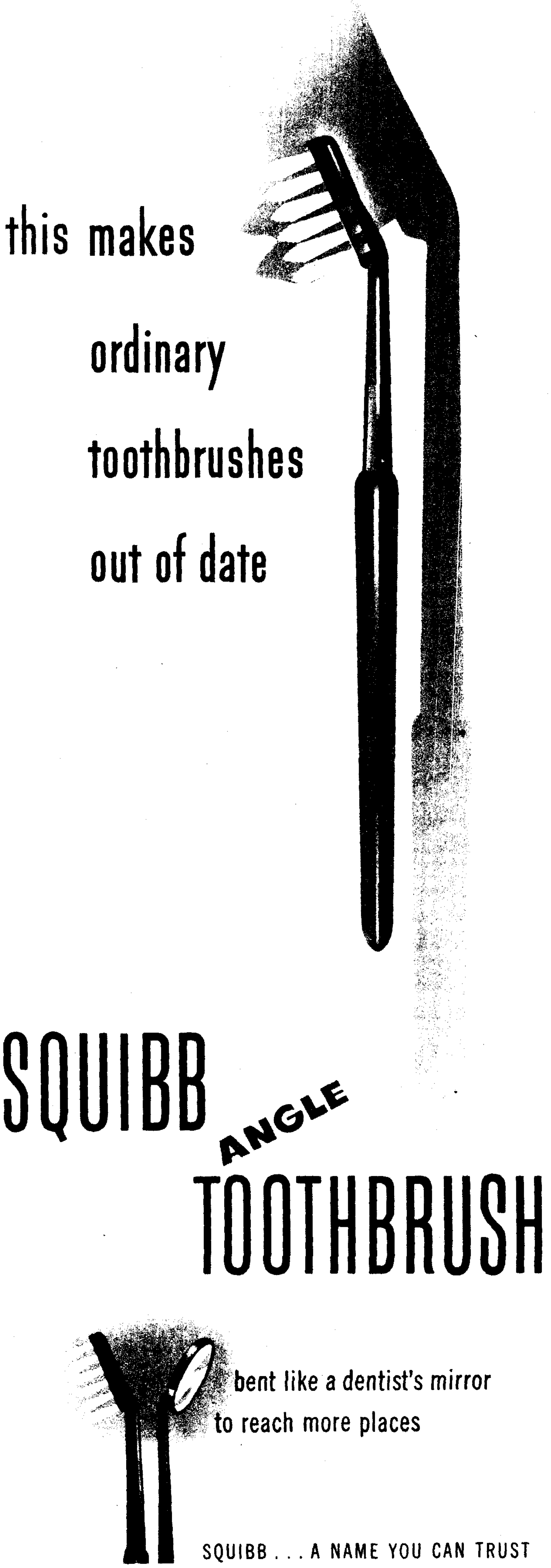
Brach's
ocolate Party Mix

your reputation as a host- serving Brach's Chocolate the most delicious candy tasted! All nine delicious richly coated with Brach's ly blended chocolate. 160 tempting, easy-to- in each pound box. Try Chocolate Party Mix today.

9 Centers-Heavily Coated with Rich Chocolate

Almond Filbert Caramel
Orange Raisin Mint
Peanut Malties Crunch

Made by a Family Famed 44 Years
for Quality Ca


this makes ordinary toothbrushes out of date

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror to reach more places

SQUIBB . . . A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

He rose, replied, "Morning," to my greeting, but seemed to find it hard to smile. That lost and slightly fearful look was back again, and the blue eyes, which had lighted briefly in their deep sockets the day before, had gone expressionless, as though their real sight were turned inward.

I had little hope that the boulevards and monuments of Paris would divert him from the cold torment inside, and in any case the morning was cloaked over by one of those drifting Seine fogs which obscure the majesty of the city's design and give you only fleeting glimpses, as if you were looking through a porthole from which the wash of sea subsides only for brief and exasperating intervals. Still, I followed the Champs Elysées to the Concorde, turned to pass the Madeleine, circled the Opéra, and headed north out of Paris along the Grands Boulevards, all the while making little remarks about monuments we passed and trying hard not to sound like a tourists' guide.

The farmer was a courteous man, and he looked wherever I pointed and nodded to show he was listening, but I could see by his reflection in the windshield that the real sight in the blue eyes was still turned inward. As we drove through the straggling, paint-starved suburbs of the city, I could feel him stiffening himself against some oncoming ordeal.

BY THE time we approached Meaux the driven fog was gone—and with it, I fancied, went some of the troubled haze which lay over the farmer's seamy face. As we passed a sizable metal sign with the name of the town written on it in large block letters, Mr. Bellows' entire body appeared to wrench with recognition and he turned back to keep the sign in view.

"That's one of the places," he said as though pleased with the discovery. "That place on the sign—that's one of the places where Jim was, right through the winter. Wrote it was even colder than Cedar Hill." This last the farmer said with a secret smile, as if the remark were filled with a hidden humor which only he and Jim could understand.

"Colder than Cedar Hill, he said it was here." More alive now, the blue eyes inspected the weathered building fronts which pressed close upon the highway and managed, despite the morning sun which now glistened on the moist cobblestones of the gutters and sloping slates of the roofs, to suggest a dreariness reaching deep into the past and endlessly into the future.

"Expect he didn't much like it here," he said.

We drove on steadily in silence after that, through Epernay, Châlons-sur-Marne, a dozen dingy villages with the marks of two wars still on them. It was only when, toward noon, we had left Verdun behind and entered the rolling, spring-green hills beyond, that he spoke again. "Jim wrote that this was real pretty country in here," he said, "and it sure is."

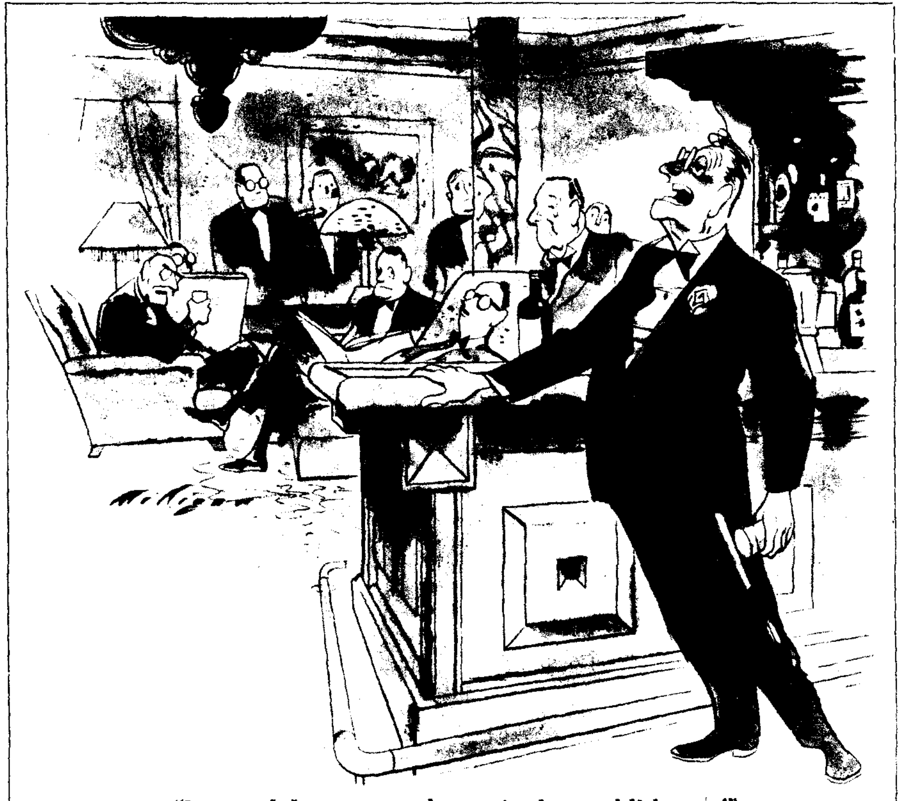
Because he seemed to feel easier in the brief moments when he could bring himself to talk, I remarked that the country we were passing through—sharply marked-out fields of wheat—probably would all fit very nicely and unnoticed in a corner of an Iowa wheat county.

It worked. For nearly half an hour, in a voice so low that even the twang of it seemed soft, he talked wheat. And as he spoke—almost to himself—enough personal detail came out to enable me to conceive a rough picture of what the boy must have been like. For the farmer was talking about Jim. Not directly, and perhaps not intentionally, but it was clear that Jim and wheat, and now and again Jane, who must be the boy's mother, had completely filled an otherwise barren life on the fertile plains twenty miles west of Cedar Hill.

There was nothing unusual about the picture. Jim had been a big boy in a state where big men were common; a fair student who had graduated from high school after finding it half pleasure, half chore.

He had liked girls and might one day have taken a notion to marry one named Mary Lou Willaday whose father was also a wheat farmer. The family assumption that he would take over management of the Bellows farm in time was never questioned by him. In fact, when the war came along he had been about to go to the State Agricultural College on his own initiative. The Army he had taken as he had taken high school, half pleasure, half chore. His modest rank, after nearly five years of service, indicated that he had not been an ambitious soldier, but two decorations for bravery argued that he had been a good one.

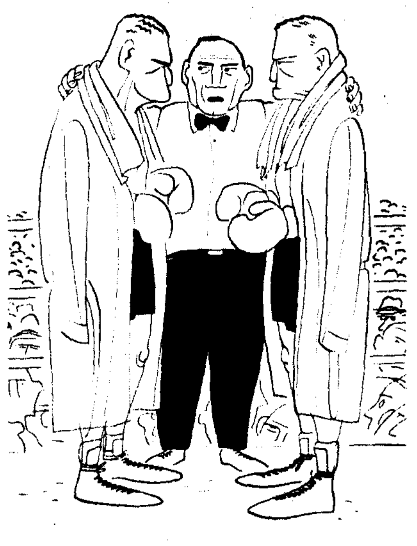
He had been killed, it appeared, in the region of Saarbrücken, a place where, you might say, the war had begun. A French pseudo offensive, I remembered, had been directed against the town in


COLLIER'S "I can subdue any gentleman in the establishment!" JOHN MILLIGAN

September of 1939. It had not gone far.

There were the bare outlines of the half-hour monologue. Nothing that the farmer had said gave any usable clue as to the nature of the bond between himself and the boy. That there must have been a bond, and a rather intense one, was obvious. The man's face, back in the office, had made this much clear.

We lunched at Metz, in the station restaurant. Midway in the silent meal he suddenly asked me how much farther it was to Saint-Avold. For several minutes I had been feeling the question swelling up inside him. I told him a little over an hour. From this point on, tension took hold of him and he was unable to eat. Whatever the thing was, roiling inside the man, it began to work on me.



"Now look . . . If there's one thing this crowd hates, it's clever boxing"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Before the waiter could bring the dessert I asked for the check.

My first inclination was to race the twisted distance between Metz and Saint-Avold as fast as a powerful car would permit, but haste seemed somehow as indecent as it was tempting. I kept the speed down and watched the tiny kilometer posts creep by on leaden feet. Slowly I became aware that he had been doing the same, for more than an hour. *Saint-Avold 9*, the little white tombstone-shaped marker read. He did not let his gaze sweep the tier of hills before us, but kept them fixed on his side of the road. *Saint-Avold 8*. White was showing on the knuckles of the copper-red skin of his hands as he gripped the bruised felt. *Saint-Avold 7*. It was like watching a slow fuse burn.

SAINT-AVOLD was no more than a village. As I had seen no indicating sign on the road, I stopped in the square beside the fountain to ask for directions. The first person to pass near the car was a withered old woman carrying a basket on her head. I asked for the American Military Cemetery, in French. She shook her head with a toothless and apologetic smile. I tried German. *Militärfriedhof.* The directions came volubly. German directions. Precise, describing every inch of the way.

As I pulled away I explained to the farmer that some people in this region spoke only French, some only German. The words echoed inanely. He looked at me, or rather turned his face toward me (I have said he was a courteous man) and I could tell that he had not heard. On his face there was a frozen look which it would be useless to try to describe. I can only suggest it by saying that then, as now, it reminded me of the expression I had seen on a mother's face when, after hours of searching, the lifeguards brought her child's rigid body to the surface of a lake. A look of final, horrified realization interfused with denial of what the eyes saw.

I turned off the main road, crossed a makeshift wooden bridge, and followed a dirt road up a slight grade to the brow of a flattish elevation. Suddenly the scene lay before us, immense. The mathematical precision in which the rows of crosses were laid out heightened the illusion that they stretched to infinity. The neatness, the incredible neatness of the endless carpet of white-checked green overwhelmed any other impression one might have of the place on first sight.

I pulled up alongside two low, whitewashed administration buildings. As I got out, the farmer did so too, his eyes staring down into the cavity of his hat. We entered the hut marked INFORMATION. Without a word the farmer handed the sergeant behind the desk a thin slip of paper. The sergeant looked at it, murmured, "Section D, Line J, 479," as if committing the words to memory, then raised his head. "Okay, sir, I'll take you." He said it in a soft Kentucky voice, said it just right.

OUTSIDE, I turned toward the car, but the farmer stopped and his eyes told me to come with him. His face was still taut but the frozen look was gone. A kind of crisis had been passed, back there before the bridge. Our feet moved along the white graveled walk with a solemn crunching, tangible in the surrounding silence.

We had made a turn to the right and another to the left when the sergeant stopped and with a voice which was itself a gentle gesture said, "There, sir." Simple, perfect. Someone like him should have Mrs. Boyden's job, it ran through my mind. When he was sure the farmer had the right cross in sight the sergeant took wordless leave of us and crunched softly, slowly, back to the hut.

I watched the farmer's face. The tautness was visibly leaving it. A look of relief, of peace, came over the jagged features.

"It's like they said it was," he said quietly. "Only he was reported missing for so long before they told us he was dead that his mother thought they just made it up, maybe, trying to make us feel better. She fretted so much that he might be wandering around suffering or out of his mind like some of the boys you read about that she just didn't believe anything they sent her. You know how women are. Guess she finally just didn't want to believe it, so she wouldn't. Got me not to believing it, too. Men are no better than women about these things, I expect, only they don't talk so much. Anyhow, it got so I couldn't stand it any longer and I came. Never did think I would be, but I'm glad. Never did think I could get myself to do it. Afraid, I guess."

His glance moved across the vast expanse of crosses, then returned to the row before him, resting briefly on one marked UNKNOWN, moving to a Star of David headpiece. "Guess Jim won't be too lonely," he said and the Iowa voice began to shake. "Got lots of company."

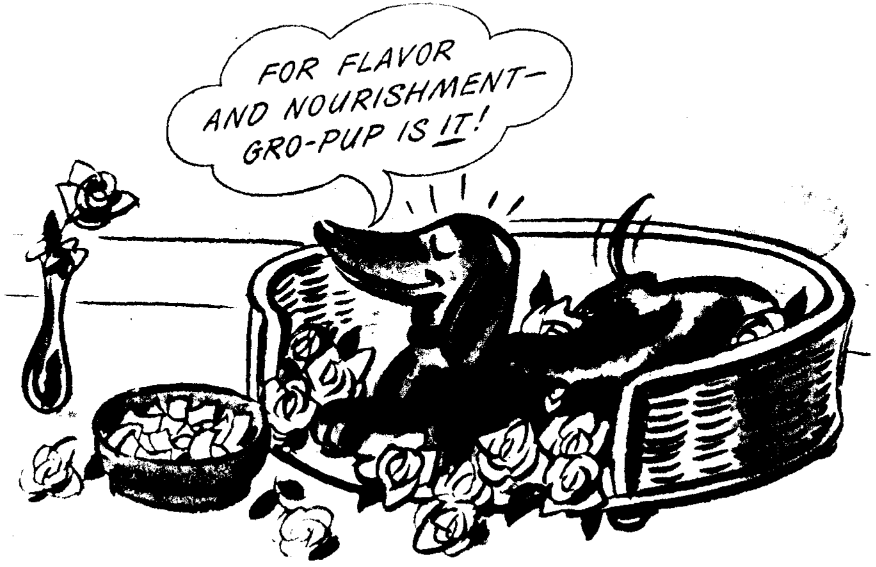
Suddenly the baseball was back at my gorge and I said if he'd like I would wait for him in the car.

He squeezed his felt hat hard in one hand and took my arm and squeezed it hard with the other. "No, son. You go on along. I can walk back to town for the train." He squinted briefly at the sun. "I think I'll stay here till it's train time and get acquainted with Jim's friends." The voice was steady again.

I left his bag with the sergeant. Until the road dipped toward the bridge I could look back and see him, walking slowly down a lane in the infinity of crosses, getting acquainted.

THE END

(HE SAYS:) "M-M-M-What a life!"


FOR FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT—GRO-PUP IS IT!

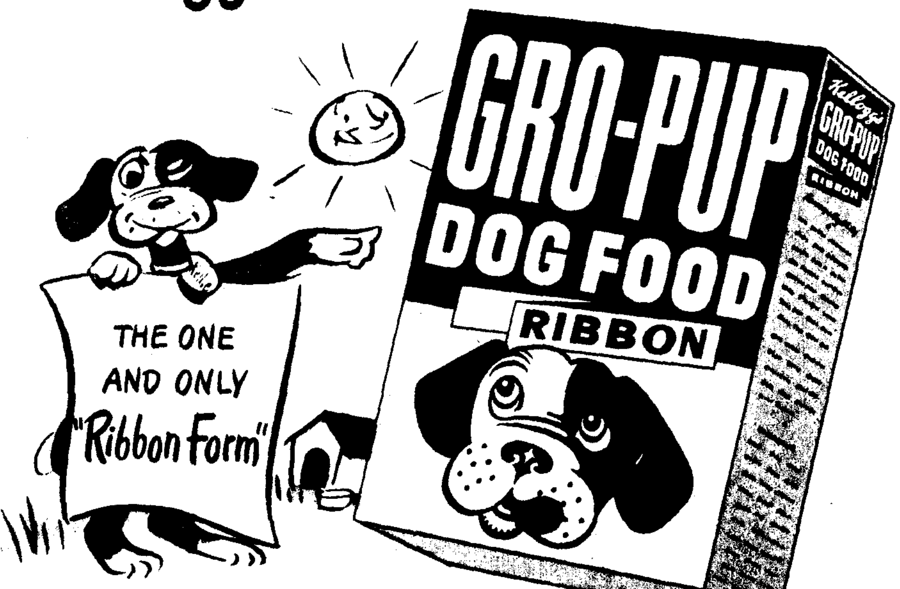
Is life a "bed of roses" for *your* dog? Give him the flavorful, nourishing food that has *every* vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vigor and perkiness. That's Gro-Pup, the *only* Ribbon-type dog food—a toasty, tasty blend of 23 wholesome nutrients.

(YOU SAY:) "M-M-M-What a saving!"

ABOUT AS MUCH FOOD BY DRY WEIGHT AS IN FIVE 1-LB. CANS. GRO-PUP IS IT!
92% Food
70% Water
GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON

Look at the labels! Many canned dog foods actually admit to as much as 70% *water!* Gro-Pup is 92% *food*—approximately as much by dry weight as in *five* 1-lb. cans. Needs no refrigeration—won't spoil in container. Feeds an average dog of around 20 lbs. for only about 7¢ a day! (P.S. In Meal and Pel-Ett form too—all made by Kellogg's.)

The Biggest Box on the shelf


Kellogg's GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON
THE ONE AND ONLY "Ribbon Form"

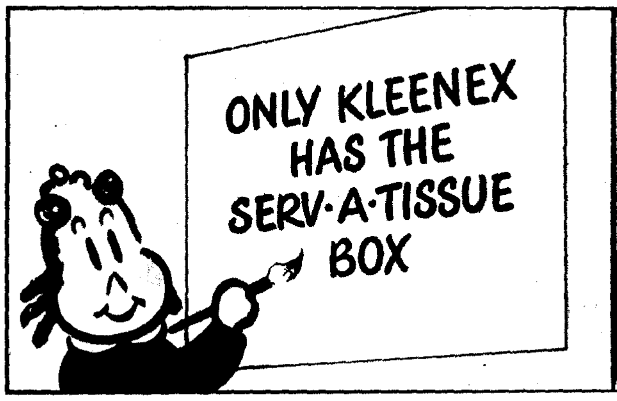
COPYRIGHT 1948, BY KELLOGG CO.

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

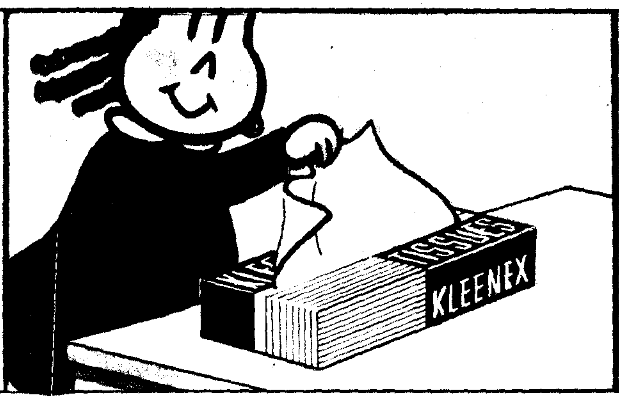
DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET!—USE KLEENEX*
ACHOO!
KLEENEX
JES
marge

LITTLE LULU SAYS:
Compare tissues—compare boxes and you'll see that no other tissue gives *all* the advantages of Kleenex.

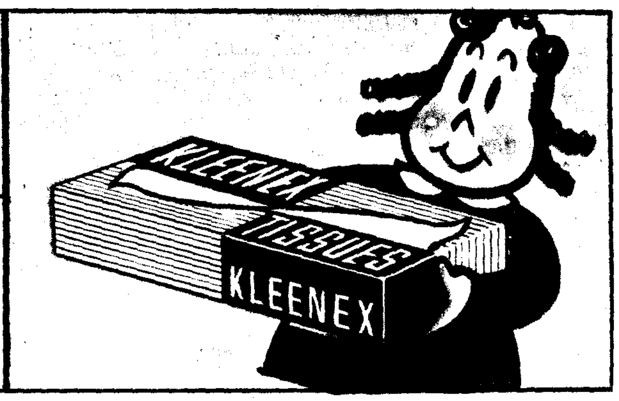
America's Favorite Tissue


ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues.


TISSUES
KLEENEX

Pull just one double tissue at a time.


KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX

Next one pops up ready for use!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

INTERRUPTIONS, INTERRUPTIONS

BY EDGAR BROOKE

"I'm a one-hundred-per-cent believer in America," Mr. Stacey declared. The man lowered his book and considered a moment. "Which America?" he asked

"THIS seat taken?" Mr. Stacey asked hurriedly, glancing back at the crowd struggling down the aisle.

The man with the book glanced up briefly. "No."

Mr. Stacey stretched his stubby figure, shoved his bag into the overhead rack, and sank into the vacant seat. "Boy, was I lucky!" he observed.

"Yes," responded the other, abstractedly.

Mr. Stacey permitted himself a slight chortle. "Yes, sir, guess I was the early bird, all right, all right. Like to read?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Me, too," Mr. Stacey said, gratified at their kindred tastes. "Only I don't get much time for it. Always interruptions, interruptions. That way with you?"

The other glanced up while turning a page. "Yes," he said and turned back to his book.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Stacey continued musingly, "don't guess I've read a whole book for several years. Just can't get the time." He reached into his pocket. "Have a smoke?"

"No."

"Mind if I do?" Mr. Stacey asked considerately.

"No," said the other, his eyes going back to the beginning of a paragraph.

"Remember once," Mr. Stacey said, "feller gave me a Mexican cigarette. Boy, was that something! I don't see how anybody can smoke 'em. Just cigar scrapings and chocolate; what a taste! Yes, sir, give me an American cigarette every time. Sure you won't have one?"

"Yes."

"That's America for you," Mr. Stacey declared, holding up his cigarette. "Best cigarettes, best everything. Greatest country in the world. We've got our problems, all right, but we'll lick 'em. Won the war, now we'll win the peace. Yes, sir, I'm a one-hundred-per-cent believer in America."

The man lowered his book and considered for a moment. "Which America?" he asked.

"Beg pardon?" Mr. Stacey said.

"I asked," the other repeated, "which America?"

"I don't get you," Mr. Stacey said. "You mean North America? The United States?"

"Weren't you referring to the United States?"

"Yes—that's right," Mr. Stacey said with relief.

"Well, which United States?"

Mr. Stacey's mystification was complete. For a wild moment he glanced around to assure himself that he was in his right mind, on the right train.

"Look," he said uncertainly, "we aren't connecting. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Why," said the other quietly, "I'm simply asking you to which United States you were referring."

THE pale, soft hands of confusion fumbled over Mr. Stacey's brain. His eyes took on a hunted look.

"Listen," he exclaimed, "there isn't but *one* United States. It's all around us. We're in it right now."

"Ah," said the other, "but are there not many United States—or, if you prefer, many Americas?"

"Look," Mr. Stacey said, "imagine we are in a plane flying over the Mississippi, halfway between Chicago and Miami. High, you see, so high that we can see from Canada to Mexico, from Maine to California. That's America. That's the United States. That's what I'm talking about."

"Very clear," said the other, and Mr. Stacey sighed. "But, there is a difficulty. By the time our plane reached the ground again, the America which we viewed from the air would be a different America."

"How's that?" Mr. Stacey was startled.

"By the same reasoning," the other continued evenly, "America is not the same as it was when this train departed from New York. The change, in all likelihood, has been slight, but still, unquestionably, change has occurred. So, that America of the recent past and the one of this precise instant are not the same."

"What's happened to it?" Mr. Stacey asked dully. He involuntarily glanced out of the window at the landscape passing at blurring speed.

"Happened to it?" said the man. "If all the human beings in the world were to undertake together the problem of measuring all the minute changes—psychological, physical, human, social, cultural, economic—which have occurred in America since we left New York, they would fail ignominiously."

"That so?" said Mr. Stacey.

"Again," the man proceeded remorselessly, "America may be viewed as the embodiment of a political concept, framed by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and evolving through the years under such influences as the activities of political parties, Supreme Court decisions, governmental changes effected by vested interests operating through lobbies, and so forth, with the result that 'America' as a political concept is seen to be an ever-changing one. Then, there is the historical America, by which we mean the land and the people, and the story of all that has happened here since our forefathers landed on these shores—the opening of the West, the Civil War, the growth of cities, and so on. There is yet another America—the member-state of an anarchic world community, in which we see our country playing a role analogous to that of one of the original thirteen colonies before the Union was formed, attempting to act as if complete independence of all other countries were possible in a world community which has already inextricably bound our interests, responsibilities and destinies together. There are, of coure, still other Americas, as you are doubtless fully aware. So," and he turned full upon Mr. Stacey, "I ask: Which America?"

"What America?" Mr. Stacey replied blankly.

"Precisely," said the other, "which America—or, if you prefer, *what* America do you have in mind?"

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Stacey feebly, "let's skip it."

"Skip it?" said the man. "Very well, but which?"

"Which what?" Mr. Stacey mumbled thickly.

"America," the other replied, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

A dizziness passed over Mr. Stacey. He wiped his face with his hand. He began to climb lumberingly to his feet. "Very interesting, but if you don't mind," he said heavily, "think I'll go and have a beer. You understand. Some other time, maybe."

"Not at all," said the other. "Perhaps we can take it up again."

IN THE diner, the steward ushered Mr. Stacey to a chair beside a sharp-faced woman eating a salad. He ordered a beer and methodically reviewed the puzzling conversation. It began to make sense now. This fellow had simply given him the brush-off. Mr. Stacey was nettled. But—it must be admitted that the guy did a fancy job. In fact, a superduper job. Not only that, the guy was a really deep thinker. Possibly a college professor. Well, he was not the one to harbor a grudge. Mr. Stacey smiled wryly. Yes, sir, that was one for the books. He took a long satisfying draw on his beer. As he lowered the glass, he glanced at the woman beside him and found her looking with distaste and disapproval at the beer bottle.

"Hope you don't mind my having this beer," Mr. Stacey said politely. "Like with smoking, I like to consider the other fellow."

"Well," the woman said with a cold semblance of a smile, "I shan't pretend that I approve of drinking in any form. But you are within your legal rights, of course." She paused and added primly, "Not that I approve of those, either. I sometimes wonder where America is headed."

With great deliberation, Mr. Stacey poured the rest of the beer into his glass, lighted a cigarette, turned slightly toward her and said, "Which America?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR KRAFT

Jane Russell says:

"ROMA WINES

Taste Better

than any wine I have ever tasted"

Positively! Because only ROMA selects for you from the world's greatest reserves of fine wines.

No wonder more Americans enjoy ROMA than any other wines in the world!

PERFECT FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS!
Sprightly dry—ROMA California Champagne! Naturally fermented, bulk process sparkling wine or delicious, sparkling Burgundy.

ROMA DESSERT WINES
Glorious ROMA California Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel . . . are America's favorite wines for entertaining on all occasions.

There's a delicious Roma Wine for every taste... for every occasion

COCKTAIL TIME!
Make Martinis and Manhattans better-tasting with ROMA California Vermouths. Ask for ROMA Vermouth, The Gold Medal Winner at California 1947 State Fair.

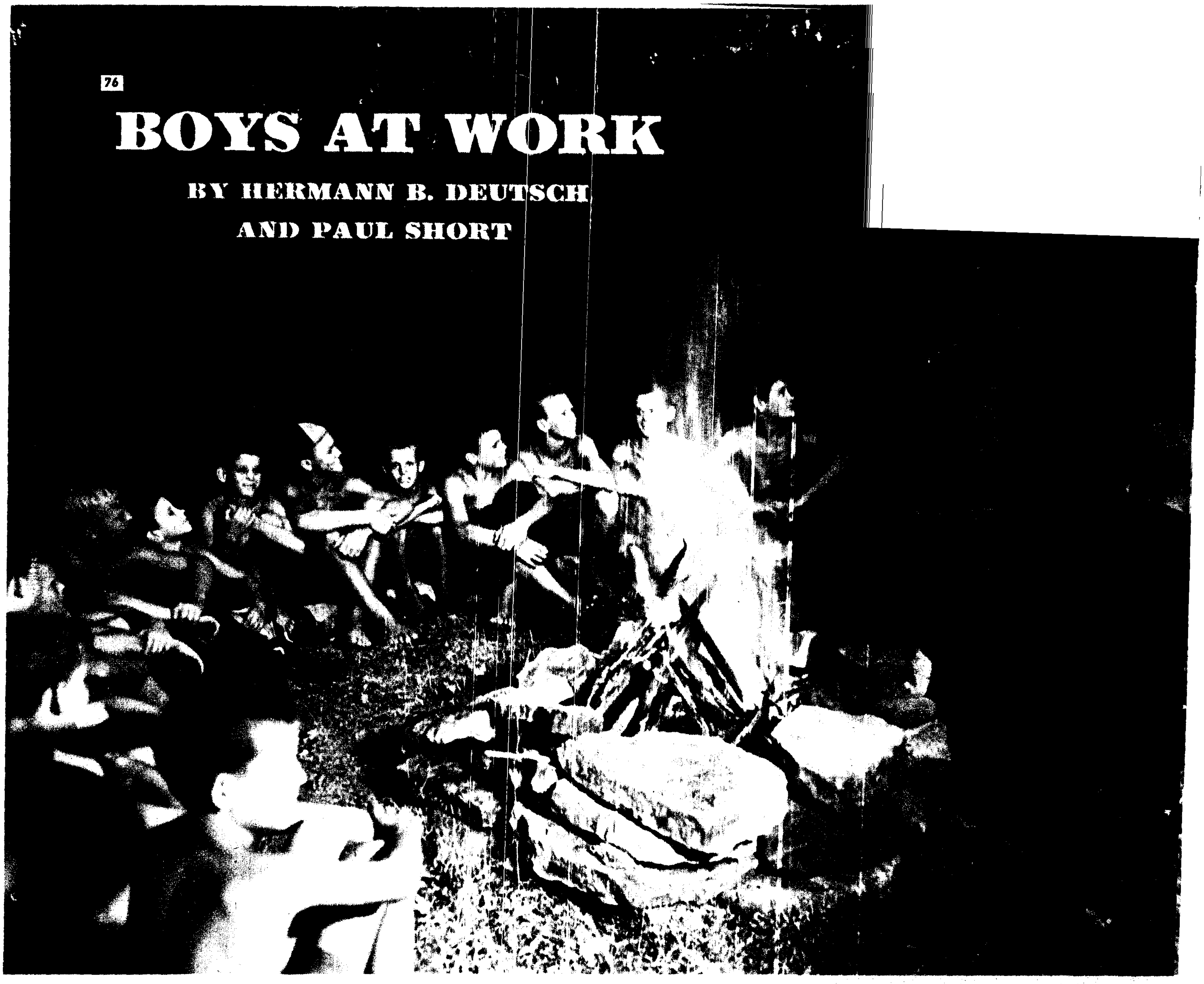
ROMA TABLE WINES
California Burgundy — Sauterne — Claret. Make any meal a party meal with these perfect flavor mates for favorite foods.

ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
MUSCATEL
Bottled at our Winery in Fresno
Made and bottled by ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Cal.
QUART

Roma Wine Company, Lodi, Healdsburg, Fresno, California.

BOYS AT WORK

BY HERMANN B. DEUTSCH AND PAUL SHORT



The Variety Clubs of America have branches, "tents," in nearly 30 American cities. They finance all sorts of things—children's hospitals, milk banks, summer camps and so on—for young people who haven't had much chance in life. These boys, gathered around a Council fire, are at the Dallas Tent's big ranch

They called him "Stinky" and he was too tough to handle. So they sent him to a ranch in Texas—a very unusual ranch—and went to work on him. This is the story of what happened to the obstreperous one, at that ranch

ACTUALLY, his nickname never was "Stinky." Perhaps that is because in his case such a designation might have been considered a shade too flattering. Besides, he isn't any one individual but a composite of forty or more boys, among whom were once some of the tougher, if not the toughest, juvenile delinquents ever to come before the courts of Texas. Accent on the past tense, however.

Today Stinky's nickname is Buck. He is working and playing his head off on a ranch near Copperas Cove, keeps himself and his quarters reasonably immaculate, studies hard because he has his eye on the captaincy of the six-man football team of the Copperas Cove High School, and is headed straight for college and later for useful, decent citizenship. Three of him, in fact, are already in college prep schools, and doing fine, thank you.

Things weren't at all like that when a trial judge listened attentively to the proceedings in the case of the State vs. Stinky. The charge? Prowling around a bathing resort and going through parked cars for loot; or perhaps helping to roll drunks, disposing of stolen goods, h'isting cigarettes, making off with hot automobiles. Or maybe he was merely running around nights because his home was the sort of place even a judge or a policeman wouldn't much blame a boy for staying away from.

Be that as it may, there wasn't the least doubt of Stinky's guilt, and he was therefore committed to the custody of the Variety Clubs' Boys' Ranch, and to Marshall Brown, its coach. ("Coach" is the only title by which Marshall is addressed, though his duties are those of ranch superintendent, hydraulic engineer, veterinarian, athletic director, dietitian, social-service researcher, agronomist, purchasing agent, psychiatrist, referee and miscellaneous.)

Stinky didn't so much as bat an eye when the judge turned him over to Marshall Brown at Waco or Dallas or Temple or wherever it was. He had heard all about reform schools. If you made it plain to the other boys that you were too tough to be put upon, and that you could stand up without whimpering under any punishment the adults meted out, you got along. After a while you found and seized an opportunity to run away.

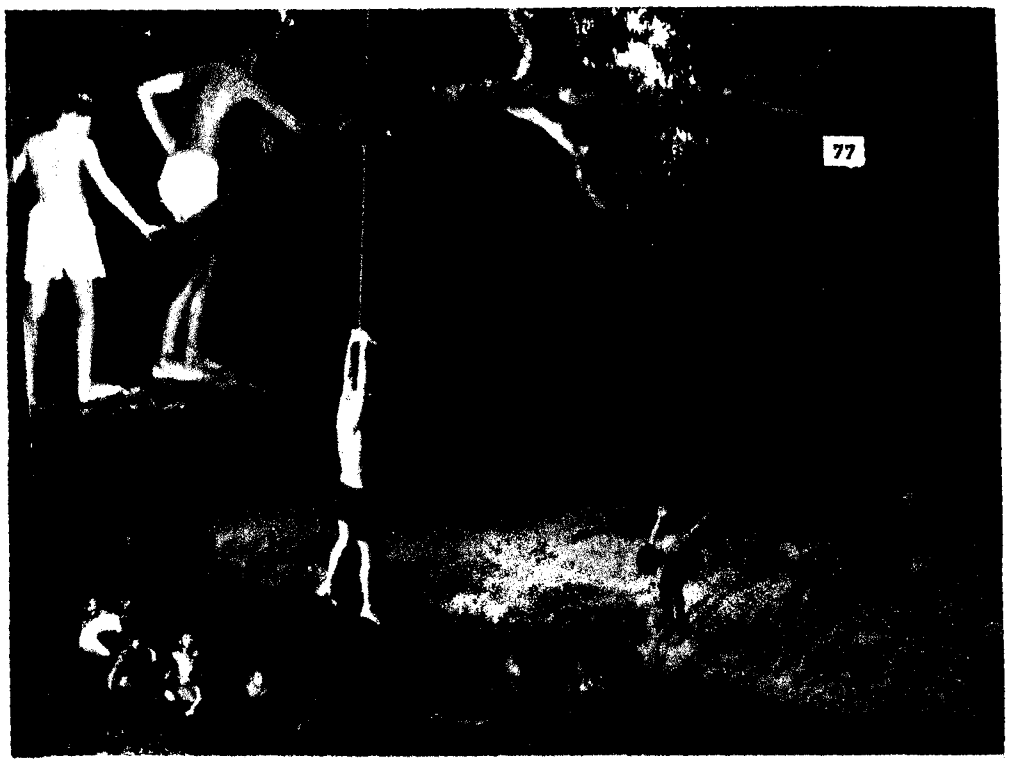
So Stinky had to learn the hard way about the Variety Clubs, their Boys' Ranch in Texas and Marshall Brown.

The day after he arrived, Pee-wee, one of the small boys quartered in the Skipper Cherry dormitory, approached him in pure friendliness, and Stinky promptly cuffed him away. Instantly another youngster was upon him, seized his wrist and spun him around.

"Hey, you! We don't hit the Skipper Cherry boys," the added starter informed him. "You want to hit somebody your own size? Here's me!"

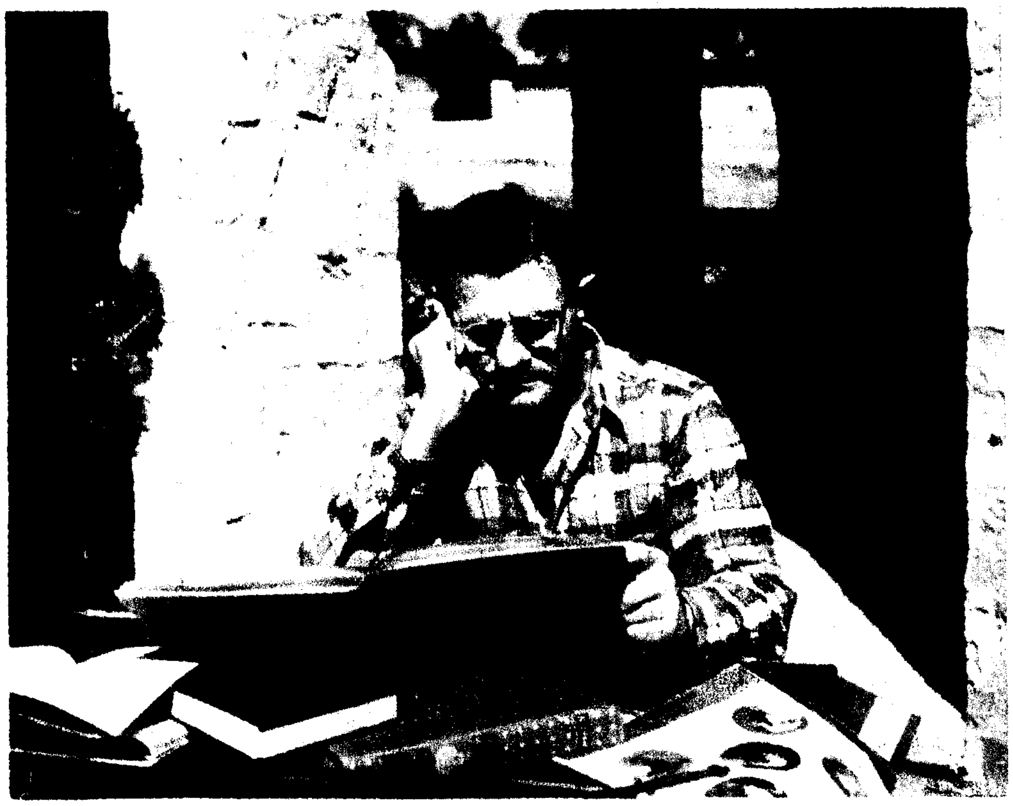
But tall, bronzed Eddie Kriss, one of Marshall's assistants and once runner-up for a Golden Gloves championship, put a stop to that in a hurry, and just as promptly matched the two militants for a boxing bout that night

Baling hay isn't what you'd call fun, but the boys do it—and like it. They work hard—they do everything that has to be done on a modern Texas ranch



Enjoying the Clear Creek swimming hole. See those tanned backs? They got that way because they have compulsory sun-tanning at the Dallas Tent's ranch

Four young stalwarts medicating sheep. This was the sort of thing that met with "Stinky's" disapproval when he first arrived at the ranch. Me work? Bah!



Marshall Brown, former star circus aerialist, the big boss of the ranch. Before he took the job, he had to study agriculture. The boys call him "Coach"

in the Army-surplus Rec Hall which serves the ranch as a movie theater and gymnasium. There Stinky, the case-hardened hombre from Waco or Dallas, or Temple, had his ears batted down with eight-ounce gloves; a very competent job it was, too. Stinky's pool-hall belligerence was no match at all for the trained skill at boxing which is coached into the resident constituency of Boys' Ranch.

Gradually it was borne in on Stinky that he was now living where youngsters actually were cowboys and circus acrobats and polo players and football stars and a lot of other things that most normal boys merely wish to be. Nonetheless, he chafed at the incessant feeling of restraint; the enforced neatness of person and quarters; the schedule of activities which left a boy too spent and weary at bedtime to do anything but drop off into deep, healthy sleep; the morning routine of ranch tasks during vacation months; compulsory school attendance during the balance of the year.

"English!" he fumed derisively after his first day at the Copperas Cove consolidated school. "They say they going to teach me English! What the hell they think I been talking all my life—French? I don't need a thing that school aims to teach me."

So Stinky held fast to the thought that sooner or later he would run away from the ranch.

Origin of the Variety Clubs

But meanwhile he could hardly help absorbing some background knowledge about the ranch itself. Bit by bit he learned about Variety Clubs of America; how a baby girl was found abandoned in a Pittsburgh theater on Thanksgiving Day of 1928; how a group of eleven Pittsburgh showmen banded together to bring her up, ultimately giving her for adoption to a childless couple, but so secretly that only four persons know her true identity today—her foster parents and two charter Variety Club members.

By the time all this transpired, however, the original eleven-man fellowship had expanded into an organization of national scope—the Variety Clubs of America—with "tents" in nearly thirty cities. Each of these tents raises funds for one or more benefactions to underprivileged childhood—milk banks, children's hospitals, summer camps or whatever it may chance to be.

Among the most active of these tents is undeniably that of Texas in Dallas. An annual September Turtle Derby finances a hundred-thousand-dollar budget for welfare work—the so-called "heart fund." Three years ago the Dallas Tent purchased outright a 4,200-acre ranch at Copperas Cove and dedicated it to the regeneration of delinquent boyhood. One Marshall Brown was made regenerator in chief.

At the time he took over the ranch, Marshall was more than a trifle vague about the precise difference between a hay baler and a mass-energy equation. But he knew boys, principally because he still is and always will be one himself.

The son of a Texas physician, he had been orphaned at fourteen, while he was a pupil at Warren Easton High School in New Orleans. There his classroom work was adequate, though anything but distinguished. But his performance on the football field, the baseball diamond, the basketball court, and more especially as captain of the gymnastic team, was such that a famous troupe of the circus aerialists, the Flying La Vans, offered to take him on as soon as he should be graduated. He began as a leaper. Even as an eighteen-year-old, however, he was so powerful that he soon became a catcher, the chap who swings by his knees through the long arc of the trapeze pendulum and catches teammates as they hurtle through space toward him.

Later he became an Arab with a troupe of ground tumblers, and wore a sash. But he gradually reached the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUMBERT STUDIOS

The Distillery Behind the Bottle

ONE OF THE TREASURES OF ALL TIME
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia.
Canada
DISTILLERY NO. 2
PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA

From the Harwood's Collection—painted by William Cleaver for Canada's largest independent distillery.

BACK of every bottle of HARWOOD'S stands Canada's largest independent distillery.

This impressive and thoroughly modern plant, covering 15 acres on the bank of the great Fraser River in beautiful British Columbia, is the home of HARWOOD'S, truly the Connoisseur's Canadian Whisky.

One of the Treasures of all time

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 PROOF

Sole United States Importers: Williams Importers, New York, N. Y.

conclusion that it wasn't good enough and that he wanted more schooling. He returned to New Orleans and matriculated at Loyola University of the South on an athletic scholarship. Naturally, he played football, and thus met Maud Mullins, whose brother Charles (nicknamed "Moon" of course) was one of the current stars of the Tulane University team.

Boy having met girl, boy decided that in order to support a beautiful wife he'd have to curtail his studies and expand his earning power without further ado. Hence he signed with the Flying Franklins for a soon-to-begin circus engagement of 45 solid weeks. While waiting to join up, he paid a quickie call on a married sister in Dallas, in order to introduce the new Mrs. Brown to the one member of the family she had not yet met.

His brother-in-law was a member of the very popular Dallas Athletic Club. There, during the course of his visit, Marshall put on an impressive exhibition. The upshot was that an enthused Dallas business executive offered him a nominal accounting job and a membership in the D.A.C. A year and a half later, Marshall became the club's athletic director.

Making an Olympic Champion

He held this position sixteen years. During the last three summers of his incumbency, the Dallas Variety Club borrowed him from the Dallas Athletic Club to serve as director of a summer camp for boys which the Texas Tent sponsored. Meanwhile, his work at the D.A.C. had attracted more than local attention. Among other things, he had taken a rather sickly youngster in hand, at the request of the boy's father, to put him through a course of bodybuilding exercises. The lad proved so apt and willing a pupil that under Marshall's tutelage, he won the world's tumbling championship at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

Hence it is hardly a matter for surprise that the Navy made Marshall Brown a lieutenant commander in 1942, and put him in charge of the physical conditioning of flying cadets at a number of preflight stations. He served until January 2, 1946, and then abruptly began to study agriculture. That was because the Dallas Tent of the Variety Clubs had informed him he would take over, as of here and now, the conduct and management of their newly acquired Boys' Ranch.

Today the onetime "catcher" of the Flying La Vans discourses seriously on various important matters. "You mustn't graze this type of land too close," he will say. "If you do, it won't reseed, and then where are you? So you've got to have lots of land; enough to let you shift your grazing stock from place to place."

The summertime vacation routine at Boys' Ranch sets aside the mornings for work and the rest of the day for recreation—both equally dynamic. Early breakfast is followed by house cleaning. For the little chaps in the Skipper Cherry house this becomes a game. Waxing mops are strapped to the feet of the select committee members who have earned the distinction, and they are permitted to polish the linoleum tiles of their dormitory floor by skating over it. Coach's gruff, Navy-lingo, "Secure!" when he approves, after inspection, is highly prized.

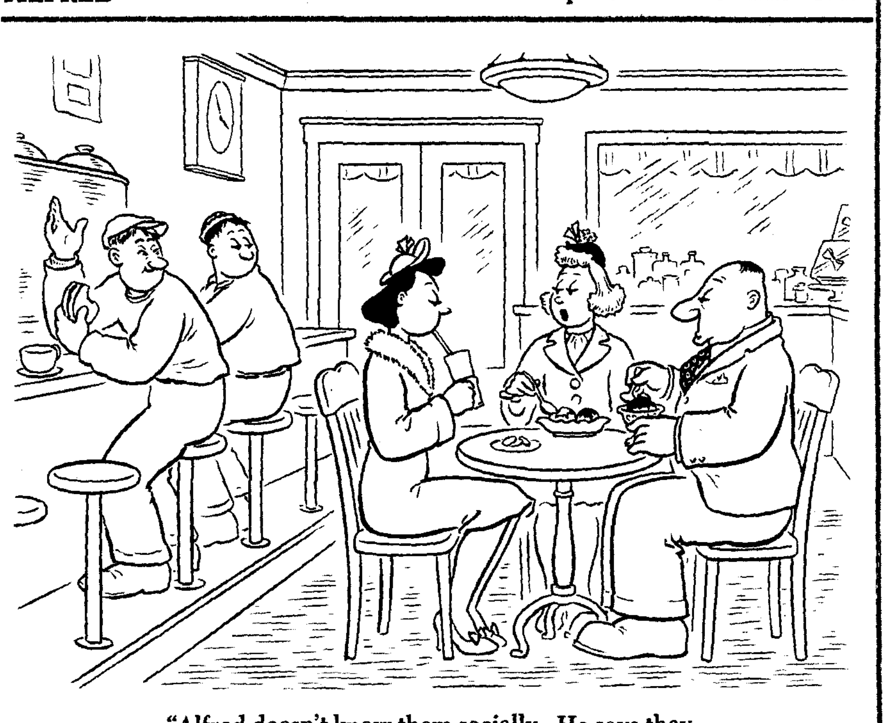
The rest of the morning is given over to ranch tasks for all but the group of five or six who rose before daybreak to tend the dairy that supplies the establishment with milk. Pasteurizer, cream separator and milking shed must be spotless after each milking is finished. Feed enough must be hammered, the cows turned out to graze, the calves tended and so on. But after that, the dairy crew can catch up on their sleep.

Another group is detailed to help bale hay in a big pasture on the far side of Clear Creek; another to round up the beef cattle, and very conscious they are of their boots, sombreros and man-on-horseback rating as they gallop off from the home corral; another to operate the ranch laundry, another to the fowl yard, another to the hogpens, another to help Ollie Kinchion, the Negro cook, and his wife in the dining room and kitchen. That goes on until noon. After lunch there is an hour of compulsory sun-bathing, during which the boys can do what they please, provided only that they do it outdoors wearing nothing but the briefest of shorts.

Then comes football practice. The thermometer may show 102° in the shade, if any. But no Ivy League or Big Nine Conference squad goes through a more conscientious drill session. Little boys tackle little ones, and big boys big ones. In all other respects, however, any autumn afternoon on any college gridiron is meticulously duplicated—monkey drill, line work, punting, passing, scrimmage and all.

Darkness is still a long way off when practice is over. So it's back into shorts, and into the big yellow bus that takes the

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred doesn't know them socially. He says they are just casual business acquaintances of his"

COLLIER'S

INDOOR ROADS... BURIED TREASURES... HUNGRY PLANES...

Progress Plus!

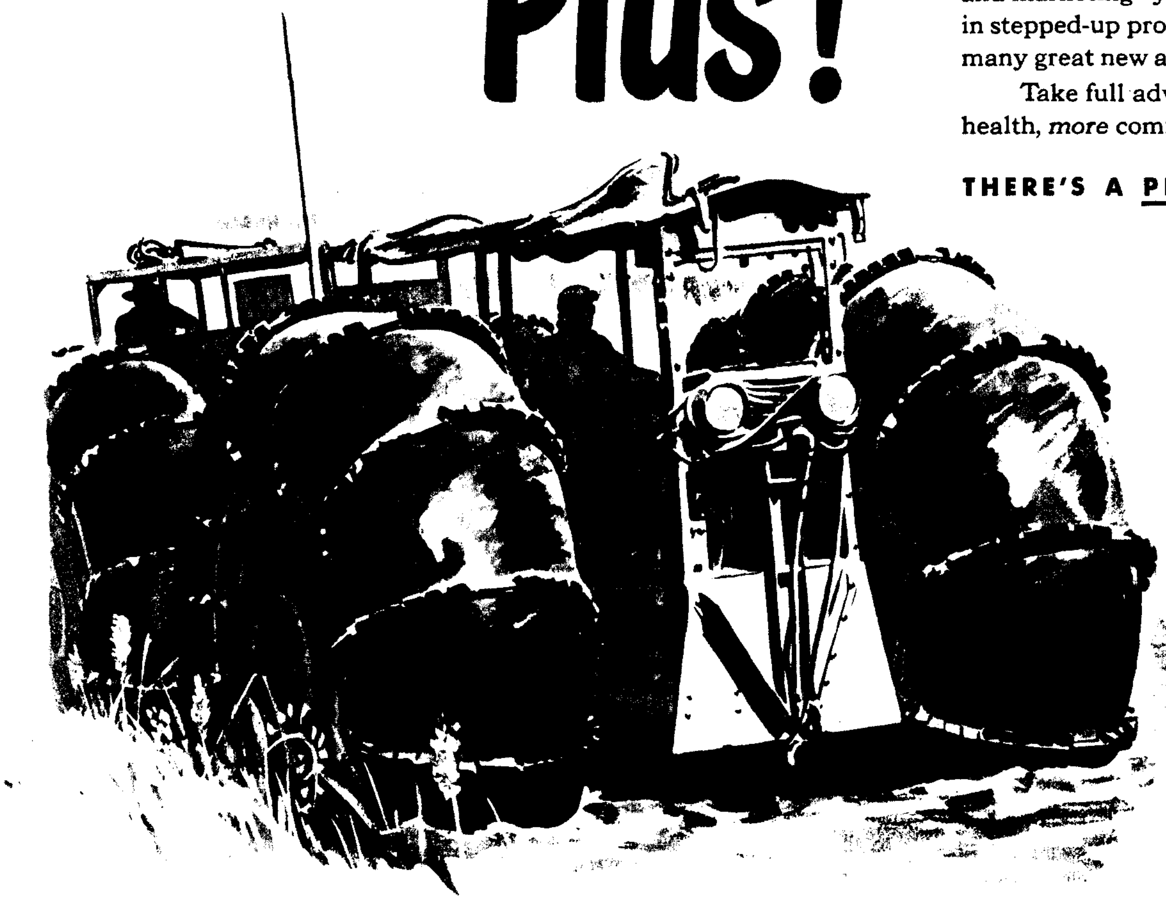
Today more petroleum products are being produced and delivered than *ever before* ... more than in our *peak wartime year!*

Never has oil been called upon to do so much. For oil does so much ... so much better. More oil burners for schools, hospitals, homes ... more cars on the road ... more oil for factories, diesel trains, planes and agricultural machinery.

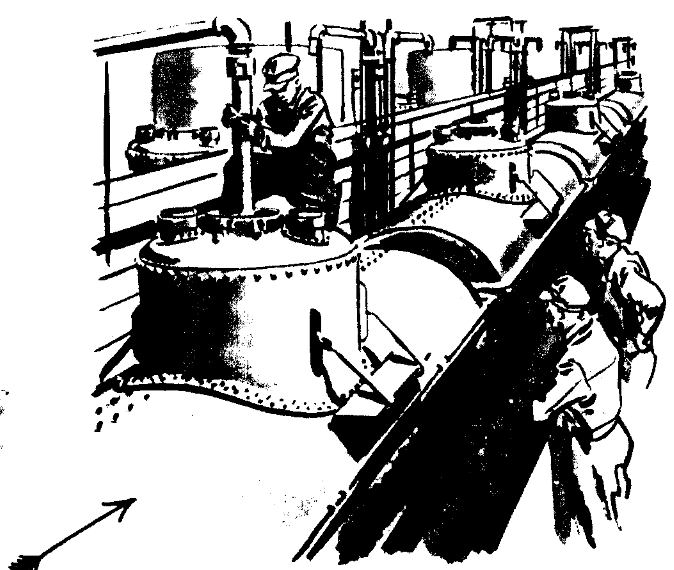
Traditional rivalry is spurring the 34,000 individual firms in the industry to round-the-clock efforts to help meet the increasing demands. In every branch of the business—production, refining, research, transportation and marketing—you see the results of this rivalry. Not only is it evident in stepped-up production, in better gasoline, lubricants, fuel oil... but in the many great new advances in chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing.

Take full advantage of oil's efficiency. Don't waste it. Oil means *better* health, *more* comfort, *greater* convenience to you ... to *all*.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

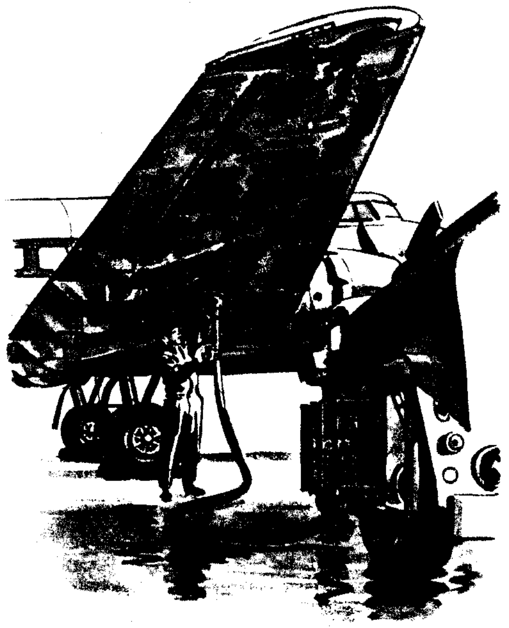


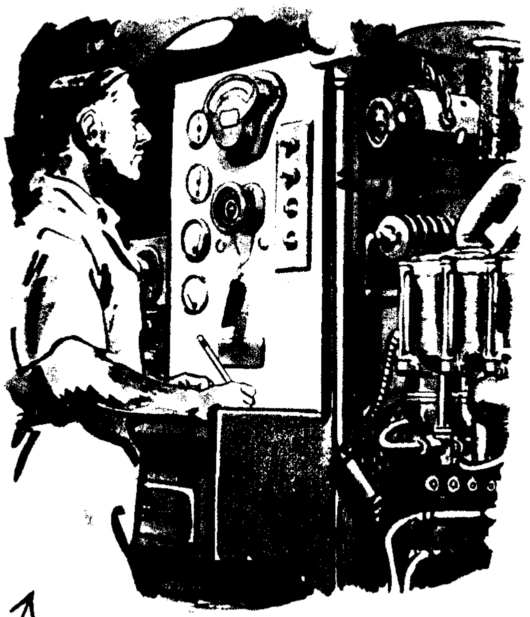
THE SEARCH FOR OIL IS ENDLESS, FAR-REACHING. SPECIALLY DEVELOPED "SWAMP BUGGIES" ROAM THE MARSHLANDS EXPLORING FOR NEW SOURCES. 13,475 PRODUCTION COMPANIES COMPETE WITH RIVALS IN THIS NEVER-ENDING SEARCH.



URGENT NEED OF TRANSPORTING GREATEST AMOUNT OF OIL IN HISTORY IS A 24-HOUR DAY JOB FOR HUNDREDS OF COMPANIES. 150,000 TANK CARS, 1,400 BARGES, 200,000 TRUCKS, 285 TANKERS, 141,000 MILES OF PIPE LINES BRING OIL PRODUCTS TO YOU.

TO SAVE PRECIOUS HOURS FOR PASSENGERS, A NEW UNDERWING FUELING METHOD CAN GET PLANES OFF FAST, DELIVERS 120 GALLONS PER MINUTE. OVER 20,000 JOBBERS AND DISTRIBUTORS STRIVE TO FILL AMERICA'S EVER-MOUNTING OIL NEEDS.





LABORATORY TESTING ENGINES DUPLICATE ACTUAL ROAD CONDITIONS INDOORS. OVER 400 REFINERIES CONSTANTLY WORK TO BRING YOU MORE MILES PER GALLON, MORE EFFICIENT POWER FOR CARS, TRUCKS, PLANES AND TRAINS.

A FAR CRY FROM THE OLD DAYS OF THE HAND PUMP, WHEN ONLY OIL, GASOLINE AND FREE AIR WERE AVAILABLE. AT 225,000 SERVICE STATIONS LOCAL OIL MERCHANTS OFFER YOU FREE SERVICES... PROVIDE TIRES, COMPLETE ACCESSORIES... PLUS THE FINEST PETROLEUM PRODUCTS IN THE WORLD.

Prepared by the Oil Industry Information Committee—Copyright, 1948

DOES LOTS MORE THAN KEEP HAIR *Looking Handsome*

READ WHY IT'S PREFERRED AMONG AMERICA'S TOP EXECUTIVES...

Buy a hairdressing that gives you *your money's worth.* Enjoy the EXTRA BENEFITS of Kreml. This *highly specialized* hair tonic keeps hair so perfectly groomed—always looking as if you just combed it. But Kreml does *lots more!*

Never Gives Hair That Cheap Greasy Look No Grease Comes Off

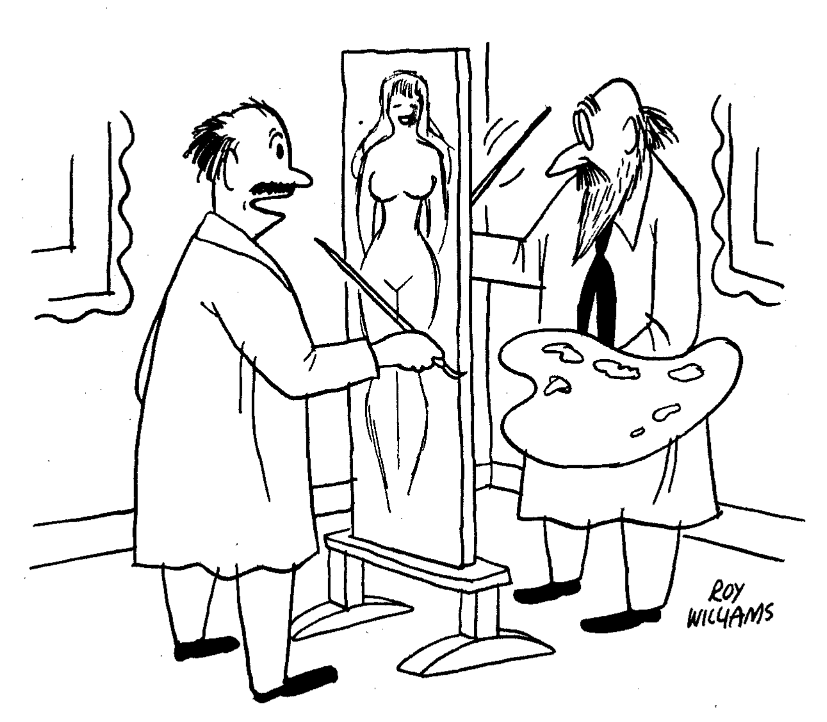
Kreml never leaves hair feeling dirty or full of grease. It gives hair such a *clean-cut, healthy-look.*

Annoyed By Dry Scalp? Dandruff Flakes?

Kreml is great to lubricate a dry scalp, make dry hair feel softer. It also removes dandruff flakes and leaves scalp feeling so *alive.* Use Kreml Hair Tonic daily for perfectly groomed hair and a more 'hygienic' scalp.

KREML *HAIR TONIC*

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



COLLIER'S "How's the back view coming along?" ROY WILLIAMS

boys daily to and from Copperas Cove during the school term. Only now the bus is headed for the Lampasas River, or for a big pool in Clear Creek. If it's the river, the boys are decanted out of the bus three miles short of Ocala Bridge. The rest of the way they run, and last one in's a stinker. Cool, refreshed and singing (favorite ballads: You are My Sunshine and I've got Sixpence), they drive back home for supper, which is followed by a choose-up baseball game in which everybody plays who isn't on duty in the kitchen, dairy or elsewhere.

Darkness puts an end to this contest, whereupon the meeting adjourns to the Rec Hall for tumbling practice. Most boys are natural tumblers. Under the expert guidance of such a circus professional as Coach, quite a few have become real stars. Their performances are in great demand as far away as Dallas, and the double which Marshall himself puts on with Pee-wee is something to see. Three nights a week the tumbling session is followed by a movie—the Friday-night Western is the favorite, of course—and on the other three nights by a series of boxing matches. By curfew time every youngster on the ranch is ready and more than ready for bed.

Unorthodox Polo—But More Fun

To be sure, it isn't always a trip to the river. Sometimes it's a polo game, with brooms for mallets and a volley ball, the entire complement of ranch horses doubling as polo ponies. Occasionally it's a race up a steep cliff to a rocky mesa for a suppertime wienie roast and a solemn council session around the campfire.

Punishments? Yes, occasionally. Petty offenses are judged by Marshall at once.

"You've got to pick your punishment," he explains. "Take a boy who doesn't care anything about Western movies. It wouldn't be any deprivation to him not to be allowed to see the Friday-night serial. And a lazy boy wouldn't find it much of a hardship to be barred from football practice. Still, you can almost always tell what sort of things they'd miss most, and deprive them of that for one or two times.

"On the more serious offenses, the boys have their own court, and pass judgment. They're the only ones that ever administer corporal punishment. Matter of fact, you sort of have to hold them down on that, because mostly that's the first thing they think of.

"There was one boy who went into a fit of the sulks and destroyed a lot of property just for meanness. The boys made him strip to the waist, stand up against the flagpole, facing it with his hands above his head, and then they walked by him, each taking a swipe at his bare back with a belt. It hurt. But it wasn't the pain that bothered him. He was over that in no time. It was the idea that even the little Skipper Cherry boys had taken a whack at him, and he had to stand there and take it."

All of this explains why all but one member of the Copperas Cove High football team are youngsters from the Variety Clubs' ranch. For the past two years, the team captains have been ranch boys. Chances are that this record will stand for at least another year, for the lad who, in the Stinky stage of his development, complained so bitterly about studying English, is currently a fast-rising star with a flair for swivel-hipped ball carrying that is going to claim some college coach's attention very favorably two or three years hence.

Church attendance is regular. Weather permitting, the school bus does duty once more in transporting the youngsters to Copperas Cove on Sunday mornings. Sometimes, in the winter, weather is not "permitting." In that event, Ollie Kinchion, the Negro cook, graduate of a Baptist seminary, conducts services, sermon and all, in the dining hall. Inasmuch as he is highly favored as a second during boxing matches, he gets respectful attention when he occupies the pulpit.

Incidentally, it is their own money that the boys drop into the collection plate. Every task performed about the ranch earns its quota of "appreciation money" which the boys have a right to spend as they please. The three alumni who are now prepping for Texas A & M earned most of their entrance tuition for themselves in appreciation-savings, and by working as ushers in a Dallas movie theater during the preceding summer vacation.

Stinky hasn't become a combination of Lord Fauntleroy and Frank Merriwell. He still gives way to quick flashes of temper. When a new boy who thought pretty well of himself cuffed one of the Skipper Cherry youngsters during the sun-bathing hour, Stinky was on him like a flash, spun him around, and said:

"Listen, you, we don't hit Skipper Cherry kids around here. You want to pick on somebody your own size? Here's me!"

The new boy didn't take up the challenge, which was just as well. Stinky's now a fast man with the gloves. Incidentally, they don't call him Stinky any more. His nickname's Buck.

THE END

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

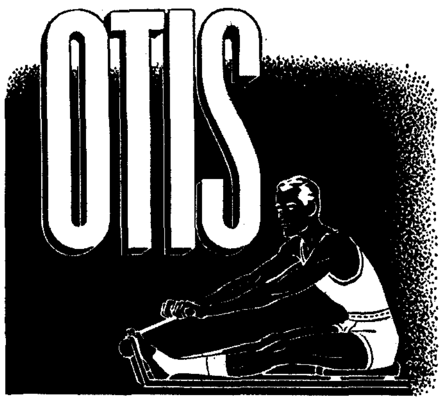
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Two drops of Murine in each eye will rest, relax and refresh tired eyes in seconds. You get—

QUICK RELIEF. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients. Absolutely safe ... gentle as a tear. Murine gives tired eyes the feeling of "hours of rest" in seconds.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

OTIS



UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY

for Men and Boys

OTIS UNDERWEAR fits comfortably and wears well. Sleeveless and short sleeve shirts—mid-thigh shorts or briefs, and other styles. TRADE MARK

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.

ZIPPO LIGHTER FLUID

For a quick light with less refilling, buy ZIPPO FLUID. It never gums up the works. New bell spout flows just right for fast filling without spilling.

AT YOUR DEALER

Also demand ZIPPO Flints.

25¢ (No mail orders)

BY THE MAKERS OF ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

BRADFORD, PA.

$1.39
$1.25
.39
$3.29
$1.25
SACRO BRACE $3.85
89¢

Weak Ankles, Knees, Wrists, Back Pains, Abdominal Strain

Men & Women:

If you are troubled with weak or painful ankles, knees, elbows or wrists: shoulder - slump; abdominal strain at work or sports; or back-aches due to sacro-iliac strain, you will appreciate the better support and extra comfort found only in Futuro Elastic Braces. New, different, improved, with patented features of design that assure greater satisfaction, they cost less because they are mass-produced; made for the millions who need good elastic braces. See them today and judge for yourself.

At All Better Drug Stores

If your druggist can't supply you, write for free booklet.

Jung Arch Brace Co. 428 Jung Bldg. Cincinnati 2, Ohio

FUTURO ELASTIC BRACES

JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

Continued from page 23

President Roosevelt attended the state funeral for Robinson in the Senate Chamber, and designated Garner to represent him at the Little Rock, Arkansas, interment services. The Vice-President returned to Washington on the funeral train. Two things were under discussion on the ride, the court fight and the battle between Senator Alben Barkley and Senator Pat Harrison for the majority leadership.

Both Harrison and Senator James F. Byrnes, in charge of his campaign, were certain Harrison would win. By most calculations Harrison had 38 sure votes, a majority of one.

Garner, photographed sitting between Harrison and Barkley, declared his neutrality. Then he told newspapermen:

"I shall not by the nod of the head, the wink of the eye or the use of a single vocal chord indicate any preference."

Both the court and the leadership fights were to be settled within 48 hours.

The Texas Brand of Candor

When Garner met Roosevelt the morning of July 20th after the train arrived in Washington, Roosevelt asked him:

"How did you find the court situation, Jack?"

"Do you want it with the bark on or off, Cap'n?" Garner replied.

"With the bark on," Roosevelt said.

"All right!" Garner replied. "You are beat. You haven't got the votes."

The President agreed to shelve the Supreme Court enlargement plan and commissioned Garner to make the best settlement possible in the interest of party harmony.

But there was an immediate complication in his role of liquidator and peacemaker. In the Democratic caucus, Barkley defeated Harrison 38 to 37 for Senate leader.

Roosevelt, Garner and Farley all had agreed to keep hands off, treating it as a matter strictly to be settled by the Democratic members themselves without outside intrusion. But President Roosevelt jumped into the contest on Barkley's side bringing pressure on Senator Dietrich of Illinois, who had pledged himself to vote for Harrison, and on Senator Bilbo of Mississippi. Dietrich switched to Barkley.

Bilbo had said that if Harrison would ask him to vote for him he would do so. Harrison sent word back that he would not ask Bilbo a favor for any office in the world. Bilbo voted for Barkley.

Garner was flabbergasted when he heard that Barkley had won 38 to 37.

"I could have decided that contest," he exclaimed to me. "Morris Sheppard (Senator from Texas) came in here this morning and said, 'John, both Barkley and Harrison are my friends. Tell me which one to vote for. I will vote any way you say.' "

I told him, " 'Morris, I ought not even talk to you about this. It is a matter for Senators. Roosevelt and Farley and I have agreed to keep hands off.' "

Sheppard left the Vice-President's room, went to the caucus, and voted for Barkley.

Of Roosevelt's interference Garner said, "It is an encroachment on the prerogatives of members of the legislative branch no President of the United States ought to engage in."

Garner appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee in an effort to bring about a compromise on the court bill. He told the committee:

"My loyalties are in this order: first to my country, second to my party and third to my President."

He offered a plan which he said would serve all three interests. But the hostile committee knowing it had the Roosevelt court plan beat refused to compromise. The Senate by a vote of 70 to 20 sent the bill back to the Judiciary Committee, which reported it back with the Supreme Court section out and only procedural reforms in the district and circuit courts included. In this form the bill was passed by both the Senate and the House and signed by President Roosevelt.

There were reports, apparently well-authenticated, that the President did not believe the Vice-President made the best settlement possible. Of this Garner said to me:

"He never indicated to me that he was dissatisfied with the way I handled the matter. In my opinion the fate of the bill was settled by the senators on the train coming back from Little Rock . . . Roosevelt made most of his trouble in Congress by changing his course after he had reached an agreement. That was what happened in the court enlargement matter. It was not a matter of party policy, for it was not in the party platform nor was it taken after consultation with Congressional leaders who would have to put it through. Party policy is not made by one man without consultation with elected officials from another branch of government."

To save a party smashup all strategy called for an immediate adjournment of Congress, a cooling-off period and the consolidation of the Democratic party into the semblance, at least, of an orderly majority once more. But President Roosevelt insisted on action on still another proposal—the wages and hours bill.

Garner thought Roosevelt's insistence on a vote on the controversial wages and hours bill on the heels of the party strife on the court bill was particularly inopportune. There had not been adequate study of the proposal, and its effect on thousands of businesses was unexplored, he said.

The strategy was agreed on to pass the bill through the Senate and send it to the House where the opposition to such legislation was much stronger than in the Senate. This was done and after the final enactment of the diluted court bill Congress adjourned on August 21st to meet again on November 15th.

Favors Three-Way Eight-Hour Day

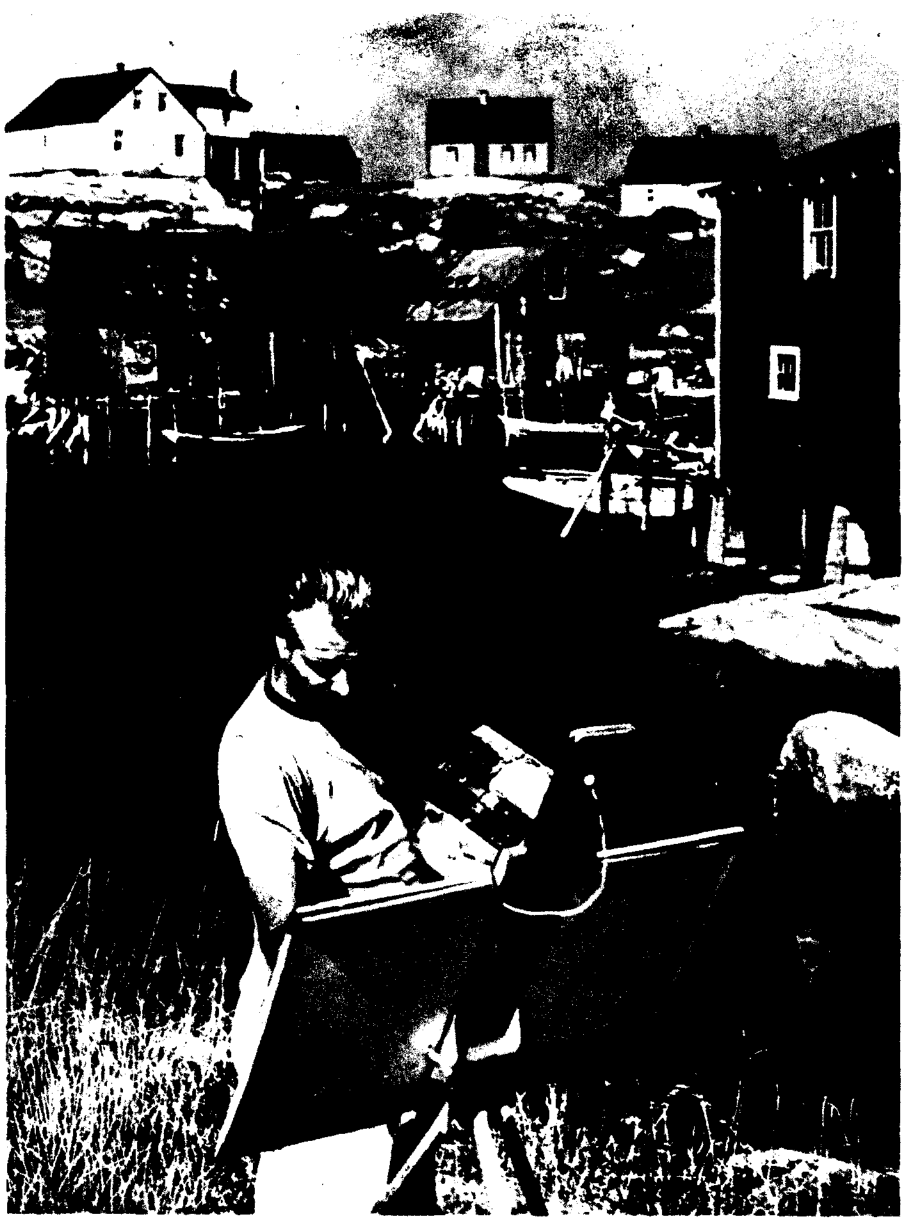
Of Garner's own position, he said:

"In my first campaign for Congress in 1902, I advocated an eight-hour day for industrial workers and for all other city workers where it is possible. That was before the day of nominating primaries and I wrote it into the platform of the convention which first nominated me for Congress. I have never changed my position. I have always believed in eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation and eight hours' sleep.

"I have always believed in collective bargaining and the right of every working man and woman to the best possible wages. The wages part of the proposal does not bother me so much as the hours. I am not convinced that as a general proposition the men and women of the country can do the nation's work in a 40-hour week. There is a vast difference between 48 and 40 hours.

"This is a mass-production country. We lead the world because we manufacture things in the mass and sell them cheaply. Most of the work of the country is done by machines, but even with all our machine power I am not sure the wage earners can do the nation's work in a 40-hour week. If just one generation has nonproductivity preached to it or given to it by precept the economy of the country will be damaged beyond repair."

The wages and hours bill had a stormy



CANADA Vacations Unlimited

Paint your own picture of a perfect vacation in

CANADA

Red-coated "Mounties" are one of Canada's traditions—part of her intriguing foreign flavor.

Got a *special* sort of vacation all dreamed up? Of outdoor life in National Parks? Of luxury life on an inland cruise or at some secluded resort? Big-city sightseeing? A fishing party into the deep woods? Canada has it all ready for you. Beauty to take your breath away. Prices that s-t-r-e-t-c-h your vacation dollars. Friendly people, with whom you're never a stranger, always a guest. So bring your vacation dream along—*live* it this year in Canada. For information, write:

Canadian Government Travel Bureau,
Department of Trade & Commerce,
Ottawa, Canada.

Hon. J. A. MacKINNON, *Minister* — D. LEO DOLAN, *Director*

NO PASSPORT NEEDED

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA CANADA

Please send me your illustrated book, "Canada, Vacations Unlimited"—*(Please Print)* F-482

Name..

Street and No..

Town..State........................

CANADA
Vacations Unlimited

A NICKEL still buys the finest writing pencil
EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" MIRADO 174

'WAY BACK IN 1906, when the Gibson Girls were young, a nickel was worth a loaf of bread, a big ice-cream soda, or a beaming smile from a hatcheck girl. It would also buy an Eagle MIRADO pencil...the top quality pencil of that day.

IN 1948, when secretaries again dress like Gibson Girls, a nickel will buy only two small rolls ●●, a mere dab of ice-cream, or a waiter's contempt. But when you lay it on the line for an Eagle MIRADO, its value is bigger than ever. The price is still 5¢, but 42 years of added research in the Eagle laboratories have made it

so smooth it speeds your hand
so strong you'll never break a point
so durable it saves you money

so plunk down your nickel for real writing pleasure!

*EAGLE *"Chemi-Sealed"
(SUPER BONDED)
*MIRADO

5¢ EACH... *less in quantities*

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, 703 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR A FREE SAMPLE, write on your business letterhead, naming your dealer and the grade you want.

voyage through the House, but legislative action was completed in June, 1938.

Vice-President Garner came back for the short autumn session in November, 1937, in excellent humor, determined to exert all his influence to keep his President and party going in the same direction.

Roosevelt and Garner talked over the President's relations with Congress at a long luncheon at the President's desk. Garner came away from the White House believing he had made some progress with his suggestions on how to repair and improve these relations. He told the President in all candor that there was an increasing feeling in Congress that the Executive was by-passing it a great deal of the time and that when he did ask for legislation, he sent up prepared bills.

How to Get Desired Legislation

"Most of the members of Congress are men of good will," he told the President. "By patience and considerate treatment you can get legislation. Your first term showed this can be done and you've got a bigger majority now than you had then."

Garner told the President that too many people in the executive branch were holding press conferences and propounding policies. He was depicting a situation of which every newspaperman in Washington was aware. From 1933 up to this time in the fall of 1937 it was difficult to get a news story at the Capitol. The Senate in other Administrations had been the newspaperman's delight. The White House had been a newspaper watch job. Roosevelt reversed all this.

"When I occupied office where I was compelled to deal with public questions, I did not mind talking," Garner told the President. "The newspapermen always treated me well, but I did not jeopardize my legislative plans by giving out premature information. I think you and some Cabinet members are giving out premature information."

Roosevelt said he agreed that Cabinet members were talking too much and he would curtail some of these press conferences, but not his own.

"My press conferences are useful and good politics," he said. "You don't realize what they have accomplished for the party. I have headed off big unfavorable stories by making favorable stories that top them. I've beat the opposition to the punch many times. I can beat them on headlines."

Roosevelt laughed heartily at Garner's rejoinder:

"Well, I think at least you ought to inform Congress and not your press conference on the state of the Union and transmit directly to it your desires for legislation."

Roosevelt did promise one definite innovation. He set aside one day a week, Monday, on which he would see Congressional leaders to discuss the legislative situation. The meetings began in January, 1938. They were attended by the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and Senate and House majority leaders.

The legislative conference which continued until Roosevelt's death did not work out so well as Garner had hoped. He said:

"The legislative conferences were satisfactory to a degree only. The legislative leaders seldom talked him out of anything permanently. He would come back from another direction to accomplish his desires."

Hints that the President would attempt a purge of certain Democratic legislators who had opposed parts of his program began to be heard in January. There were stories that the President preferred a "liberal" Republican to a "conservative" Democrat if need be, but that he really was intent on replacing "conservative" Democrats with "liberal" Democrats.

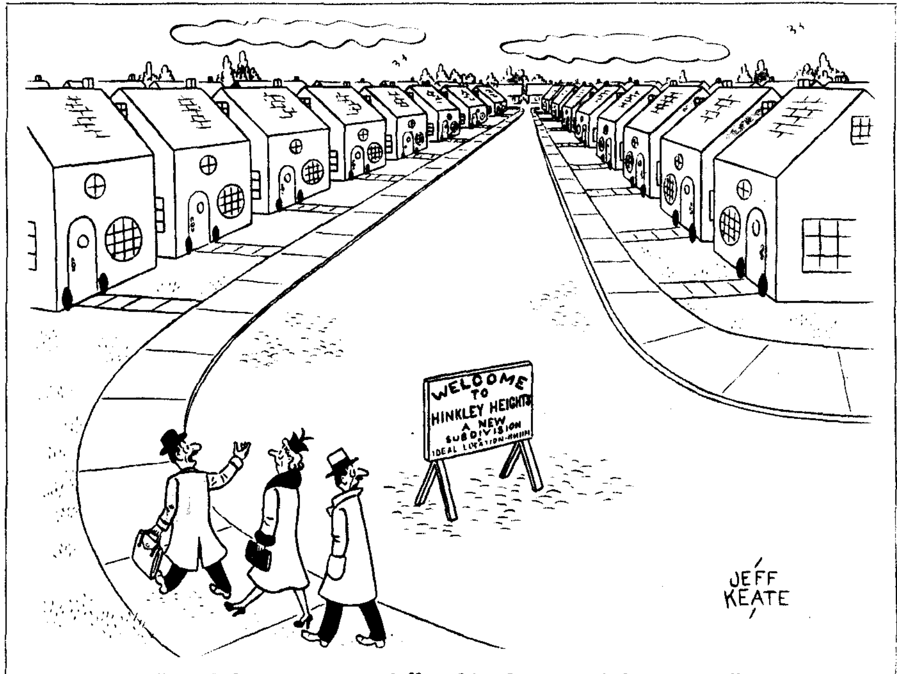
As a matter of fact, the reports began to circulate just after the 1936 election that the New Dealers intended to dismantle the old-line Democratic party, displace such leaders as Garner, Robinson and Glass and set up a "liberal" party. At first Garner paid little attention to these reports.

But now, early in 1938, there was more authenticity to them. At the Jackson Day Dinner, which both Roosevelt and Garner attended on January 8th, Roosevelt said that he had bolted his party on its Presidential candidate on his first vote, casting it for Theodore Roosevelt instead of Alton B. Parker. That wasn't the Garner kind of Democrat.

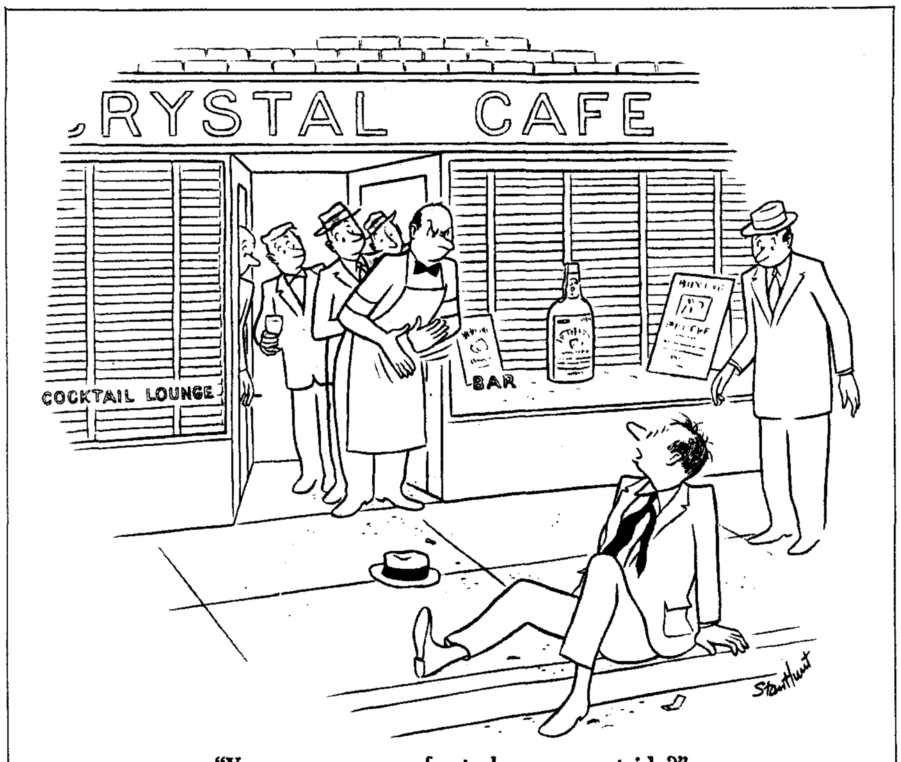
"Republicans sometimes are jolly companions," Garner said. "I have wonderful friendships with Republicans any time except on a roll call, any day except on Election Day. On roll calls and in polling places I am a Democrat."

Pleasant personal relations had continued between the President and the Vice-President. On February 11th the Vice-President and Mrs. Garner gave their annual dinner for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt gave a return dinner, and afterward Roosevelt and Garner discussed the purge.

"I don't think you ought to try to punish these men, Cap'n," Garner said to Roosevelt, speaking of the Senators who opposed the court enlargement bill. "On


WELCOME TO HINKLEY HEIGHTS A NEW SUBDIVISION IDEAL LOCATION
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "Well, here you are, folks; fifty homes of distinction!" JEFF KEATE



COLLIER'S "You mean you prefer to have me outside?" STAN HUNT

many details of party principles men disagree. Some branch off in one direction and some in another. Men who oppose you on one thing are for you on another and there is always a legislative program for which you have to find votes.

"I have a devotional affection for the Democratic party. I have marched with and fought for causes with some of these men . . . They are Senators of the United States. The places they hold represent their life achievements, their struggles, their ambitions, the service to party and country. You can't defeat the Southern Senators, and if you defeat Democrats in the North you will get Republicans instead."

But Roosevelt was unconvinced.

Objections to Purge Explained

Garner regarded the purge efforts as unwise on two other grounds, he said—the domestic and international situation. This nation was still deep in the depression. The foreign situation had become more critical. Hitler marched into and absorbed Austria in March.

Garner said that if there was ever a time in which unity was needed both within the party and in the nation it was now, and he believed Roosevelt, on the advice of what Garner regarded as short-sighted New Dealers, was leading the nation down the paths of division.

On April 8th the President took a staggering blow to the chin in his effort to reorganize the executive branch of the government. If it attracted less attention than the court fight of nine months earlier it was because the punch was sudden. This time it was in the House of Representatives where, despite a lopsided majority of 330 Democrats to only 90 Republicans, the Administration was defeated 204 to 196.

Reports again were prevalent that the President and Vice-President were in disagreement. There was no doubt about their incompatibility over the purge, but Garner minimized their differences all he could.

At the azalea festival at Charleston, South Carolina, in April, he said, "I sometimes disagree with my wife and my friends but that does not take away my love and affection for them."

Another time when both he and the President had toothaches the same day Garner said:

"See how closely we work together."

On a torrid June 24th Roosevelt delivered a fireside chat by radio from the White House, laying down conditions under which he said he had every right to take sides in a party primary.

I talked to Garner about the purge before he left for Texas. He was outraged by the plan. He said that his hopes of seeing the Democratic party made the permanent dominant party had about evaporated.

"It is not the business of the President of the United States to choose Senators and Representatives in Congress," the Vice-President told me. "He won't succeed. The people of the states will regard it as Presidential arrogance. These men stand well in their party. Their standing is an accumulation of many years of work for their party and their constituents—recognition for the things they have done.

"They are elected men with responsibility to the people who elected them. An elected officer has his own constituency and his own orbit. He, too, was elected on a platform. He has a loyalty to the President, but it isn't the same sort of blind allegiance some of his own appointees have. Roosevelt seems to want men to do his bidding, whether appointed or elected. You can't exact intellectual servitude from a worthy Senator, or a worthy Representative.

"The people who have been urging him to use the power of his office to defeat these Senators and Representatives have never been elected to office and most of them could not be. They owe their places solely to Roosevelt and have no standing other than what their relation to him gives them."

Neither was the Vice-President impressed with arguments for a new political alignment. But he exhibited no spleen as he talked.

"It is not a question of making the Democratic party the progressive party. It has always been the more progressive one. It is a question of the Democratic party or a personal party—Roosevelt party. It's risky business. When you build around a personality instead of a party program and principles then your party is up Salt Creek when that personality is off the ticket.

"This talk about dividing the country into two political camps—one progressive and the other conservative is all so much stuff. There will always be agitation for this realignment, but in my considered judgment, it will never come. Any party to serve the country must be a party of all sorts of views, and through a reconciliation and adjustment of these views you get harmony and a program for good legislation and good administration. The

It's great to
HEAR BETTER,
LONGER...
and save
money!

"EVEREADY"

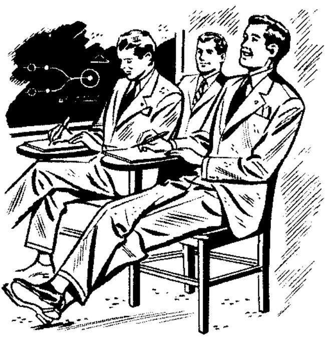
Hearing-Aid "B" Batteries outlast all other brands*

(Up to 50% longer life)

LIKE to save money on your hearing-aid "B" batteries? You can! *Plenty!* Switch to "Eveready" "B" batteries right away.

With these batteries you get more full-volume hearing — and many more listening hours between battery changes. And you'd be surprised the way this saving in batteries mounts up . . . over a period of time.

So, if *you* want to hear better, *longer* . . . want to *save* money . . . ask *your* hearing-aid dealer for "Eveready" "B" batteries *today!*



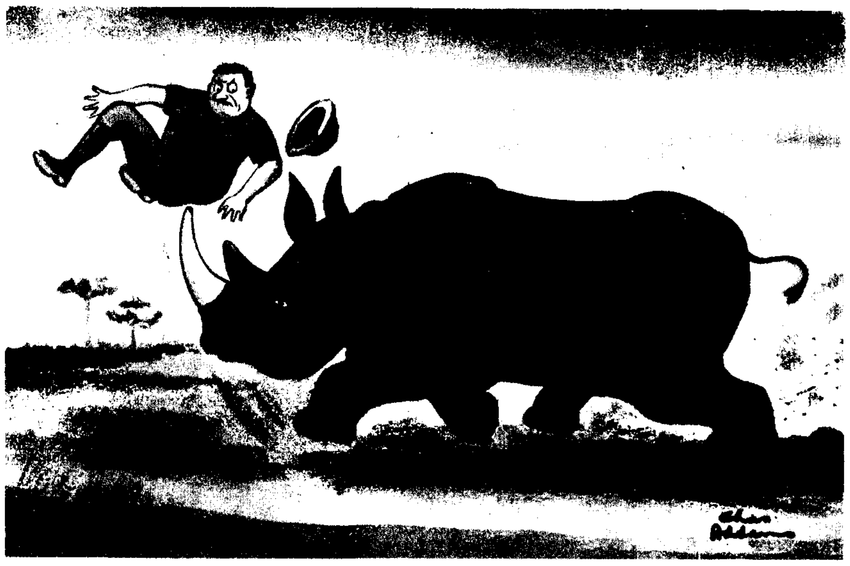
The exclusive, power-packed construction of "Eveready" "B" batteries was developed through wartime research on the famous proximity fuse.

**Size for size*

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
MINI-MAX
HEARING-AID BATTERIES



Rather wrangle with a rhino than shave?

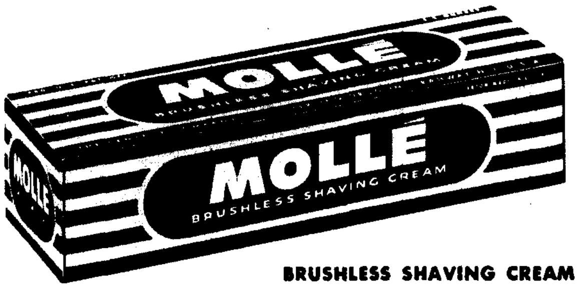
IS SHAVING so painful you'd rather face wild beasts?

If so, you own that duo of so many he-men – tough whiskers, tender skin. And that can mean anguish. *But* . . .

Not if you use Mollé . . . a *heavier* cream . . . a brushless cream gentle to the skin, yet wilts the toughest beard.

Because Mollé is heavier, it softens whiskers . . . straightens 'em . . . so your razor can whisk through them.

You shave faster, closer, easier, and painlessly when you use Mollé. Try it! Pronounced "Mo-lay."



The heavier cream for tender skins!

BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

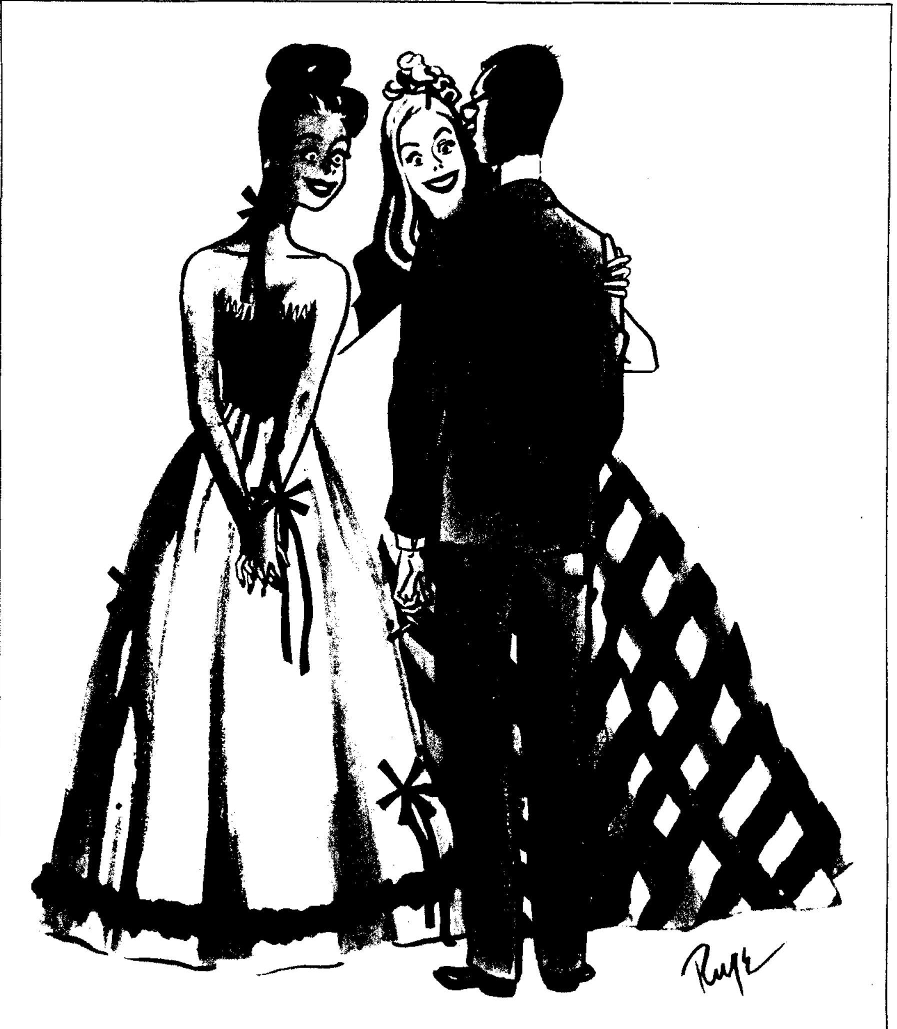
HENNESSY IS EVERYWHERE

The World's Preferred Cognac

☆ ☆ ☆

84 Proof

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est 1765
Sole U. S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N. Y. • Importers since 1794



"You'll simply love Annette, Ralph! She played third base for Sarah Lawrence"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

country is neither radical nor reactionary. A party has got to strike a balance.

"There are around 45,000,000 voters in the country. You've got a bedrock of around 15,000,000 in each party who will never scratch the party ticket and they serve a great purpose of stability. You have another 15,000,000 who swing often or occasionally, or go fishing on Election Day, and this 15,000,000 serve a great purpose, too. That is where you get your changes. No one can figure a better system than that—a third Democratic, a third Republican and a third Independent. Most American people have the same general ideas and concepts. Both the Republican and Democratic parties are more than 80 years old and are here to stay. The pendulum swings from party to party on personality of candidates or on issues, but at heart the country is always progressive and forward-looking."

New Lease of Life for G.O.P.

A Presidential tour of the West, a march through Georgia and other Southern States failed everywhere against Senate candidates, and only in a New York Congressional district was a target of the purge defeated; and the campaign resulted in heavy Democratic losses. The Republican party got up out of its grave to gain 81 House seats, eight Senate seats and eleven governorships.

In mid-December, Roosevelt sent for Garner. On his arrival the Vice-President found an angry Capitol Hill. Senators individually and in groups called on him. They charged that relief appropriations for the year had been wiped out through their use by Roosevelt and Hopkins to aid the Administration's friends and scourge its foes. They vowed to clip the President's wings by taking away most of the emergency power which Congress had granted him. They wanted to know about reports that the President intended to appoint radical defeated leftwingers to high executive posts.

Senators McNary, minority leader, and Vandenberg of Michigan were reported to be getting encouragement for an alliance between "conservative" Democrats and Republicans. Garner discouraged that:

"The only people who would benefit by such an alliance are the Republicans," he told Senators.

At the White House, Garner bluntly talked to Roosevelt about the election and the situation he found among legislators. Roosevelt computed the Democratic losses and each repulse he ascribed to local conditions. Garner disagreed with Roosevelt's assessment of the situation but told him that even if he were right the facts of Congressional life would have to be faced.

"Eighty-one Republicans will sit in the House and eight in the Senate where Democrats sat and either supported or acquiesced in legislation you proposed," Garner said.

He urged the President to recognize that he had lost Democratic legislators in the election and would lose more on roll calls and he also urged Roosevelt to make some concessions on appointments requiring Senate confirmation and accept restriction of his discretionary powers in the interest of better relations between President and Congress.

Roosevelt thought conditions were still so critical that he needed his monetary and other power, but was willing to see further restrictions written into methods of expending relief money. That conference, December 18th, was the last long discussion Garner and Roosevelt had at the President's desk.

Later, Garner was to learn that his errand at the White House had failed in its principal purposes.

The President made no concessions. There was still a heavy Democratic majority in Congress, but the New Deal majority was gone and Congress in the next few months gave Franklin D. Roosevelt his roughest legislative ride.

(This is the second in a series of articles which tell the Garner Story. The third will appear next week.)

WALTER WINCHELL—AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON

Continued from page 13

Bigman, Winchell's first assistant, and her stock question, "The boss wants to know what about that item?" The excuse is then relayed to Winchell who assays its merits.

Some of these explanations are presented in detail. When Winchell broadcast the rumor that Molotov would make a secret flight to the United States in November, it required two typewritten pages to report just how Winchell's informer had been misled by one part hearsay, two parts gossip and three parts imagination.

To protect himself Winchell calls this kind of story a "rumor"—a word to which the great majority of his listeners pay no attention whatsoever. This is deplored by newspapermen trained to report only on direct evidence. Lacking the usual news-gathering background—his first reporting was miscellaneous backstage gossip recorded in 1919 on bulletin boards in vaudeville houses where he appeared as a song-and-dance man—Winchell does not consider such criticism relevant.

Inside Story of Blood Broadcast

But he isn't always at fault. He has often been ridiculed for his famous blood broadcast. On the air in December, 1946, he said breathlessly, "If you have AB blood, if you have AB blood, and you are in the state of Florida, please call Dr. Meadow at the Biscayne Hospital, Miami. Very urgent."

In a few moments American Broadcasting Company switchboards across the nation were jammed with phone calls. Scores of Miamians rushed out of their homes to the hospital. As far away as New York, AB types asked air lines for space to Florida. In Augusta, Georgia, one AB chartered a plane. In another city two people gave up their seats on a crowded Miami-bound plane to AB volunteers. No such Shakespearean alarms and excursions had happened to radio since Orson Welles broadcast the invasion from Mars.

Unfortunately the blood desired was not AB, a common type, but AB-Rh negative, which is very rare. When this became known, the I-told-you-so boys pulled out all the stops and lambasted Winchell for sloppy reporting that had inconvenienced thousands of well-meaning people. But Winchell was innocent. The bulletin handed him by ABC news chief Paul Scheffels, based on the hospital appeal, specified AB blood. Winchell didn't handle it much differently than other newscasters might have, except that he got results.

His critics admit that Winchell puts on a good show and that he gets more beats on trivial news items than any reporter in history. But they take passionate exception to his commenting on international affairs.

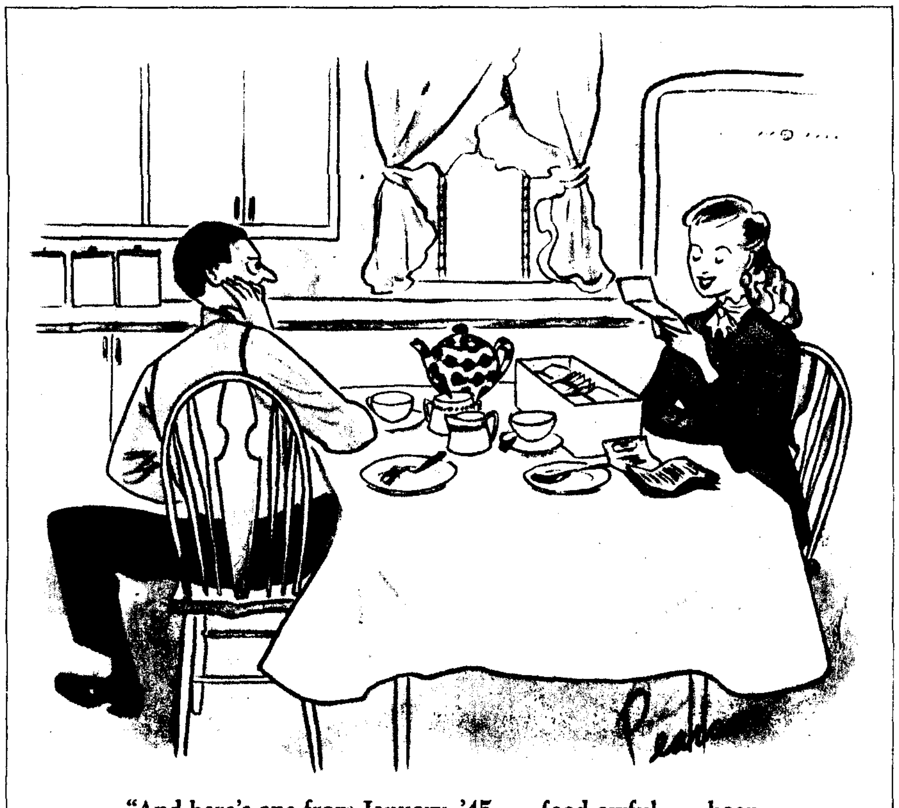
Winchell's "sources" on international affairs are described by an intimate friend and adviser as the "logic of events." If Winchell were a woman this would translate into intuition. He is disarmingly humble in stating his qualifications.

"I am not a premier, a prime minister or a president," he once told his radio multitude. "I am merely a reporter, who must follow the truth wherever it may lead, whomever it may hurt, and however unpleasant it may be to read and hear."

No knight ever sought the Holy Grail from motives more simple and pure.

His grasp of the subtleties of international politics is indeed as tenuous as he candidly admits. Occasionally he seems to want to peer beneath the surface and see what causes things he predicts to happen. But usually he is happier observing the more ominous portents as they appear from his surface vantage point.

This partly explains his popularity. World War II spawned numerous journalists who interpret foreign affairs with so many inferences and shades of meaning that the average man is left wandering foggily through their polysyllabics, emerging more confused than ever. He



"And here's one from January, '45 . . . food awful . . . been raining for three weeks . . . if I ever get home I'll never complain about anything . . . Want me to read more?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Got the COLD miseries?

See how Minit-Rub can help you!

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. In a minute, Minit-Rub begins to stimulate circulation, begins to bring a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. In a minute, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. In a minute, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB also helps soothe pains resulting from neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism and lumbago. Try it!

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens.

Get a tube of Minit-Rub today!

MODERN CHEST RUB
MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub

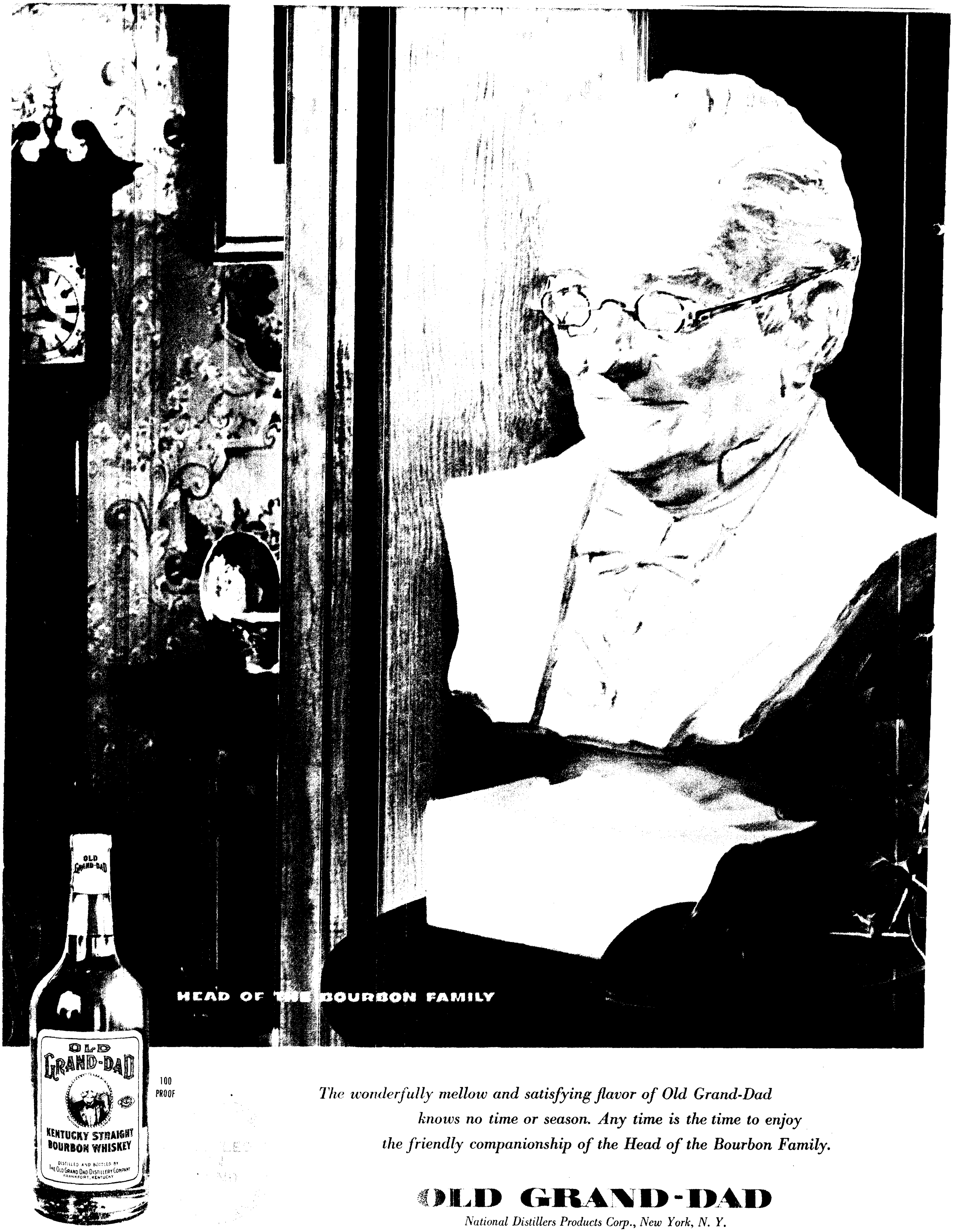
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Stay Sweet with
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT PEPPERMINT GUM
LEAF CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Whizzing down snow-covered slopes is breath-taking . . . breath-taking as the tasty fresh mint flavor of LEAF Chewing Gum.

Ski Costume and Equipment by V L & A—Chicago


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
100 PROOF

The wonderfully mellow and satisfying flavor of Old Grand-Dad knows no time or season. Any time is the time to enjoy the friendly companionship of the Head of the Bourbon Family.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

often doesn't know what he is for or against. Followers of Winchell are in no such quandary.

Winchell discovered the Nazis in the fall of 1932 when he declared they were led by thugs, racketeers and hoodlums. Other reporters had observed the manifestations of this new menace for some time. But it was Winchell who pounded the idea at the middle class with his simple black or white. His exhortations were not unnoticed in the Reich. In April, 1934, Hitler published the columnist's picture on the front page of his newspaper, the Voelkischer-Beobachter, and captioned it "A New Enemy of the New Germany."

More recently, at the San Francisco Conference in April, 1945, when the war was still on and the country was still starry-eyed about Stalin and the Red Army, Winchell reported the start of deteriorating U.S.-Russian relations. Other reporters noted this, too, and commented on it, but again Winchell's simplicity may have made a bigger dent in public consciousness.

Winchell has attacked with equal clarity Mussolini, Hamilton Fish, Perón, Franco, Gerald Smith, Lindbergh, Burton K. Wheeler, the Columbians, Axel Wennergren, the K.K.K., Martin Dies, Huey Long and a long list of other foreign and domestic persons.

The admiration of people for Winchell is sometimes astonishing. Among his supporters are people who say and believe he should be President or at least Secretary of State. He is often addressed as Number One U.S. Citizen. He gets verses from devoted admirers, of which "Franklin D. Roosevelt is gone—Walter Winchell carry on" is typical. He is constantly being named for honors by organizations such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars (American Citizenship Medal), the Interdenominational (Negro) Ministers of Greater New York (Roosevelt Memorial Brotherhood Medal), the National Conference of Christians and Jews (championship of American democracy) and Heywood Broun Memorial Awards (honorable mention).

Lakewood, New Jersey, named a street after him, and when 200 New York chorus girls organized an A.F. of L. affiliate they called their local the Walter Winchell Chapter of American Federation of Actors.

He receives quantities of the usual American Legion scrolls, and miscellaneous plaques, ash trays, statuettes and other gewgaw trivia from admirers and publicity seekers. Last fall the New Jersey State Fair awarded him a blue ribbon "symbolic of your achievement of having the outstanding crusading program on the air." That this award was strategically presented—in the hope of publicity—two weeks before the fair opened, and without benefit of judges, seemed to embarrass no one.

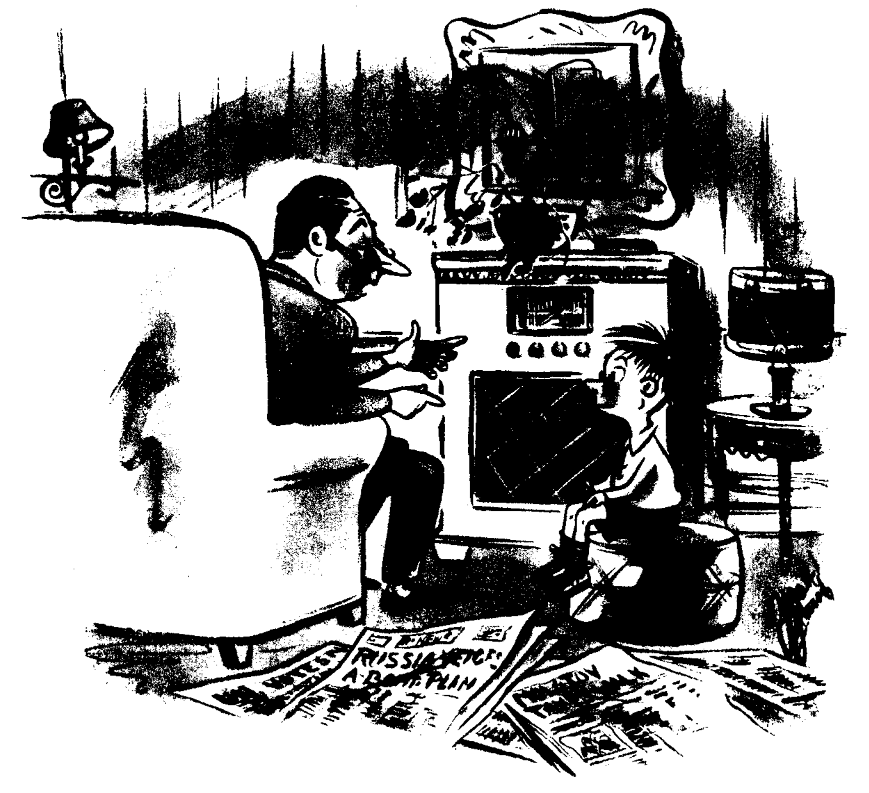
But Winchell also receives attention, encouragement or approval from men like Defense Secretary James V. Forrestal, Undersecretary of State Robert Lovett, Presidential aspirant Harold Stassen, Earl Mountbatten and Adolf A. Berle. Berle recently wrote Winchell, "You have played a forceful, perhaps a decisive part . . . in American history." President Roosevelt often listened to Winchell's broadcasts and once invited him to stay after a press conference, taking forty-five minutes from a war-busy schedule to chat with him on affairs of state. For once, Winchell let the other fellow do most of the talking.

On the List of Non-Admirers

The warmth of Winchell's admirers is somewhat offset by the zeal of his detractors. A distaste for Winchell is one of the common aversions of the day and is shared by Eleanor M. Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald, Westbrook Pegler and a small but intensely hostile group which makes up in vehemence what it lacks in members. There is even a Winchell underground composed of those who, abominating him, must curry his favor. They grasp at opportunities to disparage Winchell if they are sure he won't learn of it.

Among those who presume to judge his achievements there seems to be no middle ground. They either admire him or hate him; again with Winchell it is either black or white.

The widespread belief that he has a pipe line into the Federal Bureau of Investigation through Director John Edgar Hoover—whom Winchell once said should be President—is based on a peculiar series of events. When the Lindbergh baby kidnaper was to be secretly picked up Winchell immediately learned that it was Bruno Hauptmann. Knowing that he was sitting on the biggest news story of the time Winchell located Hoover, who was attending a meeting at New

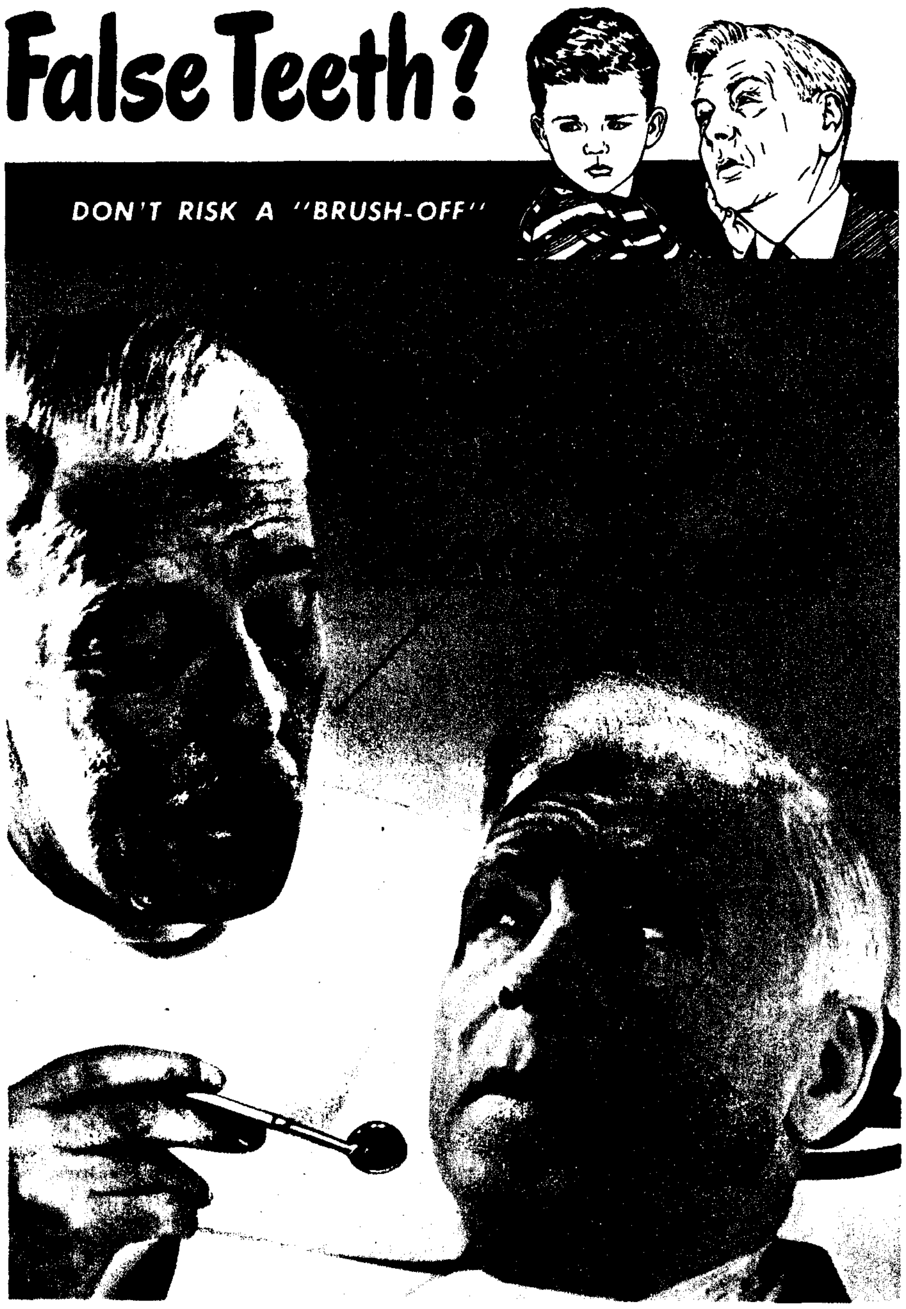


"Well, it's like this—Russia is like your mother and the United States is like me—"

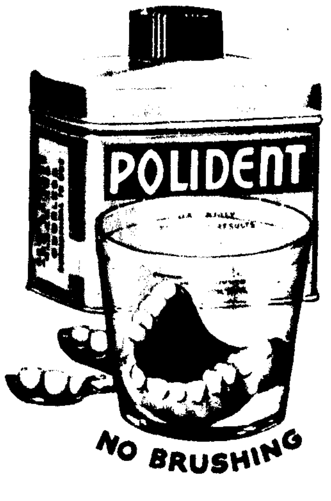
COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

False Teeth?

DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser.

Use POLIDENT Daily

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP

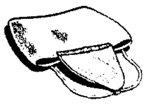
Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

ACTIVE MEN NEED...

BAUER & BLACK

New Improved-Wide Belt

PAR* SUPPORTER


NEW FEATURES for greater comfort and protection. New all-elastic Par Supporter: 6-inch waistband supports back and abdomen; special tubular leg bands won't crease, curl, roll; self-adjusting fly-front pouch! So comfortable you forget you have a supporter on! Ask for new Par!

Pal* all-elastic Supporter has *3-inch extra-long-stretch waistband,* soft, knitted pouch.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PAR $2.00 — PAL $1.50
AT ALL STORES

BAUER & BLACK
Division of
The Kendall Company, Chicago

PAR
SUPPORTER

CAPTURED FLAVOR

THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN *taste*

One of the 12 fine wines from our famous cellars.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
Vineyardists and Producers

FACTORY REJECTS
(UNPOLISHED)

Below Manufacturing Cost — (To Make New Friends)

FULL SIZED PIPES OF GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

3 PIPES FOR ONLY – $1.00 POST-PAID

These pipes of genuine imported briar were taken out of the factory production line of $3.50 to $5.00 pipes before final smoothing and polishing due to defects which do not impair their smoking *quality. Smoke them "as is" or fill the* defects with wood filler, then smooth and polish. Limited supply. Act Today.

WALLY FRANK, Ltd.
150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK 7, N. Y. Dept. 369

Enclosed find $1.00. Send postpaid 3 pipes described above. If, upon examination, I am not satisfied, I will return pipes for full refund. (Sorry . . . no C.O.D.'s).
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

____

____

____

York Police Headquarters, and sent in a note urgently requesting an audience. Partly from curiosity Hoover stepped out. Winchell told him what he knew. Hoover explained why it was important to withhold the news twenty-four hours longer. Winchell agreed and won Hoover's respect as a "responsible journalist," and their friendship began.

At an annual police chiefs' convention, according to the F.B.I., Hoover and Winchell were seated together when Hoover was handed a telegram. It was the resignation of his top deputy, Melvin Purvis. Hoover showed the telegram to his friends, and Winchell asked if he could use it. Hoover was then somewhat naïve about news, considering it merely an administrative detail, and consented. Winchell got a scoop that convinced rivals he had Hoover in his pocket.

This seemed confirmed when the F.B.I. captured Pretty Boy Floyd. But this information Winchell got merely by telephoning Hoover and asking if there was anything new. Hoover said, "Well, we shot Pretty Boy Floyd this morning." The news of the shooting was released on Sunday afternoon when no newspapers were being published, and Winchell's Sunday broadcast benefited by circumstances.

Winchell did not get his extensive wartime information on Nazis from the F.B.I. In fact he started hounding the Nazis even before the F.B.I. looked into them. The F.B.I. got its greatly desired opportunity to conduct such an investigation only after the German ambassador made the mistake of lodging with the State Department a formal complaint concerning a conspiracy to assassinate Hitler. Stimulated by a desire to aid a then friendly power, the F.B.I. investigated with a degree of enterprise and a thoroughness that would have astonished the good ambassador had he known where his complaint would lead. Almost immediately the F.B.I. knew more about Nazi activity in the U.S. than Winchell did, a position of superiority the agency managed to maintain.

Brushing Off the Witch Hunters

Nowadays Winchell gets frequent tip-offs on subversive influences, some of which stem from people who are simply sore at a neighbor whose roving chickens persist in scratching up the back yard. Winchell gives these the treatment he accorded a recent telegram advising him that the sender knew of a plot to overthrow the government and wanted to communicate the details personally.

"Tell the F.B.I.," Winchell advised. "That's what I would do if I knew anything endangering security."

The F.B.I doesn't give him tips, but Winchell has working for him without salary the largest and most eager assortment of people who, bound by a common interest, have never met together under one roof. Winchell estimates they include about half the newspaper and magazine writers in America. This is probably no more than a slight exaggeration.

Winchell gets information without asking for it from bank presidents, generals, admirals, chiefs of police, government brass hats, senators, congressmen and judges, as well as from office boys, movie actors and gangsters. One of his sources carefully reads every issue of the Communist Daily Worker and passes on whatever might interest Winchell. Another of his informants is an organization employing highly trained investigators. Businessmen returning from Europe write him their impressions. Even foreign government agencies have given him exclusive tips.

The most eager of his leg men are the press agents. Few press agents can expect to earn more than $50 a week unless they can occasionally land items for clients in Winchell's column. Consequently members of this vast and exceedingly busy profession spend a large portion of their waking hours thinking up ways and means of making Winchell's column and broadcasts brighter, funnier and more exclusive. They flood him with items and ideas of which he uses less than 10 per cent. What he rejects is sent to the next columnist down the scale in the order of importance. Commanding the cream of such talent for two decades has been Winchell's greatest asset.

Obviously no press agent is going to impress Walter with items such as "Wanda Breastplate was seen last night at Ciro's." When Winchell does print such tripe it is in return for an unspecified number of items which are exclusive and contain what he regards as real news. Consequently, press agents may supply him with several items not involving their clients in return for a single pay-off plug.

Although Winchell is generous with certain recognized charities ($1,000 to $5,000) his major contribution to philanthropy is being achieved through the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research. Damon Runyon was one of those rare men of whom the word "beloved" is descriptive. He had cancer of the throat and in his last years was unable to speak, communicating to his friends with paper and pencil.

A Friend Long Remembered

One summer evening, while he was in the Stork Club with Winchell and a couple of cronies, the talk turned to an advertisement which had appeared annually for thirty years in the obituary columns of Variety, the trade paper of show business. This small, black-bordered notice placed by Ben Piazza of RKO-Radio Pictures commemorated the passing of his friend and theatrical mentor, Paul Armstrong.

"For thirty years Ben's never forgotten what Paul did for him," someone said. "That's real gratitude."

Runyon reached for his pad.

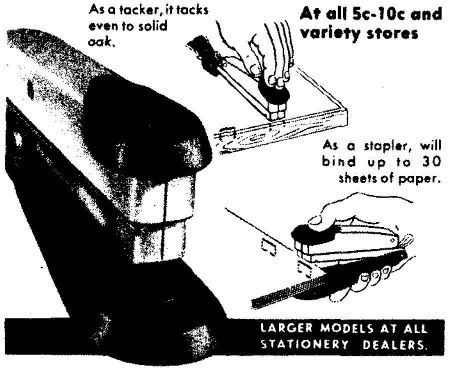
"When I'm gone," he wrote, "I hope someone remembers me even a little while."

This casual but poignant observation by a famous writer impressed Winchell and a year later, when the cancer finally killed Runyon, he remembered it. The next day he announced his Runyon Fund. Winchell had no idea whether he could raise $50,000 or $200,000. He just wanted to do something to honor his friend. What happened was probably the most remarkable snowballing of sentimentality in modern times.

In twelve months Winchell had built a fund of $1,500,000, a colossal sum in medical-research circles, and had distributed $1,000,000 to universities and other research institutions. Not a dollar of the donated money was used for expenses. Financially, Winchell's one-man crusade has been an unprecedented success. He even got a contribution from onetime gangster George Scalise, who sent from the penitentiary his entire prison earnings for the past seven years—$139.90. Winchell also helped to arouse in the nation a strong awareness of cancer, which is perhaps even more important than the money he raised. His constant, yearlong drumming on the subject probably means that cancer researchers need never again go begging for support.

More people seem curious about Winchell's naval record than any other aspect of his career. The facts have been somewhat obscured by Congressional breast-beating, by the Navy's abashed silence and even by Winchell, who has reprinted many of the bitter attacks against his record. A deskbound yeoman in 1918, Winchell became a lieutenant in the naval reserve in 1934.

He maintained his reserve status during the years when it was no social distinction


"MAJOR" "ADMIRAL"
ARROW
STAPLING MACHINE
1001 USES

An Arrow Stapler can serve you too—as 2,500,000 folks already know. Think of it, 1001 uses! Guaranteed performance. Used in place of tacks, clips, pins, glue, etc.
Arrow Fastener Co., Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

59¢

At all 5c-10c and variety stores

As a tacker, it tacks even to solid oak.
As a stapler, will bind up to 30 sheets of paper.

LARGER MODELS AT ALL STATIONERY DEALERS.

ITCHY
Checked in a JIFFY

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

NEED EXTRA INCOME

to meet the high cost of living?

Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial spare-time income to meet the high cost of living. Or perhaps you want extra money for education, new clothes, travel, and "extras"? To increase your income, you simply take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular magazines.

For money-making supplies, *just mail a penny postal or the coupon below.*

———————*Mail now!*———————

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-27
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

Name...
(Please Print)

Street...

City.............................Zone No.....

State...

and by 1940 he had advanced, in a manner unlike a meteor, to lieutenant commander. Before the war began and afterward, he asked for active duty, but except for some voluntary part-time work in New York he was refused. As a former newspaper publisher, Navy Secretary Frank Knox knew that Winchell could do the war effort more good as a commentator and columnist than he could as a destroyer deck officer.

Finally, a year after Pearl Harbor, Winchell was given orders to report to Headquarters of the South Atlantic Fleet in Brazil. Much to-do was made in the press about his being sent overseas on a secret mission. ("Secret" was a routine classification for all wartime overseas orders.) He was designated a public-relations officer. Public relations then was a branch of glamorous-sounding Naval Intelligence. But no assignment was specified. His duties, if any, were to be set by Vice-Admiral Jonas H. Ingram, commanding.

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Admiral Ingram had long been the victim of a continuous succession of celebrities, ranging from opera singers to movie actors, who were sent forth on missions designed to win friends among the South American aborigines. They had been singularly unsuccessful—influential Latin Americans draw a fine distinction between showmanship and tatesmanship. Ingram did not anticipate with particular pleasure the arrival of what he described as that "keyhole artist" Winchell. When they met in the Grand Hotel at Recife the admiral gave him the "B" treatment.

"You Winchell?" Ingram boomed.

Winchell, not a big man, shrank to peanut size. "Yes, sir," he acknowledged reluctantly.

"Well, there is nothing you can tell us. We have heard all about you. We know all there is to know?"

Winchell was flooded with a sense of guilt. "Sir," he confessed meekly, "it's all true."

Ingram liked him at once. Winchell's roommate passed along a favorable word, as did other officers, and finally Ingram called him in.

"Walter, I'm going to send you down to Rio as special ambassador. Give them our viewpoint and get theirs."

Winchell tore into this assignment like a terrier. He made speeches, attended innumerable parties, met with Brazilian businessmen, officials and diplomats, and talked over the radio. He diligently memorized appropriate Portuguese words and sentences to work into his conversation. He sat up nights doping out phrases that would combine the proper sentiment with the Latin-American grandeur of expression. During this time he coined his now-famous toast given before a gathering of leading Brazilian journalists. Raising his coffee cup to the exact level of that held by his Brazilian host and toastmaster, Winchell said, "Never above you—never beneath you—always beside you."

In his spare time and on his own initiative he gathered information on local characters who had Axis sympathies, and passed it along to Ingram. The admiral had a considerable spy system of his own, and much of what Winchell communicated was already in his files, but gathered after considerable effort.

"I was amazed," Ingram recalled recently, "at the quantity and the accuracy of the stuff Walter picked up. He had a good eye and a reliable ear."

As a reward, Winchell was permitted to man a gun on a long combat air patrol over the South Atlantic.

After a little over two months in Brazil, he was ordered Stateside.

"We hated to lose him," says Admiral Ingram. "He did a lot to correct the bad impression made by those movie stars and opera singers."

Under Attack in Congress

When he got back to the U.S., Winchell was put on inactive duty, and his detractors crowed that finally he had been booted out of the Navy. This certainly is not true, but whether he was dropped as too hot to handle or set free to carry out more important work as a civilian is open to speculation. For almost a year he had been under an unremitting Congressional attack spearheaded by Representative Clare Hoffman, who demanded that he be stripped of his uniform.

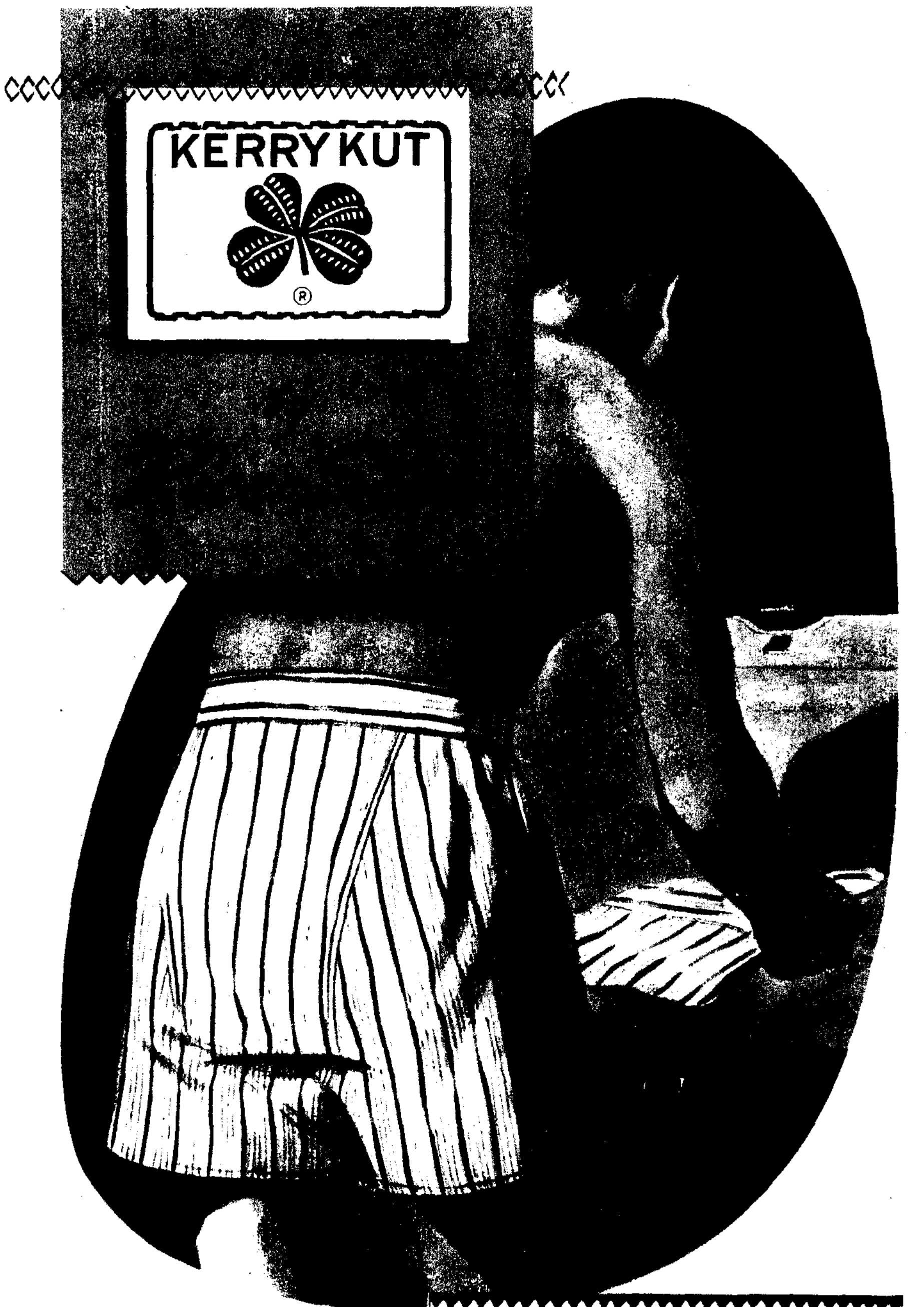
Hoffman finally was able to bull through the House a resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to explain in answer to a long list of leading questions, why, in effect, a character like Winchell was not ousted for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. In a lengthy point-by-point reply that is a model of restraint, Knox refused to accept rumors or invective as evidence against Winchell and completely upheld his naval record. The reply was dated February 16, 1943. Twenty-four hours later Winchell's active service with the Navy was terminated.

It almost broke his heart for the better part of a full day. Then his dependable ego again lifted him. He quipped, "The Navy is to fight the underseas threat and I'm to continue fighting the undercover menace."

This is the indomitable quality of Walter Winchell. It got him to the top and is keeping him there. And on top he is. He assembles his vast radio audience with only the tapping of a dit-dah-dit telegraphic noisemaker. No other performer has ever done so well with so little.

"And," a radio executive remarked recently, "God willing, no one else will do as well again. As an individual Walter is the greatest show on earth. But neither radio nor the world is big enough for two Walter Winchells."

THE END



Kerry Kut Shorts...
feel as good as they look!

You'll never know what expert tailoring contributes to comfort till you wear Kerry Kut shorts.

For Rice-Stix designers have developed a seat that can't bind or crawl no matter how you may twist and turn.

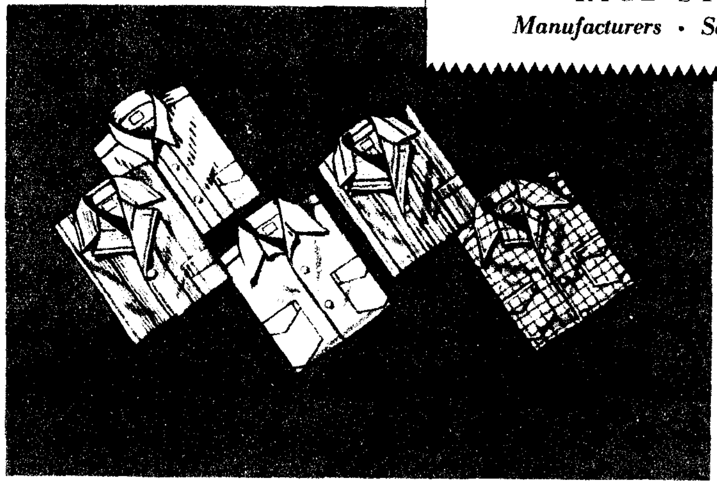
They're flattering, too! A broad front waistband gives firm contour support. And fit is exactly controlled by elastic webbing on sides.

Fast colors and fine-quality fabrics in Kerry Kut shorts defy wear and countless launderings. Gripper fasteners replace buttons.

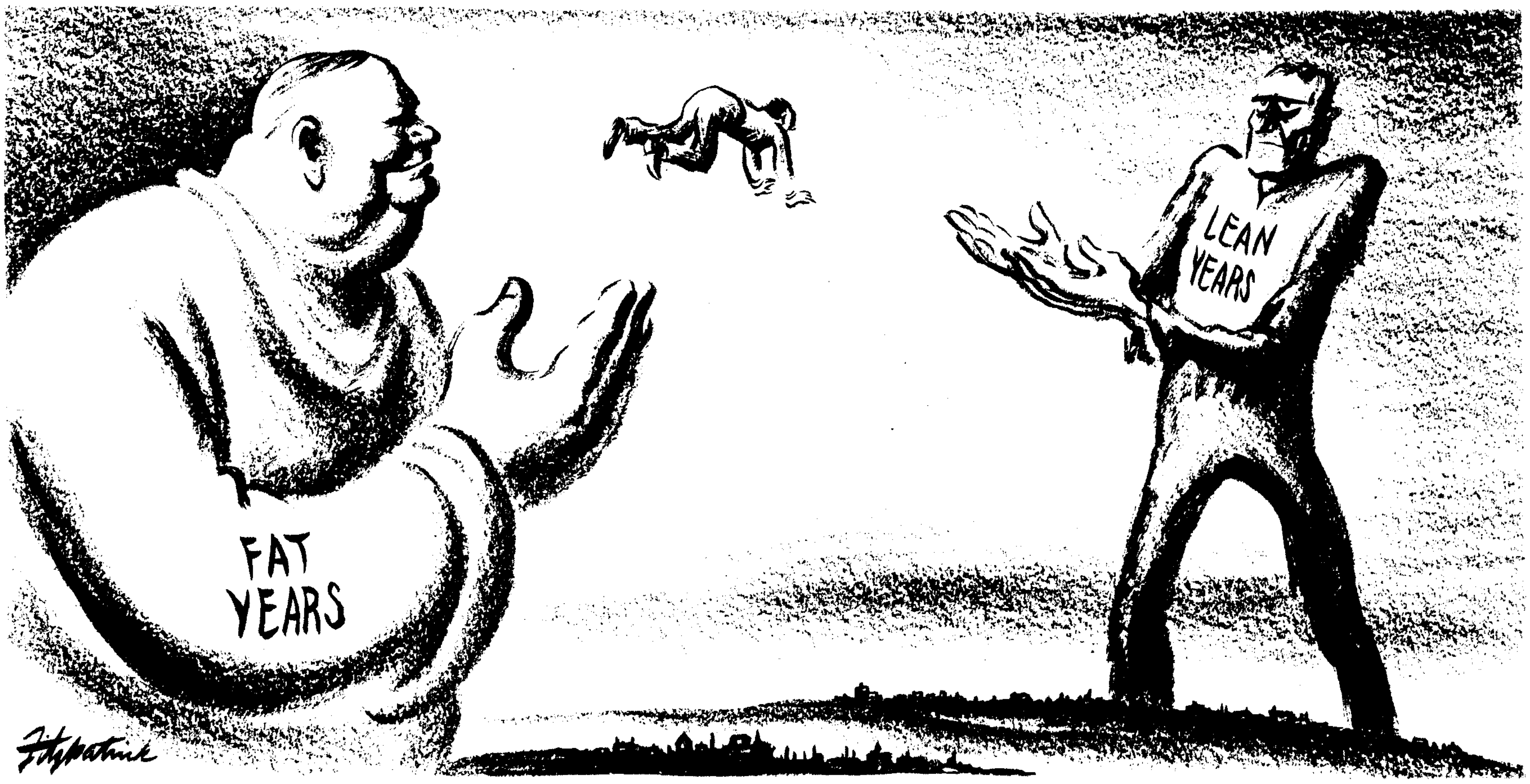
Kerry Kuts are sold in your community. If you need your nearest dealer's name, write:

RICE-STIX
Manufacturers • Saint Louis

Other men's and boys' wear manufactured by Rice-Stix



Collier's believes...



...YOU SHOULD BUY SAVINGS BONDS

THESE are lush times for us Americans, and no mistake about it. Other peoples are in short rations, but we are eating more than ever before even though we groan as we pay for our groceries. Other peoples are poorly clad but our women still manage to acquire a New Look.

Sure, prices are high, very high, and some things we want to buy and really need are scarce and hard to find. Nothing is perfect in this world, and if we want to complain, we can. Still there never have been in peacetimes such production, such employment, such prosperity. If we have brains in our heads, we will appreciate what we have and try to continue prosperous.

Can we continue prosperous? No man can answer that question with certainty. Some economists, and very important fellows, too, said that soon after the fighting stopped we would have unemployment and a depression.

We didn't. We stumbled forward prosperously. Employment is way up. Prices are very high. Housekeepers are worried over what they have to pay for what they get. But legitimate demands are still unsatisfied and we have money to spend for what is needed or wanted. So now the experts don't know what to prophesy.

Is there anything that the average man and woman can do at such a time to protect their own future? There is, and it—the answer—is older than Moses. Remember the Bible story of Joseph in Egypt? Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream that there would be seven years of plentiful harvests along the Nile and then seven lean years. So he persuaded Pharaoh to save some of the grain in the seasons of abundance to be eaten when the crops were poor. It could not have been easy for Joseph to win that argument. Hunger has never been very far away from the majority of Egyptians in Biblical times or now.

It is not very practicable for the individual today to save food or clothing or gasoline or movie tickets or anything else needed or desired against the time of scarcity. Nor can the government store up for us the physical foods we will require when times become bad—if and when that ever happens! We can, however, individually make savings for future purchases through buying Treasury E bonds. Bought in sufficient volume, these savings bonds will do as much as is humanly possible to assure the thrifty against the dangers of a more than commonly uncertain future.

To buy these United States savings bonds is to buy the soundest investment in the world today. Nothing financially or economically is stronger than the United States. The full faith and credit of our government backs these bonds. The federal government has first call on all the property and resources of the entire nation to make good its own bonds.

The Treasury E bonds are not only as safe as anything on earth, but also provide a profitable investment. Seventy-five dollars invested today will be returned as a hundred dollars ten years hence. Banks and insurance companies and other expert investors would like to be able to buy such bonds. They are not permitted to invest in savings bonds. The government won't let them.

The government is selling these savings bonds to us individuals for a selfish reason, even though it does not now need to borrow. These bonds are being sold because there is no better way to fight inflation.

When we buy savings bonds, we postpone purchase of scarce commodities. We defer the kind of expenditures that send prices soaring. Every dollar saved for future use relieves the present demand that is driving prices upward. So through the continued issuance of savings bonds the Treasury is making it possible for all of us to protect ourselves to some degree now against the burden of inflation, and also to safeguard ourselves against possible need if adversity arises.

The most practicable and sanest procedure is to take out of our wages and salaries as much as we can afford weekly, to buy these Treasury savings bonds. We can buy savings bonds at post offices, banks or, best of all, through having deductions made from our wages and salaries by our employer, if he has been qualified by the Treasury to make such deductions and purchases. Every employer can be qualified to issue savings bonds.

It is a wise procedure. It is, in fact, the most intelligent course a civilized people can follow to guard themselves against economic distress at a time of uncertainty and danger. Yes, it involves sacrifice and privation, but the good life we desire is worth sacrifice and privation to a degree infinitely beyond that necessitated by thrift in the purchase of savings bonds.

W.L.C.

●

. . . IN ANTI-HATE WEEK: The National Conference of Christians and Jews is again observing its annual Brotherhood Week, February 22-29. It's a period in which numerous civic, religious and other organizations put extra emphasis on the year-round, rock-bottom truth that racial and religious hatreds have no proper place in the American scheme of things.

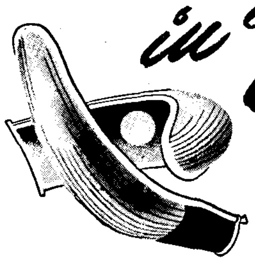
That name "Brotherhood Week" may seem a bit wishy-washy, but the idea behind it is nothing of the sort. The idea is that in this country, as Benjamin Franklin remarked generations ago, we must hang together, or sometime we'll hang separately. It is especially necessary for us to hang together at this time, when a certain foreign power and its fifth column on our own soil are doing everything they can to split us into fighting factions.

Brotherhood Week, too, should be a period for renewing and strengthening resolutions to diminish or abolish the injustices which are still suffered by some of our minority groups. Our democracy is a long way from perfection even now, and there's no use in pretending otherwise.

We hope Brotherhood Week will ring up a record for widespread and heartfelt observance.

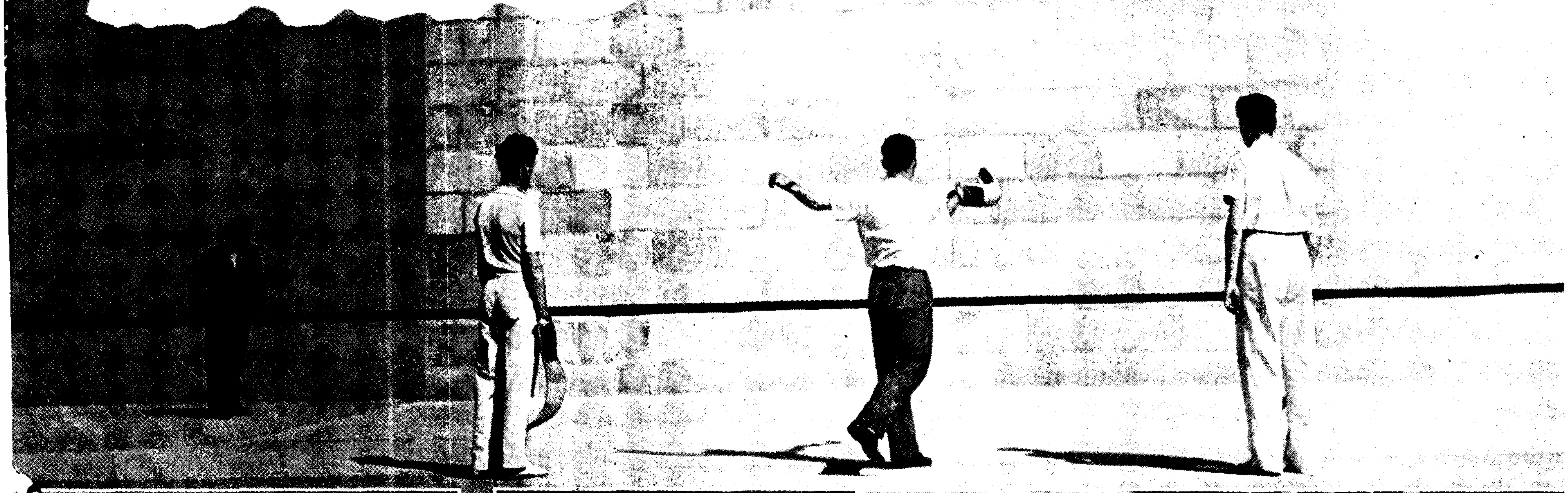
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

1946



in Pelot
men are old at twenty-five

①**"In a French village near Biarritz,** I watched a championship pelota game," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "It looked as easy as American handball to me. So when the match was over, I asked the referee if I might try a game. Although I'm only 30, he said I was too old . . . that men learn to play pelota when they're boys. I was skeptical; so he smiled and said, 'If M'sieu doesn't believe me, try it . . . !'



②**"I tried on the chistera,** a curved basket attached to a glove. The ball is caught in this unwieldy contraption and flung back to the *fronton*, or wall. Players must cover a court two-thirds the length of a football field. Mighty strenuous for a beginner!

③**"I played with** two local champions, the Unhassobiscay brothers. They warned me that a chistera can make hands swell painfully, that broken wrists are not uncommon, and that the hard ball can fracture a man's skull. In half an hour, I decided that I *was* too old for pelota!

"Basque dances after pelota games 'reunite the winners and the losers.' Based on ancient folklore, they resemble a wild fandango. It's amazing that these Basques have the strength left for such a dance after an exhausting game like pelota.

⑤**"At the colorful Hotel Capagorry** nearby, the pelota champions proudly offered me their special treat . . . Canadian Club. 'When it comes to whisky,' they said, '*this* is the champion. Do you know Canadian Club?' I told them we Americans may not know pelota, but we certainly know Canadian Club! Finding my favorite whisky in that out-of-the-way spot, though, *did* make it a special treat."

"Canadian Club is famous wherever we go," write travelers who are constantly surprised to find it in even remote parts of the globe. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Cl

MADE IN CANADA
BY
RAM WALKER

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Son

adian Whisky. 90.4 proof.

ALL OVER AMERICA . . . THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

I SMOKED MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS AND COMPARED—IT'S CAMELS WITH ME!
I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS —NOTHING SUITS MY 'T-ZONE' LIKE A CAMEL!
CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME!
CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY TASTE SO GOOD —THEY SMOKE SO MILD AND COOL!

Jerry Ambler
RODEO BRONC-RIDING STAR

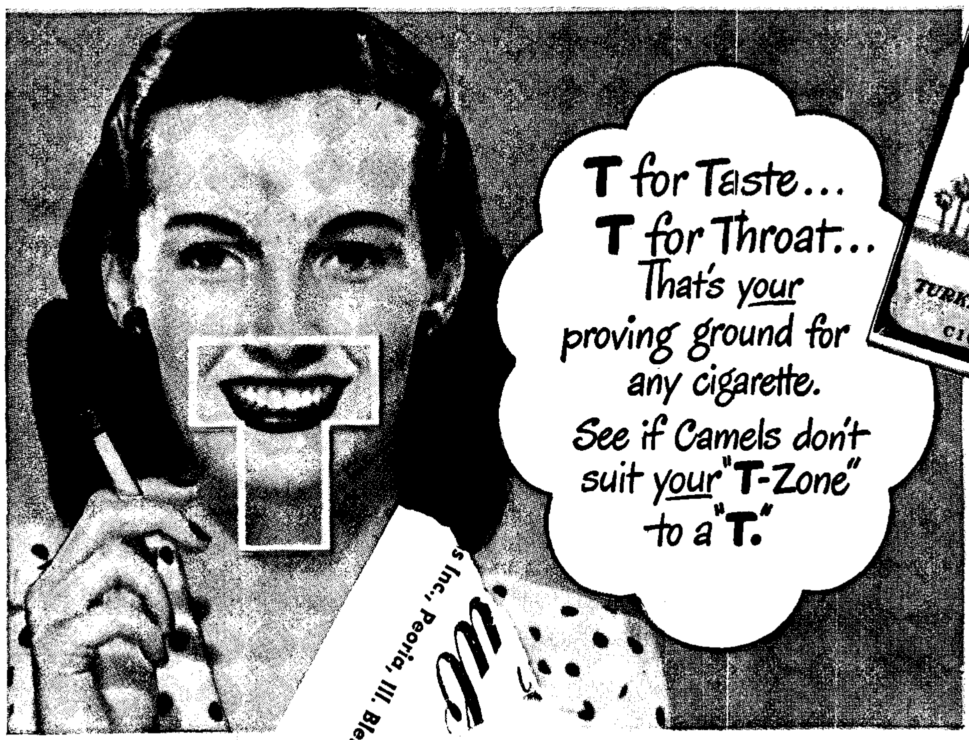
Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead
HOLDER OF NATIONAL WOMEN'S FISHING RECORDS

Cecil Smith
INTERNATIONAL 10-GOAL POLO STAR

Mary Reilly
TABLE-TENNIS STAR

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!


T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."
s Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Ca

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

- All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!

Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see the reasons why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say that Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your *own* experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast — in every field of medicine — were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!